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THE

WESTERN MESSENGER;

DEVOTED TO

RELIGION AND LITERATURE.

VOL. I.

FROM 1835 TO 1836.

LOUISVILLE:

PUBLISHED BY THE WESTERN UNITARIAN ASSOCIATION.

BOSTON: JAMES MUNROE & CO.

MORTON & SMITH, PRINTERS.

1836.

AFTER LEPOX AND

THE NEW YORK
PUBLIC LIBRARY

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Vol. 1 JUNE, 1836 No. 1

It will be seen by those who have read our 'proposals,' that the name of this magazine has been changed from 'Examiner' to 'Messenger.' Our reason for this change is simply, that the first name is preoccupied by a paper published in St. Louis, which advocates principles so different from those which we shall uphold, that we are unwilling to have our book confounded with it in the mind of the public. It is true that the Western Examiner of St. Louis is probably little known to most of those who will read the Messenger, but we thought it better to avoid *all* unpleasant mistakes, by putting ourselves on the safe side. The great object to be secured by the name of a periodical, is to designate it among all others; and this object is attained by the present, better than by the former name.

A primary object of this work is to set forth and defend Unitarian views of Christianity. Our religious opinions are to ourselves of the utmost importance, and we feel that we cannot value them too highly. We shall therefore explain and illustrate them, defend them earnestly, show that they rest on revelation, and that they are in all respects practical. This is a part of our work, and it seems to us important, because we believe that these views are not only true, but suited beyond all others, to promote a practical christian life. We deem it important in another respect. We believe that there are many whose minds hesitate between believing and rejecting Christianity, whose doubts would yield to a thoughtful faith, if the truth were presented in its original and divine simplicity. For it seems to us, that the exaggerated reports of infidelity in the West, have been founded not so much on the rejection of Christianity itself, as on the rejection of creeds—(i. e. the opinions of men about Christianity,)—which have been presented in its stead, and considered identical with it.

But while these and other considerations are enough to save us from lukewarmness in maintaining our religious opinions, the recollection that we are fallible, and that notwithstanding our convictions, we may be in error, will keep us, we hope, from dogmatism. However earnestly we may contend for what we believe to be truth, we hope ever to be found, in accordance with the injunction of inspiration, *speaking the truth in love.* Whatever may be the worth of faith, if it be received or propagated at the expense of charity, infinitely more is lost than gained.

There are certain great principles of Christianity in which all Protestant christians unite, at least in theory, and which should control the character of all religious discussion. Among the most prominent, is the right of private individual interpretation of the scriptures. We shall claim this as a right, and urge it as a duty. It was this and the truth that man is accountable to God, but, to him alone, for his opinions, which formerly emancipated Protestants from Papal dominion, and they now form the safeguard of christian truth, pure and undefiled. We hope ever to be found with those who are opposed to all bigotry, intolerance and exclusiveness, and to take our stand in the ranks with them against every attempt to bind men's consciences, and against every form of religious persecution.

By fixing our attention on these and other great principles, we hope to avoid as far as possible a sectarian character. We trust in God that our object is not to build up a sect, but to establish the Truth, and especially the true principles of Christ. We care little for the name of Unitarian. We are willing that the word should be blotted out of the theological vocabulary, if whatever of truth is embodied in it, were but generally diffused. The moment that we become sectarian, seeking our own praise more than the truth of God, we hope that all our supporters will desert us.

The distance at which the Editors live apart, is a disadvantage which will, to some degree, affect this magazine. We are stationed at different points in an immense territory. From Buffalo to St. Louis, is more than twelve hundred miles; and from Cincinnati to Louisville, the two points nearest together, is a day's journey. Of course we can have little personal intercourse together, and absolutely no concert in regard to the articles which we prepare for the successive numbers of the Messenger. It must, therefore, sometimes happen that the same number will contain two articles on the same subject, and perhaps different, or even contradictory opinions will be found

in them. No one of us is appointed censor over the rest, or is responsible for anything but what he himself writes. If any person therefore looks for unity or perfect consistency in our magazine, he will be disappointed. A book chiefly prepared by several persons, without concerted action, must be, in some degree, desultory. We flatter ourselves, however, that we are not the less likely on this account, to arrive at truth, or to preserve in their purity the principles which we advocate.

In regard to the literary department of the Western Messenger, we say nothing at present. With the prayer that God will make this and every effort to promote his truth abundantly successful, we consecrate our book to his service.

ART. I.—*A Plea for the West, by Lyman Beecher, D. D., Cincinnati; Truman and Smith*, 1835.—*pp.* 172.

This volume, says the author, contains a discourse delivered by him in several of the Atlantic cities last year, while on an agency for the Cincinnati Lane Seminary. It is printed as delivered, with a little enlargement on a few points.

The name has been objected to; it is said to be, not a Plea for the West, but a plea for Lane Seminary, or a plea against the Catholics, but it is answered, if Dr. Beecher regard the prosperity of his school, or the overthrow of the Catholics as essential to the prosperity of the West, then the terms are synonymous, and the Plea is rightly named; but, on this principle, as the well-being of the West is essential to that of the country, and that to the cause of freedom throughout the world, this discourse, delivered for the purpose of raising funds to carry out the Lane Seminary, might have been called a plea for Liberty, or a plea for the world;—neither of which would be objectionable were they not somewhat assuming and rather *ad captandum;* and the title "a Plea for the West," is, we think, in bad taste for the same reason; but this is a matter of no consequence.

Of the literary merits of the volume we have little to say; it is well written: for the most part is clear and forcible, and often is eloquent. There are some passages, however, which are, to us, almost unmeaning, and others which are equivocal; of the former is that upon the forty-eighth page, saying that "as a general fact, *uneducated mind is educated vice;*"—of the latter are several passages which speak of the necessity of approximating to, and uniting with the Catholics; the first conveys

to us no definite idea at all,—while the others may mean either that the Catholics should be treated as any other christian sect, or that they should be converted to Protestantism; we are left in doubt which.

In regard to the sentiments of the volume, all will unite in approving those contained in the first fifty pages; and we shall therefore make no remarks upon them. The last hundred and twenty pages, however, are devoted to a discussion of the question "How far the Catholics are, as a political body, dangerous to the liberties of our country:"—and to this portion of the Plea, there are, we think, many objections, which we shall state as distinctly and concisely as possible.

Our *first* objection is that an attempt is made in the Plea to enlist public feeling in favor of the Lane Seminary, in other words, to strengthen a Protestant SECT, by exciting public feeling against the Catholics,—not as a *religious*, but as a *political* body. On page sixty, Dr. Beecher says, "I have no fear of the Catholics, considered simply as a religious denomination, and unallied to the Church and State establishments of the European governments, hostile to republican institutions;" and again on page sixty-six, "It is to the *political* claims and character of the Catholic religion, &c., that we would call the attention of the people." Now if it be desirable, as this discourse declares it to be, (p. 123,) to prevent the union of Church and State, that is, the union of any religious body with our republican government, can it be proper or safe for any religious body to ask support and aid on the ground that our republican government is in danger? Is not this taking one stride toward identifying the body or sect for whom aid is asked, with the republic? Had Dr. Beecher mounted the pulpit as a politician, for the purpose of awakening the American people to their danger;—or had he appeared as the advocate of general education, for the purpose of proving that with an uneducated population, our liberties must fall;—or had he argued against the Catholics as an opposing religious sect,—this objection could not have been made;—but the Plea for the West was delivered while on an agency for the Lane Seminary, and with a view of inducing the people of New England and New-York to give funds to that institution; which institution is,—not a school of general education, but a school of Presbyterian theology,—and when Dr. Beecher argues in its favor because the Catholics are politically dangerous, he appears to us to be arguing that the Presbyterian sect is to be encouraged because our political liberties are endangered, which is an approach to an identification, or union of a reli-

gious body with our republican government;—or a union of Church and State.—That Dr. Beecher sought in this discourse, covertly to bring about this end, we do not suppose; but it appears to us that its tendency is to impress the mind with the idea that a connection exists between Presbyterianism and Republicanism, and that the former should be supported on that ground; but, at the same time, the argument producing this idea is so indirect, that no Jesuitical craft could have concealed it better than has been done, unknown to himself, by Dr. Beecher's prepossession in favor of his own sect and its character.

Our *second* objection to the Plea is, that it contains unfair representations of facts,—that they are so designedly, however, we do not believe. One to which we will refer, is that upon the ninetieth page; "For what," says Dr. Beecher "was the city of Boston for five nights under arms—her military upon the alert—her citizens enrolled,—and a body of five hundred men constantly patrolling the streets? why were the meetings for public worship, and other public secular meetings, suspended? why were the citizens, at sound of bell, convened at mid-day in Faneuil Hall? To hear Catholicism eulogized, and thanksgivings offered to his reverence the Bishop, for his merciful protection of the children of the pilgrims!"—This is a very curious paragraph in many respects; it is a curious inaccuracy of speech to distinguish between meetings for public worship, and other meetings,—as we presume was intended to be done by using the word "secular," and at the same time to confound them by saying "*other* secular meetings:" it is a curious inaccuracy to answer the first two questions of the paragraph by the general answer at the close, which properly applies to them, though surely the military were not under arms *five nights* to thank Bishop Fenwick; and that too at *mid-day:* it is a curious inaccuracy also,—not of language, but of thought or policy,—in an attack upon the Catholics to ask the first two questions of that paragraph at all, and yet more inaccurate to leave them unanswered;—because now, to the mind of everyone acquainted with the facts, the answer at once comes up, that all the parade and trouble spoken of arose from an act of gross intolerance on the part of the Protestants, and their natural fear of retaliation,—all which is very little to the discredit of Catholics: but the most curious inaccuracy of all, is the inaccuracy of moral vision shown by the last clause of the paragraph; that any one should sneer at the conduct of Bishop Fenwick on the occasion referred to, and the thanks that were given

him for it, is a curious fact in the history of mind as swayed by prejudice:—this sneer, sarcasm, or whatever it may be termed, is continued through another paragraph, which we shall not, however, quote. The misrepresentation contained in this passage is not that it states what is not true, but that it states the truth in an unfair manner, and would seek to throw the whole blame of the alarm and disturbance upon the Catholics, when in reality it was upon their opponents.—Another misrepresentation, in our opinion, is that upon the sixty-second page, in which it is asserted that the excitement which caused the destruction of the Charlestown convent "had no relation whatever to religious opinions, and no connection with any religious denomination of christians." That this is Dr. Beecher's belief, we know; but when the contrary is the belief of a large portion of the community, has any man a right, in fairness, to put forth what Dr. B. does in this passage,—not as his opinion supported by arguments, but as a fact? It is by him stated as a fact, whereas it is merely an opinion, and therein to us consists the misrepresentation: as to which opinion is correct we refer the reader to the report of the Boston Committee, and the evidence given at the trials of the rioters.

Our *third* objection to the Plea for the West is, that considered as an attempt to excite Americans to a sense of their danger, and upon the supposition that all its charges are valid, —it is yet wanting in the proper spirit of christian controversy, and contains charges stated with needless severity, and in a manner calculated to excite jealousy and dislike in the Protestant, and enmity in the Catholic. We are told by Dr. B., page sixty-three, that "a declamatory, virulent, contemptuous, sarcastic, taunting, denunciatory style is as unchristian as it is indiscreet and in bad taste;" on page sixty-four, that "we must avert the danger from the emigrants by a friendly approximation," and "that it is not the striking of the fist which will disarm them, but words and acts of kindness, and the warm beating of our heart;" and on page one hundred and fifty-seven, he says, "the language of indiscriminate discourtesy towards immigrants, calculated to wound their feelings, and cast odium on respectable and industrious foreigners, is carefully to be avoided." But examine the work and what do you find? An indiscriminate denunciation of the emigrants to this country. It is said of them *en masse* page sixty-eight, that "since the irruption of the northern barbarians the world has never witnessed such a rush of dark-minded population from one country to another, as is now leaving Europe

and dashing upon our shores:"—three-fourths of which, it had been before asserted, page fifty-four, are "as entirely accessible to the control of the potentates of Europe, as if they were an army of soldiers, enlisted, and officered and spreading over the land."—Could stronger denunciation and indiscriminate denunciation of the emigrants and Catholics be used? The despots of Europe, it is said, are leagued to overthrow our liberties and three fourths of the emigrants are their tools! If Protestants believed this they would disfranchise them by law, or burn their houses over their heads; but it is, and every well informed person feels it to be, exaggeration, and its only effect must be to excite the ignorant Protestant, and anger the Catholic and the emigrant; and therefore we object to and condemn it. The paragraph upon page seventy, beginning, "But if this tremendous tide of European emigration is from two-thirds to three-fourths of it under the direction of the feudal potentates of Europe, &c." is of the same character. The worst instance, however, of misstating or overstating a charge is to be found upon page ninety-nine. The point under discussion is the influence of Catholic teachers over their Protestant pupils. Dr. Beecher after showing what the various Catholic colleges require of Protestant pupils, all which requisitions are made public, and quoting the statement printed and published by the Catholics themselves, showing that many of the Protestants pupils are converted, infers, in effect, —from these requisitions and conversions, that the Catholic teachers break their promise not to interfere with the religion of the Protestant pupils committed to them;—and this inference he states in several forms, all of which seem to have been prepared for the mere purpose of wounding the feelings of Catholics;—on page ninety-eight, he states it with a sneer at the practice of confession, and on page ninety-nine, says, "They promise not to interfere with the religion of their Protestant pupils, and simple-hearted Protestant parents confide in their promises; and thus (i. e. by being deceived,) are they requited by those, who, it seems, knowingly spread the snare for their feet, and to their friends in Europe exult in their success."—Of the enormous chasm, in this instance, between the premises and inference we shall speak presently; what we now wish to call the attention of the reader to, is the unnecessarily harsh and insulting mode of stating the inference, supposing it, for a moment, to be a good one.

But our *fourth* objection to this volume is, that it contains much inconclusive reasoning and unwarranted assertion.

To begin at page fifty-one, with the inference, for such it is in truth, though stated as a query,—that because the powers of Europe pay the passage of paupers to our shores that they therefore are seeking through them to overthrow our liberties; we ask, is this inference the obvious and fair one? When we find England exporting her paupers merely to rid herself of their burden, when we see that it is politic in every nation to do so, can we fairly conclude that the design is what Dr. B. hints at? And let us for a moment enquire what the influence upon Austria would be, if she were indeed to crowd our land with her refuse population, leaving, as she does, private communication between America and her dominions, perfectly open.* The reason, let it be remembered, why Austria wishes to overthrow our government, is that our freedom and prosperity act as incentives to her enslaved people, which may induce them to rise in rebellion. Keeping this in view, would it be Austria's policy to increase indefinitely the channels of communication between her slaves and our freemen? If not, then it is not her policy to send her subjects to our country, unless she can, by inundating us with ignorant Catholics, overthrow our liberties, now thought so firm, before our example, acting upon her people, (who are somewhat more rife for revolution, than we are for despotism,) will cause them to raise the standard of rebellion. If we can believe Metternich to care so much for his successors as to act now with a view to their welfare, can we believe him so blind (to use a homely figure,) as to attempt to quench our bright beacon fire with his damaged gunpowder, laying at the same time a train from it to the mine underneath his own feet, and the "heaving earth and tottering throne" of Austria? But is it the truth that many Austrians came to this country? as far as we can learn, but very few come; most of the German emigrants are from without the precincts of Austria.†

Another fact touching the Germans is worth notice; of about eighty-five German papers in the United States, not one is Catholic.

* See Plea, page 54.—"These means of a stimulated expatriation are corroborated by the copious and *rapidly increasing correspondence of those who have already arrived*, and the increasing facilities of transportation."

† We have made many inquiries as to the number of Austrians coming to this country, and as to the fact of their being sent out by government as charged by Dr. B. page fifty-two; we have inquired of the Catholics, the Anti-Catholics, and the best informed of neither party. All agree that very few Austrians come to our country; and we have found but one person who had ever heard of the Austrian government exporting its subjects to our shores, and that person (an Anti-Catholic,) has heard of but *one ship-load*,—where they came to, and why they came, was not known. This person, we would observe, was well acquainted with the facts upon which Dr. B. bases his charges. (See note at end of article.)

We think then that Dr. B. is not upheld in the insinuation that the foreign emigration "is rolling its broad tide at the bidding of the powers of Europe, hostile to free institutions," (p. fifty;) nor even, if this were proved, should we think the inference a just one that "the potentates of Europe have a design upon our liberties," (p. fifty-one.) The reason which he himself gives on page sixty-four, for the rush of emigrants to our land appears to us the true one, and a cause sufficient to the effect; "Our rich unoccupied territory," he says, "our national works, and their poverty and oppression at home, will as certainly bring over adventurers as a vacuum will call in the circumjacent atmosphere."

Another unwarranted assertion is that on page fifty-six, where he states, "The simple fact, that the clergy of the Catholic denomination could wield in mass the suffrage of their confiding people." That the Catholic priesthood can exercise a vast influence over their followers, is undoubted; but it results from the ignorance of the people, and not from any principle of the Catholic faith, and that ignorance is lessening daily. No man then can in justice assert "the simple fact," given above; for until the priesthood have attempted to control the votes of their followers, we know not how far such an attempt would succeed.

We turn now to page sixty-six, and ask our readers to peruse with care the following paragraph:

"But if Catholics are taught to believe that their church is the only church of Christ, out of whose enclosure none can be saved,—that none may read the Bible but by permission of the priesthood, and no one be permitted to understand it and worship God according to the dictates of his own conscience,—that heresy is a capital offence not to be tolerated, but punished by the civil power with disfranchisement, death and confiscation of goods,—that the pope and the councils of the church are infallible, and her rights of ecclesiastical jurisdiction universal, and as far as possible and expedient, may be of right, and ought to be as a matter of duty, enforced by the civil power,—that to the pope belongs the right of interference with the political concerns of nations, enforced by his authority over the consciences of Catholics, and his power to corroborate or cancel their oath of allegiance, and to sway them to obedience or insurrection by the power of life or death eternal; if such, I say, are the maxims avowed by her pontiffs, sanctioned by her councils, stereotyped on her ancient records, advocated by her most approved authors, illustrated in all ages by her history, and still unrepealed, and still acted upon in the armed prohibition of free inquiry and religious liberty; and the punishment of heresy wherever her power remains unbroken; if these things are so, is it invidious and is it superfluous to call the attention of the nation to the bearing of such a denomination upon our civil and religious institutions and equal rights!"

The first and second charges above set forth, relate purely to matters of private faith, and Dr. B. in his political view of the Catholics had no business to meddle with them; the third charge is a grievous one,—Catholics are taught to believe that heresy is a capital offence not to be tolerated, but punished by the civil power with disfranchisement, death and confiscation of goods;—this is insinuated (for we are mortified to say most of the charges in this volume are insinuated) to be the fact; is it so? We were once told by a Presbyterian clergyman that the council of Trent made persecution of heretics a duty, and that no Catholic ever dared publicly deny it. The council of Trent said nothing on the subject, but the council of Lateran, in 1215, gave over heretics to the civil power, to be punished by exile or death:—but is the decree passed on that occasion a canon of the church, and are Catholics taught to believe it binding? The fourth council of Lateran consisted not only of spiritual, but also of temporal lords; it comprised, according to Waddington,* the representatives of almost every court in Christendom, and consequently was not a purely spiritual council; and the canons of the spiritual portion of the body, say the Catholics, as appears by the ancient records, did no more than excommunicate the professors of certain heresies then existing; what follows and relates to persecution was the decree of the temporal lords; again, the decree of persecution related, not to heretics generally but to certain heretics then existing, and considered politically and civilly dangerous,—all of whom are designated; but, even, were the decree that of the church, and had it related to all heretics, still would the Catholic refuse to acknowledge the canon as of any force; the church has no power, except to testify what Christ taught, and when she goes beyond this her voice is without authority.† The assertion made by Dr. B., then, is in this case also unwarranted.

The next charge contained in the above paragraph, is that the Catholic believes the church to be infallible, and the civil power bound to enforce its mandates: the first part of the charge, as far as concerns matters of faith and church discipline, is true; the latter part appears to be but a repetition of the one we have just noticed. Lastly, we have the oft repeated accusation, that the Catholic holds that the Pope can dissolve the subject's allegiance to his country. Is this so?

* History of Church, page 347. (Eng. Ed.)

† I would refer to Bishop England's discourse before Congress, page forty-two, for a more full statement of this point.

if it is, our country is indeed in danger. There is not, we believe, any pretence that any such doctrine is found distinctly declared in the canons of the Roman church, but it is said that Catholics hold this doctrine because in former days the power of dissolving the subject's allegiance was claimed by the Popes, and allowed by Sovereigns and people, and *has never been disclaimed.* Now had a council made such a claim, there would have been more reason for requiring a retraction of it, though even in that case no Catholic would now think such a claim of any validity, because no Catholic acknowledges any power in the church to bind him in any other than matters of faith and church discipline; but this claim never received the sanction of the church.

But, moreover, the denial of any such doctrine being held by Catholics, or contained in their tenets, has been made again and again;—by Universities and Bishops, before public tribunals and through the press, by those high in the church, and those learned in its doctrines, and yet an eminent theologian can now be found who asserts (and believes beyond doubt) that Catholics do hold this doctrine. In 1788, Mr. Pitt sent to the Universities of the Sorbonne, Louvaine, Douay, Alcala, and Salamanca, the following questions:—

1. Has the Pope, or Cardinals, or any body of men, or any individual of the Church of Rome any civil authority, power, jurisdiction, or pre-eminence, whatsoever within the realm of England?

2. Can the Pope, or Cardinals, or any body of men, or any individual of the Church of Rome, absolve or dispense with his majesty's subjects, from their oath of allegiance on any pretext whatever?

The unanimous answer of the Universities, and the Catholics of England was "No" to every portion of the questions.

In 1825, Dr. Doyle was examined before both houses of Parliament in England, at an immense length, respecting Catholic doctrines; we extract such parts of his examination as bear upon this point.

"According to the principles which govern the Roman Catholic Church in Ireland, has the Pope any authority to issue commands, ordinances, or injunctions, general or special, without the consent of the King?—He has.

"If he should issue such orders, are the subjects of his Majesty, particularly the clergy, bound to obey him?—The orders which he has a right to issue must regard things that are of a spiritual nature; and when his commands regard such things, the clergy are bound to obey them.

"Does it not happen, frequently, that there is such an intermixture

of spiritual and temporal power in such cases, that it is very difficult to know where the spiritual power ends, and where the temporal power begins?—Such difficulties have occurred from time to time; but I conceive that at present, and even for some centuries past the limits between the temporal and spiritual things which such commands of the Pope might affect, are so well ascertained that no mistake could, morally speaking, possibly at present occur."

"If the Pope were to intermeddle with the rights of the King, or with the allegiance which Catholics owe to the King, what would be the consequence so far as the Catholic clergy are concerned?—The consequence would be, that we should oppose him by every means in our power, even by the exercise of our spiritual authority.

"In what manner would you exercise that spiritual authority?—By preaching to the people, that their duty to God as Catholics, required of them to oppose every person who would interfere in any way with that right which the law of nature, and the positive law of God established in their prince, a prince whom we as subjects were bound to support; we would therefore exercise our spiritual authority, by preaching the gospel to the people, and by teaching them to oppose the Pope, if he interfered with the temporal rights of our King."—*Com. Mar.* 18, 1835. *Report, p.* 192.

One more witness as to the Catholic belief on this point, and we have done with it.

"I would not allow to the Pope or to any Bishop of our church, outside this Union, the smallest interference with the humblest vote at our most insignificant balloting box. He has no right to such interference. You must from the view which I have taken, see the plain distinction between spiritual authority, and a right to interfere in the regulation of human government or civil concerns. You have in your constitution wisely kept them distinct and separate. It will be wisdom and prudence and safety to continue the separation. Your constitution says that Congress shall have no power to restrict the free exercise of religion. Suppose your dignified body to-morrow attempted to restrict me in the exercise of that right; though the law, as it would be called, should pass your two houses and obtain the signature of the President, I would not obey it, because it would be no law, it would be an usurpation: for you cannot make a law in violation of your constitution; you have no power in such a case. So, if that tribunal which is established by the Creator to testify to me what he has revealed, and to make the necessary regulations of discipline for the government of the church, shall presume to go beyond that boundary which circumscribes its power, its acts are invalid, my rights are not to be destroyed by its usurpation, and there is no principle of my creed which prevents my using my natural right of proper resistance to any tyrannical usurpation. You have no power to interfere with my religious rights, the tribunal of the church has no power to interfere with my civil rights. It is a duty which every good man ought to discharge for his own, and for the public benefit, to resist any encroachment upon either. We do not believe that God gave to the church any power to interfere with our civil rights, or our civil concerns."—*Bishop England's discourse before Congress, p.* 25.

We regard these authorities as conclusive upon this point, and of course look upon Dr. B.'s assertion in this case as more unwarranted even than in the others.

On pages eighty-four and eighty-five, we find the charges above mentioned repeated in part, and in the same manner, by insinuation; and some of them more strongly than before; of these we wish to say a few words. One of these charges is that the Catholic believes that the Priests have the power of eternal life and death, in the bestowment or refusal of pardon. Let us examine this point a little. Among the canons of the Council of Trent, we find the following:

"Whoever shall affirm that under the New Testament there is no power to remit and retain sins &c., let him be accursed."

We find also among the canons of that Council, one declaring accursed "whoever shall affirm that the ungodly can be saved without his preparing and disposing himself thereto by his own will," that is, by repentance. We find the Catholics of the present day declaring their belief that "the Priests can absolve all truly *penitent* sinners," and promulgating this Anathema:

"Cursed is he that believes that Priests can forgive sins, whether the sinner repent or not; or that there is any power on earth that can forgive sins, without a hearty repentance and serious purpose of amendment."* From these several declarations of the Catholic faith, is it not evident that Dr. B.'s statement is, if not untrue, at least unfairly presented?

Another charge contained in the passage referred to is, that no Catholic may read the Bible without permission of the Priesthood, or understand it but as they interpret.

The truth upon this subject, as shown by the examination of Dr. Doyle before Parliament, and the little work of Gother's, just referred to, appears to be this; the Catholic laity are enjoined against using any other version of the Scriptures than that which their church considers authentic, but that version is printed and distributed among them freely; and with regard to its doctrines, as far as they are expounded by the Church, (the infallible guide in such matters,) they must be received as expounded, or the person ceases to be a Catholic, and is excommunicated. If this is the truth, it has nothing to do with the political question, but is purely theological.

We now pass to the part before referred to, wherein those who control the Catholic Colleges of our country are accused,

* Gother's Papist, Balt. Ed. p. 83.

—not of holding erroneous or dangerous doctrines, not of being from their faith bad republicans,—but of being knaves and deceivers. This charge, we would remark, if intended to apply to Roman Catholics at large, is not supported by a particle of proof; and if aimed only at those *now* having charge of the Catholic Colleges, is entirely out of place in a discussion of the tendency of the Roman Catholic faith, because it is a charge of dishonesty against individuals. But viewed in this light even, what is the proof of the charge?

On page ninety-two, Dr. B. puts into the mouth of a defender of the Catholics, these remarks: "The Catholics do not interfere at all with the religion of their Protestant pupils. They have no such design. They promise not to do it, and only require as a matter of decency and order, a conformity to the rules of the school."

He then goes on to show that the attentions of the Catholic instructors, and a familiarity with Catholic ceremonies will of necessity, exert an influence over the pupils. This we believe, but he does not stop here; he proceeds further to show that the Catholics *wish* to influence and convert the children placed with them, and states what is required of Protestant pupils in the various Colleges, such as attending worship, Catechism, &c.; "and all," he adds, (p. 97,) "under the trifling reservation of 'expected conformity to the regulations of the school.' " Now this is not the truth,—there is no other way of stating the matter, it is not the truth,—the "trifling reservation" referred to, is the reservation which he himself puts into the mouth of the defender of the Catholics, but the observances spoken of, are required under the published "reservations," which he has quoted in the same page, which reservations are specific and not general; and name as requisitions what he says are required under "the simple reservation," &c. In saying that the truth is not stated in relation to this matter, we do not mean that Dr. B. intentionally misstates, for the proof of his misstatement is given by himself; we look upon it as another evidence of the inaccuracy of a prejudiced vision.

He next proceeds to say that *if* the Catholic teachers promise not to influence their scholars indirectly, they "*doubtless* break their promise—to make confession of it to the Priest and be forgiven." No particle of evidence is offered to show that any such promise is made, or if made that it is broken; but the first is insinuated, the last asserted.

The next step in this strange series, is to give an extract (p. 99,) from a French periodical which is circulated among

the Catholics of Europe, with the view of engaging them in the promulgation of their faith in this country, in which extract it is stated that many Protestant pupils after leaving school become Catholics; and from this, apparently, as the premise, Dr. Beecher draws the conclusion that the promise not to interfere with the religion of the Protestant children is broken designedly, and in fact, originally made with the intention of breaking it. The passage referred to, and one or two stating the same fact, upon the hundred and first and second pages, are the only ones which bear upon this point, and we presume comprise the best evidence Dr. B. had to prove it, and we think all will agree with us in the opinion, that never was a public charge of intentional deceit, fraud, and lying brought against any respectable class of men upon such meagre proof, as in this case.

In one passage quoted on page one hundred, the Catholic Bishop of Kentucky speaks of "my Kentuckians,"—this the Plea gives in capitals, as an expression of great importance; we mention this as a puerility we should not have looked for: the same passage is again quoted, and the same horrible words again given in capitals on page one hundred and eleven.

On page one hundred and twelve, we find quoted the far-famed passage of (we think) Bishop's Fenwick's letter, in which he speaks of the "savages" and "temples of idols" in this Diocese of Cincinnati; it is left without a word of explanation by Dr. B., but was, we feel bound to say, written with reference to the Indians.

One more passage we shall refer to, and close our examinanation of particulars; it is the "documentary evidence" offered on page one hundred and fifty-four; this evidence is that of an anti-Catholic, and when considered with reference to what we have given before, will have, we think, but little weight; for even if the Pope still claims power over nations, and asserts the right of persecution, his claim cannot bind those who deny its authority, and his power in such matters: to learn what Catholics think, and are taught, their own evidence is the best that can be had, and much before that of the Pope, standing as he does, unsupported by any canon of the Church.

Before closing, we wish to remark upon the general or *natural* argument on this subject, which is briefly as follows:—it is natural for the despots of Europe to wish our overthrow; they control the Pope; the Pope and his cardinals appoint the priesthood, and the priesthood influence and control their followers; the despots will then *naturally* control the Pope, the

Pope elect the priesthood, and the priesthood govern their followers with a view to our overthrow: and as it is natural this should be the case, it probably *is* the case. This argument we believe to be the strongest which can be brought against the Catholics, and it amounts to nothing until it is shown to be probable and natural that the Pope should give our country an entirely corrupted priesthood, and that the priesthood should have wholly under their command, as to political matters, our Catholic population. And upon this ground of probability, we would suggest the following idea. In South America there has been a struggle for liberty, which was successful so far as throwing off the chains of despotism was concerned; France and Poland have been revolutionized; Spain and Portugal have been shaken by revolts; and Germany itself has trembled. The people of these several countries were in a great measure Catholics, and under the control of their priesthood; they were moreover ignorant, and accustomed to despotism; but do we learn, in any instance, that the Pope, through his priesthood, sought to bring back the people to servitude? The clergy, from education and interest, may have sided with despotism, but though in some of the cases mentioned, the example, considered so dangerous, was at the very door of Austria, in no case do we hear that Austria has through the Pope sought to destroy that example. Now, if this scheme for destroying liberty was not tried where the church of Rome had a strong foothold, and the people groped in darkness, is it *natural* or *probable* that it will be attempted in our land of comparative light, and where the Roman pontiff must build up * what was, in the other cases, framed and fashioned to his hand?

We have now stated, perhaps too fully, our objections to the Plea for the West; we have attempted to do this without using harsh language or unfair argument, though we feel sensible that our judgment may be under the influence of our feelings or prejudices, as entirely as we suppose Dr. Beecher's to have been. We may be in the wrong, and therefore ask not that any should regard our *opinions;* the *evidence* which we have pointed to, and the *reasoning* we have used, is all we think deserving of consideration. The author of the Plea we believe to have been influenced solely by good motives: a Catholic paper has pronounced the work "redolent of malice,"

* "Generally, we ought to consider all the bishoprics of America as sees destitute of all resources, which can never be solidly established unless, for half a century, they are aided by rich and pious souls in Europe."—*Bishop of Kentucky, as quoted in the note in Plea for the West, p.* 146.

from this we wholly dissent, and again express our belief, that the unfair and untrue representations which we certainly think the volume contains, are the results of prejudice and not of design.

It will be said, we presume, that we defend the Catholics because as Unitarians we are opposed to anti-Catholics; how far we are governed by this feeling we cannot, of course, say, but would remark, that until the late attack upon the Catholics, and the examination we were thereby led into, we were believers in most of those charges laid at their door, and far more opposed to them than to Calvinists. Our examination has in a great measure dispelled our fears and our prejudices, but still we are no favorers of the Catholic faith, nor do we wish to see it grow among us. The creed and system of that Church we look upon as erroneous, and in theory illiberalizing, because it forbids the free action of the mind upon the all important subject of religious faith. The Protestant should be, (though thousands are not,) educated to examine for himself, and to take for granted neither the opinions of his parents, his church, or any individual or collection of individuals, but the Catholic is *on principle* forbidden this freedom of thought. To that principle we object, though, we believe, in practice the mass of Protestants are no more free-thinkers than are intelligent Catholics, and although we consider the clergyman of any denomination, who uses his influence to prevent his followers from becoming acquainted with the faith of another sect, as in spirit a Catholic:—he substitutes his own, or his creed's infallibility for that of the Pope and the Roman Councils.

But the objection to the Catholics of which we speak, is very different from that insisted upon by Dr. Beecher. He talks of a design on the part of Austria, to crowd our land with emigrant Catholics, to influence those Catholics through the Pope, and by them to destroy our republic; all this we think a phantom, and though possible, yet very improbable. The great Missionary Societies of the Catholic church are seeking to extend their faith among us, and send out funds for that purpose; for the same purpose, the Calvinists, the Methodists, and the Unitarians of the East are sending funds and ministers to this great Valley, but do we therefore suspect them?

We say it is *possible* for Austria through Rome to influence us. Austria governs the Pope, the Pope appoints the Priests, the Priests influence the people; there is the connecting chain between despotism and ourselves: through that connection we

may be injured, as we may by our National Executive, or our National Bank; but the question is, can this danger be averted without incurring a greater? should we not run more risk by excluding Catholics from our country, and destroying universal toleration, or exciting Protestants against them, thereby forcing them into union against Protestants,—than in any other way?

The purpose of the Plea is said to be to induce Protestants to approximate to, and educate the Catholics, but its practical operation must be to separate the two classes more widely than ever; and for this reason, that it argues against the whole Catholic mass, it presupposes them guilty, and directs the attention of Protestants against them; whereas in our view, in order to guard against the possible danger above named, the true course would be, to point out that danger to Catholics themselves, taking it for granted that they are as much opposed to despotism as we are. There is danger in the organization of our government, but ought those who disapprove of that organization, to denounce those who approve of it, or should they point out to them the danger, and beseech them to beware of that danger? Certainly the last course were the proper one.

For the same reason and in the same spirit we would direct the eye of the Catholic to the threatened subjection, convinced that he loves liberty and his country as truly as we do; convinced that he will lay down his life rather than be false to that country. The Roman Catholics of Maryland were the first tolerant community; forbidding and abjuring nearly two hundred years since, what is still asserted to be the faith of their church, the persecution of heretics. The patriots of modern Italy, Silvio Pellico and his fellow-martyrs, are Catholics: many of our own revolutionary soldiers and leaders were Catholics; thousands of the exiled Poles are of that faith, and so were numbers of the United Irishmen; and do not these facts prove that no necessary connection exists between Catholicism and despotism? and shall we not hold the Catholics of this country as stanch freemen, until proved otherwise?

The danger from emigration we see and lament; it is bringing upon us a vast incubus of dark and un-American mind. From slavery, and from unchecked emigration, our liberties stand now endangered; and never were two more difficult problems presented to statesmen, than how to get rid of the one, and stop the other. But, as we look upon the abolitionists of the day as dangerous, however honest they be, so do we look

upon the strong anti-Catholics of the time as in a wrong path, however sincere and disinterested. We believe the course they are pursuing will hasten and not retard the dreaded union of politics and religion, and therefore it is, we regret to see Dr. Beecher giving his name and talents to that cause, and though in style less denunciatory than others, yet in substance going as far as any. P.

NOTE.—After the above article was in type, the writer had the pleasure of conversing with a very intelligent German gentleman, relative to the exportation of Austrians, and other Germans to this country. He states that Austrians not only are not sent, but are not permitted to come, and that the smaller German States permit their subjects to emigrate only because they are too full of the spirit of liberty to be quiet at home; in no case, however, he says, has any German government sent out emigrants, if we except the case of Austria, who made over three ship-loads of Polish patriots to this country, because they were dangerous subjects. Our informant who had heard of one ship-load, (note p. 8,) had reference, doubtless, to this transaction. The emigrating Germans (see Westminster Review for Jan. 1835, p. 85,) are many of them not paupers, but persons of substance, flying from oppression at home; they come out generally in communities, with physicians and priests. They come of their own accord, both Catholics and Protestants;* and to whatever point they please.—All the smaller German States, are under the political influence of Austria and Prussia, though not under their laws, and have not so many subjects that love despotism, as to be willing to part with any of them.

One other thing we have had our attention called to since the above article was in type; it is that the anti-Catholic papers are broaching the doctrine that the "Papists" are to be opposed by the ballot-box. The Aurora of New Lisbon, of May 28th, says, "Will the people of this country deign to see such insolence (the knocking off of Duncan's hat in this city,) without giving it a just and merited rebuke at the ballot-box." The language of the Pittsburg Times, is equally plain, and it means, if we understand it rightly, "destroy the principle of religious toleration; unite Church and State by excluding Catholics." This is very different from the end which we are convinced Dr. Beecher has in view, but we believe *it*, or, what is yet farther from his wishes,—the action of the populace,—to be the *natural and legitimate result* of much contained in the Plea for the West.

* It is worthy of remark, that in all Germany, including Austria, there are seventeen millions of Protestants to sixteen millions of Catholics.

ART. II.—1. *The life of the Rev. George Crabbe, L. L. B. with his letters and journals, by the Rev. George Crabbe, A. M. his son.* 2 *vols.*

2. *Memoirs of the life and correspondence of Mrs. Hannah More. By William Roberts, Esq., author of "the Portraiture of a Christian Gentleman."* 2 *vols.*

Among the many bright lights over whose extinction the world has lately been called to mourn, there have been none more carefully trimmed, or whose rays have been more invariably bent upon the strait and narrow way, than the two on which we are about to comment. If the poet, as an author, were more highly endowed, having indeed a most original cast, if not the highest sort of genius, the prose writer (as a woman subject to greater difficulties,) made through a long life, the most rational and noble use of her faculties, while her actions were a perpetual commentary on her works, enhancing ten-fold the value of each sentiment and opinion. The bard and reprover of the poor may be not unfitly associated with her, who devoted herself to be their teacher and protectress, while she was the flattered darling and revered censor of the rich.

The life of Crabbe is given to us by his son. A child is not generally the most suitable biographer to a parent, nor are there many who would dare undertake so delicate a task. We have sometimes been charmed in the histories of celebrated men, by a passing tribute to the merits of a dear departed fosterer. We would mention as particularly happy, the notices of their parents with which Marmontel and Goethe have adorned their memoirs. But this is only done by occasional touches, lightly shaded sketches here and there. We recollect no full-length picture very well limned. If filial piety and delicacy towards the foibles of a parent be not the virtues most frequently encountered, their absence is of all the most intolerable. We expect reverential tenderness in noting the most palpable faults of a parent, and absolute silence with regard to them when possible. We presume there is no tale more revolting to the minds of children than that of Esop's thief, who bit his mother's ear at the foot of the gallows, to which her weak love had brought him; and with all Moliere's wit, he is obliged to throw on the Scapins and Mascarilles all the blame of the stratagems, by which his young heirs dupe their parsimonious parents, to make the representation endurable to us.

In consequence of this deeply implanted sentiment, the careful analysis, the impartial scrutiny, which are the first re-

quisites of biography, from a child towards a parent, revolt us; while on the other hand, as no unshaded picture can satisfy the eye, so the filial biography even of the judicious and accurate Miss Edgeworth, the brilliant and discriminating De Stael, seem but a tissue of palliatives and panegyrick on which we cannot, contentedly, pin our faith.

The present is the best essay we have seen, *sui generis*, and we are inclined to attribute this to the propitious nature of the subject. The life of Mr. Crabbe, divided between meritorious struggles and the blameless literary retirement which crowned them, seems never to have been polluted and distracted by that Titan-brood, who are generally so busy with the man of genius,—yet, for more satisfaction, we could have wished our poet in other hands. The biography is written in a clear unpretending style; there is no exaggeration of any sort; the excellencies of Crabbe as the father, the poet, and the man, are spoken of in that tone of deep, but restrained feeling, so appropriate and interesting in the situation of the narrator; still we cannot but feel that we have the mere outline; the superficies of the man; and we would gladly have seen this very remarkable mind, not as in a glass, darkly, but in the full coloring of life.

Yet secure that what we have is true, so far as it goes, we may here admire the power of "that very fiery particle," the mind, to struggle with the adverse elements, and if not absolutely stifled by heavy earth or hostile water, to rise into the friendly air, and there manifest itself a beauty and a portent.

George Crabbe was born in a low condition, and amidst circumstances apparently most unpropitious to poetical development. But one friend had his early youth, one instructor in that art of generalizing, of interpreting phenomena by the spirit of the universe, without which, the most active mind must remain earth-bound, narrow and desultory. This fostering friend, this elevating teacher was—the ocean. That mighty voice to which so many ears are marvellously, incomprehensibly deaf, spake to the depths of his soul, gave meaning and dignity to the miscellaneous lore of a low and oppressed lot, teaching him to feel and understand men, books, himself, in connexion with the great system of things.

The sublimity of nature does not, we believe, separate us from man. We have heard many describe their emotion when standing on ocean's brink, and listening to its voice, as utter absorption, an involuntary yielding to, and mingling with its solemn power. This we have felt, but also know that this mighty music has another action. Once,—an hour of strong

life, never to be forgotten, alone, beneath a twilight of wondrous lustre, on the wide sands,—the sea, coming in with its calm majestic boom, advancing momently as if to receive me into the very heart of its world of wonders—I well remember the rich procession of images, varied with all the hues of past, present and future, while the superb symphony of the waves, infused into the mind, through which they passed, a delightful calm and benevolence, untinged with hope or enthusiasm, the pure result of a perception of the infinite.

To a common mortal, existence may afford one such hour; to the boy-poet, amid all his wearying, uncongenial tasks, doubtless came many such, full of solace, and the germs of future creations. This communion, stolen hours of strange mixed reading, and the book of human nature always before him, stood to Crabbe in the place of colleges and lecture rooms. The annals of this period, must be read in detail, in order to comprehend fully his situation.

As he advanced towards manhood he formed an attachment which was of infinite value to him, by giving a home to his thoughts and wishes. The object of his affections is not in this biography depicted with any distinctive traits, but the woman who could appreciate the yet undeveloped mind of Crabbe, under his then disadvantages, must have possessed no common character. The home in which he wooed this lady is described with a minuteness very gratifying, as it was afterwards adopted as the scene of one of his admirable tales, and furnished studies for several.

The most interesting part of his life is where, after his engagement, he goes up to London alone, unfriended, but resolved to hew his way to fortune, and fulfil the oracle he feels within him. The resolute cheerfulness with which he strives through this most forlorn and distressing period, evinced above all in the letter he wrote when living on fourpence, and goaded by repeated repulses and disappointments which threatened to deprive him not only of fame, but of bread, we recommend to the consideration of all those sorrowful geniuses who are forever telling their friends and themselves what they might have been and done if some slight check, forsooth, had not blighted the hopeful bud. Let them look at Crabbe and know the genuine power of the much-mistaken human will. The letter to Burke, which induced that noble-minded man to raise him from his low estate, into his own luminous and genial atmosphere, is not the least remarkable of his productions. The humility of the suppliant never infringes on the dignity of the man, and in the ambitious beggar addressing

the celebrated orator, we feel only that a not unequal soul asks as a boon, what fate should have granted as a right. The manner in which the appeal was made, and that in which it was answered, are alike honorable to human nature.

Here is not the place to speak of Crabbe's literary character, his truth to nature, alike in her sublime and squalid aspects, his original style, his strong impartial judgment, his stern pictorial power, his keen moral sense,—are they not written on the English mind in characters never to be effaced, while that mind retains national unity?

Three things we would speak of in relation to his life, which we have not space to examine at length. First, his devoted love of nature. He was never ungrateful to his nurse and teacher, but always preferred her to the world and all its allurements. Twenty-two years of mature life, after the public admiration had opened to him a wide and brilliant scene, he passed, from choice, in quiet intercourse with her, in woods, fields, streams, with all their myriad inhabitants, and among those lower orders of the human family, who had not skill to hide from his eye the heart with its mingled good and ill. And richly did she reward him, preserving his taste unspoiled, and his power of creation unimpaired to the last.

Second; his reserve, not shown by boldness, but by a natural keeping back of the peculiar treasures of his mind, to be worked up in his peculiar form. Accordingly, the few letters of his by which the biography is illustrated, are neither worthy nor expressive of his genius; neither does he appear to have been fascinating in the daily walks of life. We neither blame nor approve this. The mantle of reserve, required by the sensitive frame of one man of genius, is a weight and burden to another. In one, the vital principle, as in the vegetable kingdom, can put forth leaves and blossoms while perfecting the growth of the main stem; in another, it must, like precious ore, be separated, in depth and in darkness, from the foreign substances which obscure its refulgence. Versatile or concentrated, of intense or diffusive glow, true genius is welcome in all its manifestations.

Third; his independence, unshaken through all the vicissitudes of his life, against the temptations of poverty and celebrity, his shield and his spear. Here the life of Crabbe corresponded perfectly with his writings. For the rest, his life, though apparently unspotted, is unmarked by any philanthropic schemes, or active plans of any note. Let us be content, for by his pen he amply redeemed the talents confided to him, and performed his duty towards his race.

The biographer of Miss More, is a man without one ray of talent, consequently only knowing that others possess it on hearsay, and by perceiving it result in fame or money. He writes in a confused, awkward style, and whenever he does undertake to tell a story, places its subject in rather a ridiculous light. However, as he has favored us with a great number of letters which leave but few gaps, and seldom obtrudes himself upon us, except to repeat what Miss More has just said, or announce what she is about to say, it is not worth while to be very severe on the author of "The Portraiture of a Christian Gentleman," but leave him to enjoy in peace the fame he must have won from the work of which he announces himself the writer.

Hannah More was the youngest, but one, of five sisters, who, when she was still very young, set up a boarding-school at Bristol, leaving (apparently) their parents quite alone and unattended. But, as we find them to have been through life excellent women, we cannot but suppose that they did their duty to those parents, although the biographer has not thought necessary to explain where or how. He tells of an engagement which took place about the age of twenty-two, and which ended in the lover settling an annuity on Miss More to compensate *for the robbery he had committed on her* TIME, in a way which would leave an unpleasant or ludicrous impression on our minds, if the good sense and disinterestedness, evinced by the lady ever after, did not oblige us to lay all the blame on the folly and bad taste of her biographer.

Here she resided, making various attainments, becoming known to a few literati, and writing the Search after Happiness, and other things of some merit, till she was nearly thirty, when she visited London, (for what purpose, and under whose protection we are not told,) and, in consequence of a letter of her's shown to Garrick, expressing ardent and tasteful admiration of his Lear, she was introduced by that very vain and very generous great man, to the fashionable, and what was *then* the same,—how are times changed,—the literary world of gorgeous London. And here we cannot help quoting an alluring description of that great city, in reading which, we have almost been guilty of the child-like folly of wishing for a monarchy, that we might have such a metropolis to which to resort. We have an indistinct recollection of having seen it quoted before in some popular book, but no matter; to many readers it will be new.

"In my youth, and through the prime of manhood," says Sir Humphrey Davy, "I never entered London without feelings

of pleasure and hope. It was to me as the grand theatre of intellectual activity, the field of every species of enterprise and exertion, the metropolis of the world of business, thought and action. There I was sure to find the friends and companions of my youth, to hear the voice of encouragement and praise. There society of the most refined kind offered daily its banquets to the mind, with such variety that satiety had no place in them, and new objects of interest and ambition were constantly exciting attention, either in politics, literature, or science." What a fair foreground? it is very difficult to remember that there are corruption and misery behind.

On this grand theatre, Hannah More made her debut under the wing of Garrick, and was received with a degree of cordiality, which cannot but excite some surprise, when we consider how many far superior in talent to herself, inferior only in that moral excellence, so rarely appreciated by the world at large, have been long left to shiver in the shade.

If we compare the merits of her early productions, and her pretensions to notice, as assistant in a provincial boarding-school, with her reception in the most brilliant circle of that brilliant capital, when we see her taken at once to the hearts and homes of the Garricks, the Johnsons, the Reynolds, and the Montagues, we are led to think (not uncharitably, we hope,) that something may be attributed to her being, at that time, though unconsciously, a great flatterer. She had the sort of talent which, next in grade to genius, is peculiarly fitted to be its eager recipient and interpreter, while her country education gave to her expressions of admiration, a *naivete* and warmth, which must have been highly gratifying to the magnates of that new land in which she had become a denizen. We are far from wishing to derogate from Miss More, we do not believe her to have been capable of *intentionally* winning the favor of any one by such means, and we look upon her natural ardor of temperament as most fortunate, since it secured to her those fostering influences which were so desirable to her. She was by nature formed for the sunny side of the world. And here commences a bright era. Twenty years she divided between London, where she had all the benefits of the most cultivated society, and the command of fine libraries, of which she availed herself to a surprising degree, and the comparative seclusion of Bristol, where she methodised the large stock of new ideas thus acquired, and digested them for new works.

This is the most interesting portion of her life to readers in general. Her own letters, and those of many illustrious

friends to her supply a new and entertaining comment upon that epoch in England's mental history, whose fragrant ripeness seems to have been the precursor of a trying transition state, at least, if not of a total decay. Some of her best works belong to this period.

About 1789, begins (we perfectly agree with good Mr. Roberts here,) the more noble portion of her career. Having retired from those dazzling scenes, in which, though so much caressed, she had never obtained perfect satisfaction of mind, she began and continued, through the remainder of her days, that system of active and wise benevolence, by which she so honorably illustrated those precepts of piety and morality, which she still inculcated with the pen,—for the larger half of her works (tremble ye idlers and weak lamenters over want of time to execute your designs,) belong to this period. It is worthy of note, that her only novel, Cœlebs, was one of her latest productions.

We could not but wonder that Miss Moore, so philanthropic and generally so discriminating, should not feel something wanting in that religious establishment, of which she was the stanch partizan, when she found twelve parishes of her vicinity in the state she describes, while her friends, the right reverend bishops and arch-bishops were residing in palaces, and had the incomes of princes. We extract one or two passages upon this point.

"It is grievous to reflect, that, while we are sending missionaries to our distant colonies, our own villages are perishing for lack of instruction. We have in this neighborhood thirteen adjoining parishes, without so much as even a resident curate. We have established schools and various little institutions over a tract of country of ten or twelve miles, and have near five hundred children in training. *As the land is almost pagan*, we bring down persons of great reputation for piety from other places. But how we shall be able to keep up these things with so much opposition, vice, poverty, and ignorance as we have to deal with, I cannot guess."

Again,—"On Sunday I was enabled to open the school. It was an affecting sight. Several of the grown-up youths had been tried at the last assizes, three were the children of a person lately condemned to be hanged, many thieves! all ignorant, profane and vicious beyond belief. Of this banditti we have enlisted one hundred and seventy, and when the clergyman, a hard man, who is also the magistrate, saw these creatures kneeling around us, whom he had seldom seen but to commit or punish in some way, he burst into tears."

"Six large parishes without so much as a resident curate. Three commonly gifted curates cannot serve eight churches."

"At Cheddar we saw but one bible in all the parish, and that was used to prop a flower-pot. No clergyman had resided in it for forty years. One rode over three miles from Wells to preach once on a

Sunday, but no weekly duty was done, or rich persons visited, and children were often buried without any funeral service. Eight people in the morning and twenty in the afternoon was a good congregation."

Once more,—"In a parish where I opened a school of 108 on Sunday se'nnight, there were not any boys or girls of any age whom I asked, that could tell me who made them." "These parishes are large, populous, and as dark as Africa.

Yet she never seems to have doubted the perfection of that system of church government which could distribute instruction so unequally. Such is the force of early-instilled prejudice, even in minds of a large calibre and warm love of truth.

It is refreshing to observe the sympathy and liberal assistance, her benevolent plans received, not only from such as Mr. Wilberforce, and Sir W. Pepys, but from much more worldly minded friends. No being, we should think, can boast of having electrized more hearts with the heavenly fires of philanthropy, than the once obscure, always modest governess of the Bristol boarding-school. Be it remembered also, that the money she thus appropriated was acquired, as it was bestowed, with toil and pains, not lavishly given because lightly come by. More happy than most, she lived to see the results of her christian endeavors in the improvement and comparative happiness of hundreds of her fellow creatures, as through them, we trust, will be promoted the same of thousands more.

The long life of "this great lady," as Mr. Roberts styles her, took too wide a range, her connexions were too multiplied, to permit us anything like a thorough comment. In her ninetieth year, she closed those labors of love in which she had persevered through much ill health, the loss of her sisters, and numberless other dear friends and considerable persecution; though, on the whole, the prosperity of her life was remarkable, nor do we remember any, unless it be our countryman's, Sir Benjamin West's, which can be compared with it in that respect. Her decease was worthy of her life, calm and hopeful. Her letters, like her works, are characterised by high, though often one-sided views, discriminating, though sometimes narrow criticism, kindness of heart, and delicacy of conscience, and much sprightliness of feeling, if not of fancy. If the high church and conservative principles, which so thoroughly pervaded her mind, find little sympathy on this side of the water, we cannot but respect the sentiments and conduct they produced.

By letters from many of her correspondents, as well as herself, much is added to our pleasure, and we are aided

in appreciating more completely her character and situation. Those of Mrs. Boscawen are marked by elegance, taste, and considerable information. Those of Mrs. Montague have the stiffness, but also the richness of old-fashioned brocade. Those of Bishop Porteus are very pleasing in manner, and tolerably interesting in matter. Those of the Rev. John Newton, we could have wished abridged, as even his genuine piety can hardly, in our opinion, make so much repetition agreeable to a stranger. It is possible, however, that to a class of readers, these may constitute the most interesting part of the book. Those of Sir W. Pepys please us best, combining a lively, elegant style, and extensive information, with distinctive taste and individuality of mind. The letters of Mr. Stephen (brother-in-law to Mr. Wilberforce,) contain some valuable passages. The following may be worth extracting.

"You speak in your preface of "the art to stop." I could almost venture to advise you to continue to write as long as you find the pleasure in doing so superior to the pain of the effort. I doubt much whether in works of that class to which your pen is now dedicated, age takes away from the qualifications of the author so much as it adds, until the decay of their intellectual powers is so sensibly felt by themselves, as to make the labor of composition overpower the wish to propagate our opinions. I regard that wish as instinctive, as a propensity implanted in us by the same benignant Providence which has given to the capsulæ of certain plants an explosive force at their maturity, to scatter their seeds extensively round them. It is felt the more strongly late in the autumn of life, before our vivid hue of intellect has faded, before the progressive accumulation of our thoughts, the foliage of the mind has fallen, and it continues while we have still any useful lessons of experience and reflection to impart; nor wholly ceases until memory and our powers of communication are in a great degree impaired. Hence the characteristic of *narrative* old age. In minds that were never strong, it becomes a foible. Yet even with them it is often a source of traditionary knowledge, which in the ruder stages of society, and in the humbler walks of life is not unproductive of useful effects.

In minds of a superior order, framed for contemplation and discovery, and endowed with persuasive or strong communicative powers, this propensity is stronger in degree, and more durable in its influences, as more beneficial in its effects. I mean, of course, when religious or moral principle has given it a right direction. I can remember several writers who have been discredited by beginning too early, but not at this moment, any who have been so by stopping too late. Of Johnson, Young, and others, it may be affirmed, that their reputation would be less if they had not written in old age."

In most American ears, the extravagant praise of Mr. Pitt, censure of Burke, M'e de Stael, and Sir W. Scott, (on the score of his *fertility* as a novelist,) must sound rather strangely. Nothing could more strongly designate Miss More's modes of thought, than her criticisms on Corinne.

Many pretty *jeux d'esprit*, (for which Mr. Roberts thinks necessary to apologise,) intersperse these volumes. Among the best we would mention the letter to Mrs. Kennicott, beginning, "Dear Dromy," (by the way, never was a more delightful picture of matrimonial happiness drawn, than is given in the "sketch of Dr. Kennicott,") and the letter from Rousseau, which in a burlesque form, contains as valuable a criticism on the man and his writings, as we have ever seen. These and many things more, we should gladly quote, had we room. But our limits forbid further quotation, or discussion. To all who wish a more intimate acquaintance with a splendid and important era, or with the character of an excellent and highly gifted woman, we would recommend the perusal of the Life and Correspondence of Miss Hannah More.

FRIENDSHIP'S OFFERING.

WRITTEN IN THE COMMON-PLACE BOOK OF A YOUNG FEMALE FRIEND.

Smooth be thy path, Augusta! in this brief,
Uncertain, and probationary life;
Fair be the sky above thee, lady young,
And calm the ocean of events: as smooth,
And fair, and calm, be all, as Tempe's vale—
The sunny sky of Italy—the sea
That laves the bounds of distant Oregon,
Pacific call'd.

The fair and virtuous,
If born to fortune, or if struggling hard
With poverty and its concomitants,
Have hold on my affections. I would such
Might never know the ills of human life,
That weigh the buoyant spirit to the earth—
Pale the bright brow of Beauty—steal the rose
From the fresh cheek of Health—and tint the pure,
Rich whiteness of the lily, with the hue,
The sickly saffron, that Disease imparts.
But chief to thee, Augusta! now I speak.
These ills, and death, the Chastener's weapons are:
So live, that they may lightly fall on thee.—
Thy beauty cultivate, but more thy heart;

Thy intellect, but thy affections more:
Think of thyself, and of the friends thou lov'st,
But oftener of thy God.—Commune with HIM,
In secret if it please, but still commune;
And chief when on thy pillow laid at night,
Ere slumber come upon thee,—then commune.

Thus having lived, thou shalt be call'd at last,
To worship with the cherubim above,
And seraphim, round the Eternal's Throne;
To tread the star-embossed path of Heaven;
To inhabit the pavilions of the Blest;
To sport eternally, and unconfined,
In the green pastures of the Spirit Land. W. D. G.

ART. III.—CHARITY.

"Charity suffereth long, and is kind."

In all ages of the church, ecclesiastical tyranny has shown a disposition to persecute and denounce as heretics, those christians whose views have resembled, more or less nearly, the views of Unitarians. And if we look, not merely at the truth, but at the obvious tendency of these views, we shall feel that no class of christians has been more unreasonably persecuted. And when, further, we observe how much it has been the habit to endeavor to put them down without an inquiry into the grounds and tendency of their belief, we shall feel still more the unreasonableness of the bitter anathemas that have been fulminated against them. From the days of Arius, in the beginning of the fourth century, when opposite doctrines to theirs began to gain prevalence and power, down to the present moment, an unceasing war, more or less furious, has been waged against them. They have been Protestants, and, of course, have shared with other Protestants the rack and fire of the Roman Inquisition. Council after council denounced them. The sword was early sent against them in Africa, Asia and Europe; in later times, they were driven from their quiet walls in the north of Italy, to the fastnesses of the Alps. But the intolerance of the Roman Church inflicted only half their wrongs; their Protestant brethren filled up the measure of oppression. As soon after the contest with Rome as there was breathing space, this devoted class of christians was singled out again for persecution: was hunted down from city to city, till it at last found refuge in

Poland;—Poland, whose injured sons can now scarce find a city of refuge from the ruthless hand of their oppressor. Still through Europe the work of fire and blood went on; and Calvin crowned it by the burning of Servetus. But that work has ceased. Not so has persecution. It takes the form of religious excommunication, civil disabilities, withdrawal of patronage, open denunciation, secret opposition; and, after these, the careful separation, the cold look, the disregard of common courtesy. Wherever Unitarianism appears, and often long before it comes, the cry is raised, and all, old and young, religious and irreligious, those who have heard it called a pestilence, and those who never heard the name before, with one voice sentence it, untried and unconvicted, to perpetual banishment.

This is an unvarnished tale of wrongs; and in view of it, it is not surprising that Unitarians should feel aggrieved, or that they should even manifest some indignation; and certainly there is danger that severe thoughts may occasionally cross their minds. It is always safe, therefore, to keep before us the excusing circumstances in the case of those who offend, and all the inducements we have to be calm, and to keep the treasure of charity that "suffereth long, and is kind."

But what allowances does charity require us to make? What are the limits of this virtue? To be charitable, it is not necessary that we endeavor to the utmost to hide from our view the faults of others. Charity does not go so far. To be charitable to a man who has committed murder, it is not proper for us to strive most earnestly to persuade ourselves that he did not commit it, but we are to think as well of him as we can, under the existing circumstances; we are to think of the provocation that led him to the act; of his natural constitution; of the unfortunate influences under which he was educated and has lived; and find in these, if we can, some palliation of his guilt. At the same time, if these should induce us to screen him from the punishment which is necessary to protect society, and reclaim the individual, such charity could not be justified. Charity, therefore, does not call upon us to shut our eyes to the faults of others. If the case be uncertain, and the guilt be not satisfactorily proved against a person, then charity will hold him acquitted until the evidence irresistibly forces us to convict him. But some will say, there is the command, "Judge not, that ye be not judged." When rightly understood, this passage does not stand in opposition to our view. An examination of the original, shows that "to judge," here means "to condemn." And, obviously,

to take the word "judge" here in its common signification, instead of its legal, would lead us to consequences the most pernicious and absurd. For if this precept were really enjoined upon us and obeyed, that we are not to have a judgment, not to make up an opinion as to a person's character or conduct, there would be at once an end of all certainty and peace in life; an end of life itself. In one's dealings, for instance, suppose he were obliged to sell to a man without judging as to his character, or his ability to pay, how could he even imagine whether the sale was to be profitable or ruinous. He would not do business long on such risks as this; the operations of society must cease; and after they were gone, individual life would tarry but a little while. Charity, therefore, does not forbid our passing a just judgment, or the most correct one we can, but requires us carefully to take into consideration all the circumstances which go to favor the person, act or thing, we judge. This is what we wish to do at the present time, in speaking of those who labor to prevent the spread of Unitarian views of christianity.

Those who oppose and speak evil of us, may be distinguished into three classes; they who join with the many in condemning a faith of which they have no knowledge themselves: they who have received false views of it from untrustworthy sources; and they who have examined the subject partially and with prejudiced minds. For those who know us fully and fairly, if they are not induced to go with us, at least have no disposition to speak evil of us.

For the first of these classes it may be thought that there is no excuse. That they should go about to denounce and banish from the land, a faith of which they are wholly ignorant; which, for anything that they know, may be the faith most according to the simplicity of the gospel, most agreeable to the truth of scripture, as well as the light of reason, and most directly tending to produce genuine virtue of the heart and life; this may be thought an offence as unpardonable as it is absurd; and we may find it hard to think with patience of those who take such unreasonable steps, and may feel obliged to judge them without the pale even of charity, long suffering as it is. But, these are really the persons to whom we may extend the largest share of this most benevolent feeling. For it would be unreasonable on our part to expect from them a different conduct. They are persons whose education and course of life have never accustomed them to ask for truth on any subject; and, of course, not upon religion, a subject upon which inquiry comes later than on most others. They are

persons who always follow where their companions, many or few, shall lead; their existence, indeed, seems to be merged in the life of those about them; and it would be strange, if they should stand forth from the multitude and insist on examining for themselves, the evidence for a doctrine, new to them, and unpopular with their friends. They really deserve our kindest regard, our most fervent charity; that love of enemies which Christ teacheth, and which manifests itself in endeavors to improve them; the charity that shall go and awake in them the spark of individual life, animate them to seek truth, and teach them self-reliance. Their condition should call forth not only our most lenient judgment, but our warmest sympathy and benevolent effort in their behalf. Whether they can be acquitted of guilt, is another question. Whether, as moral agents, and therefore accountable to God for the use of their talents, they may not stand before him charged with sinful inactivity, and wilful ignorance, is for him to decide. Obviously, however, they are objects of our charity; more so, than the second class who inquire, but are not careful to ask whether they derive their information from a correct source.

These persons manifest some consciousness that it is their duty to seek truth; and some may be disposed to censure them severely, for taking so much upon trust, and being so little scrupulous about the authority on which they rest their opinions. But if we are not careful we shall require too much of this class also. Their course of education and life is but one degree removed from that of the former class. Through the influence of more intelligent parents, teachers, and society, they have acquired the habit of asking information; but they have not yet come to ask the reason of things; the why and the wherefore. They too rely upon others, upon the general voice. The common belief, the popular opinion is their authority: and naturally so. For with them the teaching of infancy has been continued to mature age, and that implicit confidence which they once gave to parents, they transfer to other friends and teachers, and especially to their spiritual guide; to him they have been directed to look as authority always to be followed: and, in religion, where shall they look, if not to him? Theirs are not habits of study; their occupations allow comparatively little; their opportunities of knowledge are small, his are great; and he is set for them as an oracle of truth. If he mislead them and betray his trust; if he teach them not to seek knowledge, nor show them where they may find it; if he assert decisively that of

which he is not by proper care assured, instead of telling them that he is not satisfied, and enjoining upon them to look and judge for themselves, where, where shall they look for guidance? If their minister deceive them, whose is the burden of guilt? Certainly we should judge them charitably; they do only what the world has always done in ages past; they cling with the multitude to old opinions, and will not look at the evidence for others; they oppose advancement as dangerous innovations. Thus man has received almost every great discovery of truth at the sacrifice of blood. The discoverers have sealed the doctrine and blessed the world with its light, by the surrender of their lives. Again, we say of these, as of the former class, God knows whether to the utmost they have used their light, and striven for more, and he must pass the final judgment. But we truly see occasion in their circumstances to be as lenient in our feelings towards them as truth and justice will allow.

But how shall they be viewed, who have felt the duty of inquiring for themselves, and have performed it, but have neglected the best means of information and suffered prejudice to blind them to the force of truth? With charity, still we say, though they may be persons whom opportunity and duty imperatively commanded to investigate fully and fairly. They may be those to whom the best authorities were easily accessible, and on whom rested the strongest obligations impartially to seek the truth; for they may be those who are to serve as authority to many persons that have not other means of knowledge. Still, we repeat, there is abundant cause for charity towards even these. Consider the difficulties with which they may have to contend, in bringing themselves to weigh evidence impartially. Were their favorite views imbibed in infancy from the teachings of parental love? Are they combined with all their early happy, recollections; associated with all their holy feelings, past and present? Were those the views that first awakened their indifference, and led them to the joys of pardoned sin, and an immortal hope? Do they feel that those views were the instruments of their reform, their salvation? Then must they not be dear; dear as a right eye, or a right arm? as difficult to give up? And must not the evidence for their truth present itself to the mind with a peculiar force? May not the brightness of evidence, so near the heart, obscure the distant, though it be the stronger light? And may we not therefore think tenderly of persons in such error? Imagine us not to be vindicating their course. No; truth is above all other treasures; and

though it may call us to give up what is intensely dear, and we may seem to sacrifice our all for it, our friends, our hope of riches and of honor, yet it is but seeming. God does not permit us to lose anything by seeking Him, the fountain of truth. And truth, which manifests Him, should be our choicest treasure; able amply to stand in place of any other, with which we may be called to part. Thus the Saviour authorises us to judge in the strong language by which he calls upon us to leave all and follow him. We may not imagine how severe a judgment God shall mete to them who are unfaithful to their means of ascertaining truth. Into His secret counsels man entereth not. But, by our sympathy, with true affection, by our remembrances of early piety, by our respect for sacred and deep feeling, by our joy in the peace of holiness and the hope that never dies, we may feel for a brother whom these holy things have led astray, who has sacrificed truth to an idol of his affections.

Let us then have charity. Let us not destroy the peace this virtue gives to our own souls. What happier or more precious feature is there of *our* faith, than that reliance on the great, essential, commonly acknowledged truths, of the christian faith, which allows us to take every man who receives Christ as his master, by the hand and greet him as a brother? Never, never part with this. It redeems life from a desert waste, to a garden of all sweets; from a solitary, cheerless way, to a path of enchanting beauty, radiant with the light of holy love.

Again, let us be charitable. We can wait patiently and calmly, amid injury and reproach, for we shall one day be relieved. The time will come when the question between us and our brethren will be decided upon its own merits. And when that time shall come, we have no fear for the issue. This is all we have ever asked, to have the question upon its merits; and we shall have it so. Until we do, we can wait in peace and love, and walk about among men till it is a familiar thing to see us, and till, if we are faithful to our cause, many hearts shall soften towards us, and many feel within themselves that it was as unmanly, as it was unchristian, to look coldly on those to whom the interests of the community and the country, of the cause of God and of man, were as dear as to themselves. A. C. P.

Buffalo, March 14th.

[We would direct the attention of our readers to the series of letters, the first of which follows this note, as containing a statement of some of the principal reasons for our dissent from the doctrine of the Trinity. We would express our thanks to the respected author of these letters and add the hope that our readers and ourselves may be often favored with communications from the same able pen.]

LETTERS ON THE DEITY OF CHRIST.—No. I.

ART. IV.—*To the Rev. Nathaniel West, Pastor of the Presbyterian Society at Meadville.*

REV. AND DEAR SIR:—In a discourse which you delivered some time since to your congregation, you told them "That it was as God that our Saviour presented himself to the Jews, and that it was as God that they rejected him." I must acknowledge that I was struck by this assertion. Not that it is not such as we might naturally expect from a Trinitarian; on the contrary, it appears to me to be in perfect harmony with the Trinitarian faith, and almost necessarily required by it. But I was struck with your assertion, because it presents the doctrine of the personal Deity of Christ, in a form so much more tangible than that in which I have been in the habit of meeting with it. Some of the Catholic writers have contended, that the doctrine of the Trinity has not been revealed in the Scriptures, but was transmitted by oral tradition from the Apostles; and in placing it on this ground, this doctrine becomes certainly less assailable by proofs drawn from the scriptures. But Protestants, who reject, or at least who pretend to reject, the authority of tradition in matters of faith, appear to me to have been generally very shy of fixing any period, when the doctrine of the proper Deity of Jesus had been announced to the world. You, however, sir, appear not to have any such hesitancy, and present this doctrine to us in a shape in which we can apply to it the evidence of scripture, and test its truth. Whether Jesus of Nazareth announced himself to the Jews as the supreme God, as you hold; or whether he only claimed to be the Christ of God, his messenger and representative, as I believe, is certainly not an unimportant question, but one well deserving the most serious consideration of all who call themselves christians. It is this question which I now purpose to examine, and I invite you, sir, to accompany me in this investigation. Both of us are Protestants, and reject the authority of tradition. Both of us receive the scriptures as containing the records of God's revelations. Let us then together go to these records, and see what they teach us concerning the Saviour.

It will not be contended, that our Lord ever announced himself to the Jews in express terms as the supreme, self-existing Jehovah. Those who believe in his proper Deity, do not hold that he taught this doctrine in direct and explicit terms, but only that he used such expressions in regard to himself, as must necessarily have led his hearers, to consider him as the supreme God. It appears then, that so far as concerns the Jews of our Saviour's day, the doctrine that he is the self-existing Jehovah, was not a doctrine of express revelation, but only one of *inference.* Now this appears to me to raise a very strong presumption against its truth. Jehovah had announced himself to the Jews as the one and only God. Ex. xx. 2, 3, we read: "I am the Lord thy God, which have brought thee out of the land of Egypt, out of the house of bondage. Thou shalt have no other Gods before me." When therefore a personage, to all outward appearance a man like other men, came and claimed to be received as the supreme God, it would be necessary that his claims should be set forth in the most express terms, as otherwise they would be liable to be misunderstood or disregarded, by a people to whom the worship of any other than the *one* God had been so strictly prohibited, and who had been so often and so severely punished for their departure from this command.

But before I enter on the main subject of my inquiry, permit me to stop for a moment, to examine some of the leading passages in which Christ is supposed to teach his proper Deity. The first to which I shall refer, are those which are thought to teach his pre-existence before his advent into the world. Thus we read: John iii. 13. "No man has ascended up to heaven, but he that came down from heaven, even the Son of man which is in heaven."

John vi. 38. "For I came down from heaven."

John vi. 62. "What and if ye shall see the son of man ascend up where he was before."

John viii. 58. "Jesus said unto them: verily, verily I say unto you, before Abraham was, I am."

John xvi. 28. "I came forth from the Father, and am come into the world; again I leave the world, and go to the Father."

John xvii. 5. "And now O Father, glorify thou me with thine own self with the glory which I had with thee before the world was."

I shall not stop to inquire, whether these texts do not admit of an explanation, different from the meaning given to them by Trinitarians. I will take them in that meaning, and what do they then teach us? That Christ claimed to be the supreme

God? There is not a word in them which has even the semblance of such a claim, but on the contrary, there is that in them which is totally irreconcilable with it. Then it would be an insult to the human mind to attempt to prove, that the being who *came from God*, and who *had glory with God*, cannot be the God from whom he came, or with whom he had glory. The utmost which these texts prove, is that our Saviour existed previously to the creation of this world; but as it is our common belief that angels and celestial spirits also existed then, the proof of Christ's pre-existence would not in the slightest degree tend to prove his proper Deity.

But the Jews declared some of the expressions of our Saviour to be blasphemous,* and it is supposed that in these he avowed himself to be God, in the highest sense of that term. Let us now examine the passages at which the Jews took offence.

Matt. ix. 2, 8, we read as follows: "And behold they brought to him a man sick of the palsy, lying on a bed; and Jesus seeing their faith, said unto the sick of the palsy, Son, be of good cheer, thy sins be forgiven thee. And behold certain of the scribes said within themselves, this man blasphemeth. And Jesus knowing their thoughts, said, wherefore think ye evil in your hearts? For whether is easier to say; thy sins be forgiven thee, or to say, arise and walk? But that ye may know, that the Son of man has power on earth to forgive sins, then says he to the sick of the palsy, arise take up thy bed, and go unto thine house. And he arose and departed to his house. But when the multitude saw it, they marvelled, and glorified God, which had given such power unto men."

On this passage I would observe; that it does not say one word of our Saviour's claiming to be God. It states, that on his assuring a sick man that his sins were forgiven, the scribes pronounced it blasphemy, because, in their opinion, according to St. Mark,† no one could pronounce the forgiveness of sin but God. Jesus to convince them, that the power to remit sin can as well be delegated as the power to heal diseases, cures the man of the palsy, expressly in proof of his possessing the power to forgive sin. And now, how were the by-

* It may be necessary to observe that the Jews used the term *blasphemy* in a much larger, and more indefinite sense than we do. With us it is always an indignity offered to the Deity himself. But in the New Testament, we read also of blaspheming against Moses, Acts, vi. 11. and in the same passage the prediction, that Jesus should destroy Jerusalem, and abolish the Jewish ceremonial law, is called a blasphemy.

† Mark, ii. 7.

standers affected by this miracle? Did they consider it as wrought to prove that Jesus was God? No such thing. They considered it merely as an exertion of Divine power, of which our Saviour was the agent; and they glorified God, *who had given such power to men.* Should any one in spite of the miracle wrought by Christ to prove the contrary, still insist that the forgiveness of sin cannot be delegated, I would refer such to John xx. 23, where this power is delegated to the Apostles.

In the 5th chapter of John we read, that Jesus had cured a helpless cripple at the pool of Bethesda, on the Sabbath day, and had told him to take up his bed and go home. At this, the bigotry of the Jews took offence. In the 16th verse we are told: "Therefore did the Jews persecute Jesus, and sought to slay him, because he had done these things on the Sabbath day." Verse 17, 18, "But Jesus answered them, My Father worketh hitherto, and I work. Therefore the Jews sought the more to kill him, because he not only had broken the Sabbath, but said also that God was his father, making himself equal with God."

That the calling God by the name of *Father* was not by the Jews considered as an act of impiety, or as an assumption of equality with God, is abundantly clear from the sacred scriptures. The prophet Malachi asks, Mal. ii. 10, "Have we not all one father? Has not one God created us?" John viii. 41, the Jews themselves say to Jesus; "We have one father, even God;" and our Saviour constantly called God his *Father*, without ever thereby giving offence to the Jews. But, what then, it will be asked, do the Jews take offence at in this case? It is, at the connexion in which, and the purposes for which, Jesus calls God his father. Our Saviour had cured a cripple on the Sabbath day. This the Jews consider a gross and criminal violation of the Sabbath, for which they persecute Jesus, who justifies himself by the conduct of his heavenly father, whose acts of beneficence are not intermitted on the Sabbath. Now the Jews did certainly not understand our Saviour as asserting either that he was the Supreme God, or that he was equal to God. This is an extravagance with which we have no right to charge them. But they considered the right which Jesus claims to be active in doing good on the Sabbath, because his father's agency on that day is not interrupted, as such a putting of himself on a footing of equality with God, as is unbecoming a man. That such is the correct explanation of this passage is clear from the very next sentence, in which Jesus tells the Jews; "Verily, verily,

I say unto you, the Son can do nothing of himself, but what he seeth the father do; for what things soever he doeth, these also doeth the son likewise." That in all this there is nothing like a claiming of proper Deity, or of equality with God, will appear still more from the following illustration.

Let us suppose that in this country, in which we also have our laws and our traditions respecting the observance of the Sabbath, a person should spend the Sabbath in distributing provisions to the poor, that he should be arrested for doing it, and on being arrested should endeavor to justify his conduct by saying: My heavenly father feeds the poor on the Sabbath and so do I. Now no doubt some would think such a justification highly irreverent and reprehensible, as placing him who made it, too much on the same footing with God. But I am sure that no one would think of attributing to such a man the idea of being either God himself, or of being equal with God.

In the 10th chapter of John's gospel, from the 24th to the 36th verse, we read as follows: "Then came the Jews round about him, and said unto him, how long dost thou make us to doubt? If thou be the Christ, tell us plainly. Jesus answered them, I told you, and ye believed not; the works that I do in my father's name, they bear witness of me. But ye believe not, because ye are not of my sheep, as I said unto you. My sheep hear my voice, and I know them, and they follow me; and I give unto them eternal life, and they shall never perish, neither shall any man pluck them out of my hand. My Father which gave them to me is greater than all; and none is able to pluck them out of my Father's hand; I and my father are one. Then the Jews took up stones again to stone him. Jesus answered them; Many good works have I shewed you from my Father; for which of those works do ye stone me? The Jews answered him, saying; for a good work we stone thee not; but for blasphemy, and because that thou, being a man, makest thyself God. Jesus answered them; Is it not written in your law; *I said ye are Gods?* If he called them Gods unto whom the word of God came, and the scripture cannot be broken; say ye of him whom the Father has sanctified, and sent into the world; thou blasphemest, because I said, I am the Son of God?"

Here many Trinitarians think that a passage is found in which Christ avows himself to be the Supreme God. But certainly he does not do so in express terms, and it appears to me, that we cannot give to his language this meaning, without adopting a construction more forced even than that given to it by the Jews, and in direct opposition to his own explana-

tion of it. Let us consider this passage a little more in detail, in the connection in which we find it.

In the earlier part of this chapter, Jesus announces himself as the good shepherd, and speaks of his care for his sheep. His discourse is interrupted by the Jews, who ask him, whether he be the Christ. He avows himself such, and then continues his discourse, in which he rests the safety of his sheep, on the power of his heavenly Father, out of whose hand none can pluck them; and he then adds, I and my Father are one, meaning by this oneness with God, not an identity of person, but of purpose and co-operation. Neither do the Jews mistake the import of this expression, but they are offended at the close communion in which our Saviour claims to stand with God. This they declare to be blasphemy, and call it a making of himself God, using the term God, not in the absolute sense in which we now use it, but in that qualified and subordinate sense, in which this term was sometimes used by the Jews. Jesus answers them, that even if he had called himself God, in this subordinate sense of the term, it would not have been blasphemy, as that term, which in their own scriptures was applied to those to whom the word of God came, must necessarily also belong to him, whom the Father had sanctified and sent into the world. But he denied that he had called himself God. He had only called himself the Son of God, that is, the Messiah, or Christ, for these are convertible terms, having all the same meaning, as we shall see more fully hereafter.

If any one should ask, why I reject the meaning which Trinitarians attach to the phrase *being one with the Father*, and assign to it that of a unity of design and co-operation, I answer, that the former involves a manifest impossibility and contradiction. It teaches that two beings, perfectly distinct, and of which the one had sent the other, are yet indentically one and the same being. We meet with the phrase, *being one* in other places in the New Testament, and there, even Trinitarians assign to it the same meaning which I do here. Thus John xvii. 20, 22, we read: "Neither pray I for these alone, but for them also which shall believe on me, through their word; that they may all be one; as thou, Father, art in me, and I in thee, that they also may be one in us; that the world may believe that thou hast sent me. And the glory which thou gavest me, I have given them; *that they may be one, even as we are one.*" Here our Saviour prays, that the same *oneness* which exists between the Father and him, may exist among the disciples. Now it certainly was not his in-

tention to pray, that they all might become one identical person or being; but simply that they might be united in harmony of purpose and co-operation. So also the Apostle Paul, in the 3d chapter of his first epistle to the Corinthians, after saying that he had planted and Apollos watered, adds in the 8th verse: "Now he that planteth, and he that watereth are one." Here again it is certainly not the intention of Paul to assert, that he and Apollos were one and the same person, but simply that they were fellow laborers in the same cause.

The last passage to which, under this head of my subject, I intend to refer, is the conversation between our Saviour and Philip, recorded, John xiv. 8, 10. where we read: "Philip saith unto him, Lord, shew us the Father, and it suffices us. Jesus saith unto him, Have I been so long time with you, and yet hast thou not known me, Philip? He that has seen me has seen the Father; and how sayest thou then, Show us the Father? Believest thou not that I am in the Father, and the Father in me? The words that I speak unto you, I speak not of myself; but the Father, that dwelleth in me, he doeth the works."

Here Trinitarians assume that the personal identity of Christ with God, is clearly taught, because Christ says: that whoever has seen him, has seen the Father. I believe, however, that this is a mistake, and that this text admits of another and very natural explanation. God is a spirit, and as such invisible. Man can see the Deity, not in his essence, but only in his works. Jesus was the representative of God on earth. In him the divine wisdom, power and goodness, had become manifest, and visible to mankind. Philip had been with Jesus from the beginning. He had heard his teaching, and been witness of his mighty works, and of his acts of beneficence; and hence he had seen the Father in the only manner in which he ever can become visible to mortal eyes. That such is the true explanation of this passage, appears to me to be evident from the 10th verse, where Christ says, that the words which he speaks, he speaks not of himself; and that the Father who dwelleth in him, doeth the works.

I have thus endeavored to show, that the texts, which are usually relied on, to prove that Christ announced himself to the Jews as the Supreme God, prove no such fact. To my mind the examination I have made of those passages, is perfectly convincing. Should the explanations, however, which I have given, appear unsatisfactory or inconclusive, to any one, I would recommend to such, a careful and earnest consideration of the text, John i. 18, which appears to me to be

perfectly decisive, not only with respect to the particular point now under consideration, but also of the whole doctrine of the proper Deity of Christ. In that text the Apostle tells us: "*No man hath seen God at any time;* the only begotten Son, which is in the bosom of the Father, he hath declared him." In the consideration of this passage, two things are to be observed. The first is, that in it the Apostle speaks of God, and of the Son of God, as two perfectly distinct beings, of which, the latter had come to reveal the former. The second is, that the Apostle asserts in the most express manner, that *no man has ever seen God.* But thousands had seen Christ. John himself had been with him during nearly the whole of his ministry on earth; had been his beloved disciple, and lived with him in habits of daily intimacy; and when under those circumstances, he asserts that no man has ever seen God, the inference is irresistible, that he considered Christ as not being God. This inference appears to me so unavoidable, that I cannot see how Trinitarians can pretend to believe in the proper Deity of Christ, and at the same time in St. John's Gospel. I know that in ordinary difficulties of this kind, recourse is had to the doctrine of the two natures; but that doctrine cannot help us out here, unless we attribute to the Apostle, a disingenuousness of language, which would render his writings totally worthless.* H.

Art. V.—GERMAN THEOLOGY AND AMERICAN FOLLY. ORTHODOXISM CHARACTERIZED.

There is a great deal of folly in this world, no doubt; many foolish things are done, many more uttered; but we think of all subjects, the one which has elicited of late years the most nonsensical remark, is that of German Theology, or Neology, (the two words seem to be used as synonimous.) The general opinion among a certain class of writers and critics, seems to be, that some hitherto unheard of, and awful form of Infidelity has possessed itself of all Germany. It is so deceitful, that it can pass itself off for an angel of light; so learned a devil, as utterly to confound all the Hebrew and Grecian lore of English and American colleges; its logic, its

* Some endeavor to avoid the force of this passage by saying, that though Christ was God, yet that his Divine nature was not visible, but merely his human nature. Suppose a man should, in a court of justice, testify that he had not seen a certain man, whom he however had seen, and then justify himself by saying that he had not seen the man's soul, which is the most essential part. Would not such a witness be held guilty of perjury? And yet, men will attribute to the bosom friend of Jesus, a similar prevarication, merely to uphold their own schemes of human invention.

criticism, its profound speculation, make up an element too deep to be safely ventured into by the best protected defender of truth. So that, on the whole, we must label it, "Touch not—taste not—handle not,"—and keep clear of the whole matter. This chimera has been commonly known, as I before said, under the general name of Neology. Every now and then some new scribbler takes occasion to imprint a mark on this poor sheep, and to utter his—

"Hic Niger est—hunc tu, Romane caveto,"

And every now and then some traveller in that wonderful region sends back, or brings back, such dreadful tales of the inhabitants, that we almost begin to believe in the existence of the

"Anthropophagi, and men whose heads
Do grow beneath their shoulders."

These remarks are occasioned just now by our happening to meet with extracts from the journal of such a traveller as we describe. One professor Sears (professor of what, or whereabout professing, we cannot inform the curious reader,) is, it appears, inditing a series of communications with respect to the heathenish darkness of this unfortunate land of the reformation—land of Luther and Melancthon, and in later days of Klopstock, Herder and a thousand others whose piety is world-renowned. But what says professor Sears? "The great majority of the Germans who are occupied with these subjects (sacred philology,) are decidedly hostile to the spiritual nature of the gospel. It is a curious spectacle to see a nation of infidels expounding the Bible."

So we should think. But these wholesale assertions smack too much of the style of the Trollope and Fidler school of travellers to win implicit credence. The German people has always been distinguished by its deep sentiments of piety and by its patient investigation after truth. A fearful argument for the cause of Deism, if these qualifications have at last brought the whole nation to a rejection of revealed religion!

Even if it were true, however, that German theology is one corrupting mass of infidelity, we doubt the propriety of the well meaning professor's advice. He says that we had better have nothing at all to do with their philology, till it has been purified from all error. Better not go into water till you know how to swim. How is this purification to be accomplished, except we examine, and investigate, and criticise.

He dreads the consequences of introducing German learning into this country. He thinks it doubtful whether we ought not to mourn over the translations which have been

made from the German—meaning we suppose such books as "Jahn's Archæology and Introduction," "Ernesti," "Knapp's Theology," &c. He seems to be as low spirited as the spies who came from Canaan, saying, "and there we saw the giants, the sons of Anak, which came of the giants; and we were in our own sight as grass hoppers, and so we were in their sight." Are these German scholars such Anakim, such sons of giants, that if they are engaged in propagating and defending error, we should fear to meet them with the weapons of Truth? Have they thrown away the sword of the spirit, which is the word of God; and shall we, possessing it, tremble and say, "We be not able to go up against this people, for they be stronger than we?" Let us not be as void of understanding as the Ostrich, who hides his head in the sand, and because he does not see his enemy, thinks he is not there. It is better, at any rate, that we should know how bad the case is—we had better examine the nature of German neology, and get a correct idea of it, if possible.

And at the first glance we see, what any sensible man, acquainted with human nature, might have predicted, that there is no propriety in such a broad sentence as this. You might as well class under one rubric, Dr. Beecher, Abner Kneeland, Mathias the Prophet, Dr. Channing, Burchard, Finney, and Joe Smith the Mormonite, as attempt to bring into one class the infinitely various theological systems of Germany. In that country, as in this, there is every grade of belief, and every variety of unbelief. In that country as here, speculation runs wild, knowledge puffs up, and free inquiry sometimes produces scepticism. But on the whole, their theology is at least fifty years before ours, in depth, spirituality, and a real reverence for scripture. We speak from some slight acquaintance with German theology. Ours is but dry sticks and chaff compared with it. Compare such books as Knapp and Hahn, (both orthodox) and see their superiority to most of our theological writers in the above mentioned particulars.

What then is the reason that so many persons talk like this Mr. Sears about Neology? The fact is this. They are brought up to look upon the form of words in which they received their faith as an essential part of it. The letter which killeth, is as important in their eyes as the spirit which giveth life. Now when they read German books they miss the old-fashioned language, the set phrases, the sound form of doctrine, and they feel lost. Their head swims with all these novel ideas. Too many thoughts produce mental giddiness. They say with John Bunyan's Pilgrim, "We are come into

deep waters where there is no standing, yea the floods come over us."

Fortunately, however, we have among us men who can go deeper into these waters without fear of drowning. We are much indebted to Stuart, Robinson, Stowe, Woods, jr., Upham &c., for their excellent translations from the German. Professor Stuart has written an admirable article in the last number of the Biblical Repository,* which sets this whole subject in a true light. Would we could place the whole of it before our readers instead of this short fragment.

"Whenever we cease, or even seem reluctant, to advocate fair, open and free examinations of all questions about truth, then let us take some other name which may more properly belong to us, and no longer profess to be *Protestants*. We have come upon times, at all events which demand, and which will hear *both* sides of all important questions: at least there are a portion of our community who are of this character. Young men, therefore, should not be shut out from reading German books, by undistinguishing and contumelious declamation against Germany and neology. * * * In every shape and form, so far as it is *neology* we are, and always have been, frankly and openly opposed to it. But we do not profess yet to have attained to that state of advance in opposition to heresy, or unbelief, which will lead us to hold it to be criminal to love wheat bread because Voltaire was fond of it, or wrong to believe that a triangle is not a square, because David Hume was much the same way of thinking. *Fas est ab hoste doceri*, even a heathen could say. Is it wrong to expect as high a degree of self-denial from meek and humble christians? What Gesenius, or any other neologist, has exhibited that is good and true, we should like to see and know, and believe; and even their errors we would not willingly be ignorant of. * * * We may be permitted to add, without the imputation of saying it for invidious purposes, that we greatly desire to see specimens of better lexicography, grammar, commentary, geography &c., produced by those who make light of, and reproach the German ones. Then we will assuredly and readily give up our German *cousins*, and cleave to those of our own household. Until then it must be expected, that at least one part of the public will not receive declamation for argument, nor contumelious reviling and innuendo for good philology."

To take a more general view of this matter, we would say, that all such "foolish fears and fond desires" spring from a tendency of mind widely prevalent in the Christian world, and to which we have seen the word *Orthodoxism* applied. It is a diseased love of orthodoxy, and fear of heresy. The fear of error has gained an undue predominance over the love of truth. This trait is hateful to the generous seeker after truth, for such an one loves truth so well as to lose all fear of

* Critical Notice of Beke's Origines Biblicæ.

error, and here as elsewhere "perfect love casteth out fear." But the *Orthodoxist* is always afraid lest he should wander from the well-trodden path—he dreads eccentricity and novelty more than aught besides—instead of fixing his eyes on the distant mark of his high calling and going boldly forward, he is anxiously watching his own footsteps to see that they are in the track. He is always more intent on plucking up tares, than on planting wheat. He is always saying, "Wilt thou that we go and gather them up?" And notwithstanding his master's, "not so,"—he thinks he shall be able to pull out the tares without rooting up also the wheat. But the words of the master will be always found to be wisdom, and deep philosophy; and so here we see, that the *Orthodoxist* can never set himself against an error, without also opposing some valuable doctrine or important truth.

When will men have confidence in truth? When will they learn that true reverence for its power demands that we should *trust* to its divine and unsupported omnipotence? We will here boldly say, that the great obstacle to the triumph of God's word over all that opposes itself, is *not* the open unbelief of enemies, but the lurking scepticism of its friends. And that this *Orthodoxism* which we have described, is essentially, a want of faith in the real power of christianity.

Art. VI.—NOTES ON PROOF TEXTS.

Under this running title, we propose from month to month to remark on those passages of the scriptures which have a bearing on the differences of opinion, that exist between Unitarians and the Orthodox.

No text is more frequently referred to, for the purpose of proving Christ's equality with the Father, than John i. 1. "In the beginning was the word, and the word was with God, and the word was God." What is the true meaning of this verse? Does it give any support to this doctrine? We think not.

Admitting, what to say the least, is very doubtful, but admitting that by the *Word*, is meant Christ, the passage would read thus—"In the beginning was Christ, and Christ was with God, and Christ was God."

In the beginning. This is by no means equivalent to saying that he existed from eternity. Eternity has no beginning. Perhaps the first verse of Genesis may help to explain this somewhat indefinite phrase. *In the beginning*, God created the heaven and the earth. We do not understand from this

that the heavens and earth are eternal like Him, who in the beginning created them.

And Christ was with God. The preposition *with*, distinguishes Christ from God, and shows that they were different persons. He who is *with* another, is not that other with whom he is. Christ seated "on the right hand of the Majesty on high," is not the same God, the same being, as the one at whose right hand he sits.

But, *Christ was God.* This phrase as the Trinitarian understands it, is embarrassed with difficulties. If Christ is with the Supreme God, and is also himself Supreme, then there are two Supreme Gods, and not one, as the scriptures teach. Besides, two Supreme Gods is a contradiction in terms. Divided supremacy is no supremacy.

Is the interpretation which the Trinitarian puts upon this phrase the correct one? We think not. To understand the truth here taught, we must understand the meaning of the words in which it is taught. Now we find the word God used in various senses in the Bible. *We* apply it to the Supreme alone. But it was not so with the Jews. Among many examples we may refer to Ex. 7. 1, where the Lord declares to Moses, that he has made him a *God* to Pharaoh. In the 82d Psalm, the Deity addresses the Judges of Israel by the title of Gods. "I have said ye are Gods; but ye shall die like men." And from Christ, John 10. 35, we learn that they were called Gods, to whom the word of God came. Thus we see that the word God was of wide application; it being applied not only to Jehovah and to Christ, but to the chief rulers of Israel, and even to those to whom the word of God came. It therefore does not always imply the attributes of Deity. If it did, we should be compelled to regard some of the Judges of Israel as equal with the Father.

In the passage under consideration, is Christ called God in a supreme, or subordinate sense? The answer to this question will decide whether Christ was, or was not, equal with the Father; for if this doctrine be not taught here, it will be admitted, we presume, that it is taught no where.

There is nothing in the verse itself to decide whether Christ is called God in a supreme or subordinate sense.* We must

* We ought to qualify these words. The confusion introduced into the verse itself, and the contradiction with the often repeated declaration that there is but one God, which would follow the idea that he was in any sense Supreme, would certainly suggest that he is called God in a subordinate sense. It may be worth the while to say, that Origen, one of the most eminent of the Christian Fathers, and who wrote Greek as his vernacular tongue, and who understood it better than any modern can, remarks on this passage, that the subordinate meaning of the term, is indicated in the original, by the absence of the article before the word *God*.

look to other passages to determine in which sense the word was used when applied to him. There is one other passage in which Christ is addressed by the same title. It is Heb. i. 8, 9. "But unto the Son he saith, thy throne, O God, is forever and ever; a sceptre of righteousness is the sceptre of thy kingdom. Thou hast loved righteousness and hated iniquity; therefore God, even thy God, hath anointed thee with the oil of gladness above thy fellows." Nothing can be plainer than this. Christ is called God;—his reign is to last forever;—yet it goes on to say of him who is thus called God, that because he has loved righteousness and hated iniquity—therefore God, EVEN THY GOD, hath anointed thee with the oil of gladness above thy fellows. Here, of course, Christ is spoken of in his highest nature—(it was not as a mere man that he was called God, and to reign forever)—yet was there one superior to him, who had exalted him to his high dominion—his Father and our Father, his God and our God.

Here we learn that Christ when called God, was so called in a subordinate sense; that however exalted he might be, there was still one superior to him—his God. Having found in what sense Christ was called God, we may turn back to the first verse of John, and it will cease to be unintelligible or contradictory, as it is according to the Trinitarian mode of explaining it. It will read—In the beginning, (before Abraham, before the world was,) was Christ, and Christ was with God—(with him in that heaven from which he came, and to which he returned)—and Christ was God—(God in the same subordinate sense as we learn that he was from the Epistle to the Hebrews.) Thus understood, the passage is disembarrassed of confusion, and its seeming contradictions, and becomes intelligible, with an important meaning.

Admitting that by the *Word* is meant Christ, we ask in conclusion; 1. Does not the passage quoted from Hebrews, show that Christ, when spoken of in his most elevated character, is still called God only in a subordinate sense? 2. If so, must not an unprejudiced mind understand the word *God* to be used in a subordinate sense, when applied to him in the first verse of St. John's Gospel? If these questions are answered in the affirmative, as it seems to us they must be,—if we are to use what is clear in the declarations of scripture to interpret what is obscure,—it follows that this passage, instead of affording evidence for the equality of Christ with the Father, belongs to that class of passages, which, while they show the exalted dignity of the Saviour, show also his subordination to the Supreme.

ART. VII.—*Professor Stuart—Dr. Schleiermacher—Sabellius—The Trinity.*

Seldom have we felt greater pleasure in reading any writing from the camp of Orthodoxy, than we did while perusing the first article in the April number of the Biblical Repository. The high reputation for learning and liberality which this work acquired under its former accomplished editor, Robinson, seems likely to be maintained under its present superintendent. It soars as high as any other in the land above the influence of party feeling. Thus far, we think this Andover periodical much superior to the New-York Review of Woods, in the high qualities of comprehensive views and profound research. We have felt a little disappointment in tracing such a strong party bias in the last mentioned publication.

The article in the Biblical Repository to which we allude, consists of a translation by Professor M. Stuart of an essay published in Germany in 1822, by Dr. F. Schleiermacher of Berlin. The subject of this essay is a comparison between the Orthodox Trinity of Athanasius, and the Sabellian Trinity. Prefixed to the translation of this essay, is a long and very valuable criticism on the Nicene Trinity, and some remarks on the character of Schleiermacher, by the learned Andover Professor. These deserve to be well weighed. Such an article as this, is a star of good omen. Opinions and principles issuing from Andover, scatter themselves far and wide. The institution there, is a city set on an hill, in more senses than one. We will proceed to give our reasons for the satisfaction we feel with this article; and first a word with respect to the German professor, whose long name we will spare our readers the trouble of pronouncing, except when absolutely necessary.

Dr. F. Schleiermacher then, was one in whose character and writings we have long taken a deep interest. While carelessly turning over some new books in the library of Harvard University, we chanced to open his celebrated "Lectures on Religion, addressed to the Educated." We found here clearness, depth and freedom of thought, united with earnestness, warmth and loftiness of feeling. We found here religion spoken of as a reality—a courageous confidence in its truth and power pervaded the work—yet no cant, no technical phraseology, but every thing natural, unconstrained and free. From the perusal of this book we were led to desire a nearer acquaintance with the writings of its author.

Last summer we heard from a friend, who had enjoyed a personal acquaintance with the Professor at Berlin, some

further interesting particulars with respect to his character, and his death, which occurred February 12th, 1834. Such a general sorrow has not been manifested in Berlin since the death of the amiable and heroic Queen of Prussia. All classes mourned for him, for to all classes he had been a spiritual guide and friend. We quote from a letter which we received from the friend mentioned above, the following interesting passage. We cherished at that time the hope of giving a more elaborate view of the writings and character of this eminent man, than we can venture upon at present.

———"Do write an article, a sound one, on Schleiermacher. But you must not only treat him as theologian; he was a most amiable friend and loving father; though sometimes sharp in his controversies, he had *never* the least ill-will against his antagonists, and served them where he could; he was an untiring student as few men are; he was a firm man, a true patriot, full of noble courage in times of danger, and he never allowed his hope and trust in God to flag; he was a true *pastor*, and though engaged in manifold arduous occupations as professor of the University, author, and in many offices, his preaching and being a minister of the gospel, remained the chief business. Nothing could be more curious than to see his congregation, consisting of all kinds of persons, from a prince or princess, down to the poorest, generals, high civil officers, professors, ministers, students, citizens, ladies and women of all kinds—in short, a congregation as we never see them here, where the people separate much more in their church meeting, owing to the churches being wholly supported by private individuals. * * * * Shortly before his death he said, "I wish to take the Lord's Supper—every one who believes in Jesus Christ take it with me." He was dying already, but his eyes lighted up once more, he broke the bread, gave it to his family and himself, so he did with the wine, said *amen*, and died. Before that he said, "I do not know how it is, every thing becomes so dim about me, but this only *externally* in the world of sense; every thing within, unites into the finest harmony, and the *speculative* powers are sharper. Oh! there will be much to know there!"

It appears from Professor Stuart's article, that Schleiermacher's views of the Trinity were essentially those held by many Unitarians, and totally distinct from the Orthodox views. He differed from all the creeds, symbols, and church confessions. His idea was this, that *the divine Unity was God concealed, and the Trinity God revealed;* (p. 316.) The Unity is God in himself. But as to the Trinity—the Father is God as revealed in the works of creation, providence and legislation; the Son is God in human flesh; the Holy Ghost is God the sanctifier.

Of course the Trinity has no *objective reality;* only as respects man is there a Trinity—in God himself there is none.

We see God in three ways—but after all, there is but one God. So I might say—I can know my absent parent in three ways—I live in the house which he built and arranged, and know his character by the skill and order which is there displayed—I received a letter from him, by which I know more of his character—and I hope by and bye, by personal intercourse to become yet more closely acquainted with him—yet I have but one Father.

Of course the Trinity is not eternal, and this Schleiermacher declares.

This doctrine has been known as Sabellianism, and has been always condemned as heresy. I think it stands so condemned in the Andover creed. It is, as any one can see who will look through the veil of *words*, purely Unitarianism—inasmuch as it makes the threefold distinction in the Godhead, *real only as far as man is concerned.* At present, we can make no further remarks on this subject, but hope shortly to resume it.

Professor Stuart does not give his full assent to the views of S. He is well aware that to many they must appear heretical. He does say, however, this, that they are the only *intelligible views* which he has met with among Trinitarians. This is granting a good deal. Unitarians have always objected to the representations of the Trinity, that they were either unintelligible or contradictory—that they had no meaning at all, or that they meant that three were one. We were told in answer, that it was an awful mystery, a depth of darkness which no intellect could fathom, and then we were accused of pride, presumption, and arrogance, for wishing to understand anything about it. We were obliged to sit down contented with this reply, for no other could we get. We said, to be sure, with all possible meekness and deference, "that though we admitted cheerfully that a *subject* might be obscure, and difficult to understand—we saw no reason why a *proposition, a statement*, should be unintelligible or contradictory." We might as well have been silent—we got no further answer but the old *argumentum ad hominem*, accusations of presumption, pride of reason &c.

Having thus summarily disposed of our Unitarian objections, it appears that these learned orthodox Doctors have brought them forward again themselves. They told us that we ought to be satisfied with answers, which it seems did not satisfy their own minds. Being on the inside of the citadel of Orthodoxy, they can direct their attacks against its fortifications with more success than we, who are unfortunately

excluded. And truly, very skilfully do they carry on the attack. In the first place, they profess that it is their reverence for the divinity of Christ which induces them to this work. They then quote the half dozen standard proof-texts, to show that they are perfectly sound on that point. They declare that *their* view of the subject alone, makes him "God over all, blessed for ever more." Here they have already enlisted many Orthodox prejudices on their behalf. The work goes on swimmingly. The notion of "eternal generation" it seems, supposes a dependence and subordination in the second person of the Trinity, which interferes with the pious feelings of all evangelical christians. This notion then must be done away. Farewell to this ancient landmark! The Son is not derived—the Holy Spirit does not proceed—each is very, supreme God. In short it is the same God who reveals himself by different *prosopa*, or *persons*, if you choose to call them so. If you *do* choose this word, however, you must not use it in the common sense, as expressing a being having a distinct consciousness, will and identity, but only as expressing a mode of manifestation.

Here then we rest at last in Unitarianism. The wall which could not be battered down from without, has been undermined from within. That which those calling themselves Unitarians could never effect, those calling themselves Trinitarians can easily accomplish. By words and names the world is governed.

It is evidently a part of the plan of God's providence when about to produce any great change in the hearts and faith of men, to "prepare the way," by partial communications—as they can bear them. There are many rugged and rocky mountain tops to be brought low, (dogmatizing systems and rough traditions?) and many valleys to be filled up, (low and shallow views of religion?)—and many a John the Baptist with doctrine suited to the popular prejudices, must go before the majestically simple form of Jesus of Nazareth. The sun of Truth never rushes headlong from below the horizon, into the realm of night—soft twilight precedes him, extinguishing the stars one after another, painting the heavens with successive tints of gray, pale white, golden yellow, and burning crimson; so that when the great orb slowly raises its upper disk above the far forest line, his light is received with gratitude and not terror. Thus is it with communications of Truth. Dr. Worcester's "Bible News," would never have made so many converts as it did, from the Trinity, had he at that time held the views to which he has since arrived. We

presume that professor Stuart, by dethroning the Nicene symbols, and despoiling of their authority, the Athanasian representations of the Divine Being, will do vastly more to promote the sublime doctrine of God's unity, than if he gave up the use of the word Trinity.

We may be asked in fine, "Why then do you yet find fault? If these Sabellian views are satisfactory to your mind, why not adopt them, and slip quietly into the Orthodox ranks? Why keep up a controversy about the *name*, when the *thing* is already yielded to you? Many worthy friends of other churches have asked us this question. They say, "We agree with you Unitarians in many important particulars, but we think it unwise to compromise our influence by uniting with a party against which such a prejudice exists. It would have been better if you had not come forward *as a party*, but had continued united with Trinitarians, and so modified their views gradually to your own."

So speak some—so do many act. Very well. *Let* them, if their consciences acquiesce, act in this manner. But we have a call to speak out the truth, plain and clear. We find no warrant in the Bible for the doctrine commonly taught and received as the Trinity;—we will say so, at any hazard. We do not think it a man's duty to say he believes what is either unintelligible or contradictory; we will say this also. The Bible, and no Symbol, is our master—this too we will loudly proclaim. Jesus Christ before St. Athanasius—the Apostle Paul before the whole Council of Nice. The noble words found in the preface to Dr. Channing's discourses ring in our ears, and should bring the blush to the cheek of the man who dares not avow an unpopular doctrine. "It is due to myself," says he, "to say, that the controversial character of this volume is to be ascribed, not to the love of disputation, but to the circumstances in which I was called to write. It grew perilous to search the scriptures for ourselves, and to speak freely according to the convictions of our own minds. I saw that penalties, as serious in this country as fine and imprisonment, were to be attached to the profession of liberal views of christianity, the penalties of general hatred and scorn; and that a degrading uniformity of opinion was to be imposed by the severest persecution the spirit of the age would allow. At such a period I dared not be silent. I felt myself called, not merely to plead in general for freedom of thought and speech, but, what was more important and trying, to assert this freedom by action. I should have felt myself disloyal to truth and freedom, had I confined myself to vague common-

places about our rights, and forborne to bear my testimony expressly and specially to proscribed opinions."

Thus we say also. We contend that truth should have *free course.* If we *are* Unitarians, we desire the right to say so. We do not like to be forced to wear a Sabellian cloak, lettered, *Trinity—Trinity*—to conceal our real form and stature. We wait impatiently for the second part of Professor Stuart's article.

NEW ENGLAND.

Oh! tell me not 'tis Fancy's voice
  That whispers in my ear;
For I know 'tis Nature's holy tone
  That breathes in silence here.
From the silence of my bosom
  It bids me cease to roam,
And to seek once more the rock-girt shore,
  And the green fields of my home.

Why do I love that rocky land,
  And that inclement sky?
I know alone, I love it,
  But ask, and care not, why.
As round my friends my feelings twine,
  So round my native shore.
God placed the instinct in my heart
  And I seek to know no more.

Then howl, ye thunder-tempests,
  For ye lull my soul to sleep;
And in dreams I hear the ocean-wind,
  And the surges of the deep.
Again the clouds of winter
  Sweep o'er the summer sky,
And the ground rings hard beneath my tread,
  And the snow comes drifting by.

My fathers' bones, New England,
  Sleep in thy hallowed ground:
My living kin, New England,
  In thy shady paths are found:
And though my body dwelleth here,
  And my weary feet here roam,
My spirit and my hopes are still
  In thee, my own loved home.

Cincinnati. J. H. P.

Art. VIII.—ALEXANDER CAMPBELL, AT LOUISVILLE.

As Mr. Campbell is a distinguished man, possessing great influence in the western states; claiming to be a reformer; and without doubt, an intelligent, bold and powerful preacher of rational and liberal views in religion: his character and doings belong to the religious history of the times, and should be interesting to all interested in *that.* I offer no further apology, either to him (his public character is public property) or our readers, for communicating the following account of my connection with him while in this city, last April.

Before his arrival, some of his friends had requested the use of our Unitarian church, on the morning of the Lord's day, April 5th, on which he was expected to be present. We willingly consented; not however wishing to give up our church entirely on that day, but rather that Mr. Campbell should come and preach to us, and his own friends, together. We thought it a more christian way, for us all to worship together on that morning, than to desert our church because other Christians were coming to it. We are not of the sort to fear contamination from those whose forms of worship may differ from our own. There are differences of operation, but the same Lord. One may worship like dying Jacob, leaning on the top of his staff; another, kneeling on a cushion; one may sing, making melody in his heart, while the swelling organ bears up his voice with its strong and sweet tones; another may prefer a less formal song: what matters it? Is it not well for them to come together sometimes, and see how entirely they agree in more vital matters?

So I thought; and going to see Mr. Campbell, on Saturday morning, told him so. I told him my friends would be interested and happy to hear him. "Perhaps I may say something that will not suit you," said he with a smile. "It is a great maxim with us," I answered, "to prove all things, and hold fast only what is good. I am not afraid that you will do my people any harm. I do not teach them to receive every thing as gospel which comes from the pulpit, but to prove it all by God's word." He said that he thought this right, and that those preachers who were afraid to let their people hear different opinions, were satirizing themselves, confessing that they had not been able fully to convince them of the truth of their own doctrines. We parted after a little more conversation.

The next morning a great multitude, many having come from a distance, out of Indiana and the neighboring counties

of Kentucky, crowded the church at an early hour. They listened with great attention, to a discourse of about an hour and a quarter in length, as nearly as I can judge. To our New England readers this may seem a long sermon, but it is quite an usual thing for a western audience to listen with interest for two or three hours. No preacher, at all distinguished, ever satisfies himself with less than an hour. The western people have a real taste for oratory, and willingly listen to long harangues. And besides, there is in western speakers, a conversational ease of delivery, an absence of the pulpit monotone, a constant variety of intonation and emphasis, an exciting mode of statement and illustration, which keep the attention from flagging. There are earnestness and simplicity; and it is effectual oratory, for it engages and interests. Of this the speaker is sure; for he knows his audience would not scruple to get up and go out of the house, and leave him to talk to the walls, if he did not interest them.

I think that in this respect the western pulpit manner is much nearer the truth than the eastern. Yet a western speaker would probably be thought not reverential enough, by most New England Congregationalists. As an illustration of this, let me record the following anecdote. I was to speak one evening last summer, to a society in the vicinity of Boston. I endeavored to adopt, as far as I was able, the western natural conversational manner. After the service, while going home, I chanced to overhear the following criticism. "How did you like the preacher tonight?" "Not very well; I thought his voice was too *uneven*." The good old lady missed the accustomed monotone. I was pleased with her remark, for I knew I had succeeded in my endeavor, and I was sure that, whatever criticism they might afterward make on my *delivery*, it had for the time the effect of interesting them *in what I said*, which was all I wanted.

I have heard several of the distinguished western pulpit speakers, and on the whole, I liked Mr. Campbell's manner as well if not better than that of any of them. Many are more imaginative and sublime in their language; he keeps a pretty even flight in this respect, never soaring very high. Many excel him in the inflections and management of voice, and gracefulness of gesture. He stands upright, his head a little back, his right hand leaning on a cane, with which he occasionally gives an emphatic rap on the floor; but most of his gestures are made with his left hand. The great excellence however of Campbell's delivery, consists in the feeling which it inspires, of his manly independence, entire conviction of the truth of what

he says, and entire understanding of his whole subject. He is plain, forcible, and self-possessed; he is not hurried away by his words or by his thoughts, but has the command of both.

This comprehensive view of his subject, enables him to bring out, in an emphatic way, the leading points. It is a fault of western speakers generally, to have no clear train and sequence of ideas, but to hurry backwards and forwards, round and round the field, showing great fleetness and power, but making no *progress*. Herein Campbell is superior. He has a view of his whole subject, while he is laying it down in parts. I have heard distinguished speakers divide their orations into two or three heads, and say exactly the same things under each of them.

In the present discourse, however, he introduced so many important topics which he had no time to dwell upon, and which came in incidentally, that it is not easy to give an accurate account of its contents. I will however recount the most important of the ideas.

His subject being Christian Union, he took the passage at the commencement of the fourth chapter of Ephesians, as the basis of his remarks. He first made some sound and important observations, on the right way of reading scripture; that it was doing it injustice to read it by piecemeal; that the Bible should be read like other books, with the use of our reason. He remarked that there was one point to each epistle, and to understand it, we must find what that point was.

He then proceeded, after some other remarks, to develop his great idea—the Union of Christians. He spoke of the evils of disunion, party spirit, sectarian rancor. He quoted our Saviour's declaration, that a house divided against itself could not stand. He said that considering the dissensions in the Christian church, it would have fallen long ago, were it not founded on a rock. But that by being divided it is shorn of its power, and can never convert the world. Your divisions, your sectarianism, said he, are producing infidelity, in a swelling flood. You must stop this warfare. I know what I say, I speak from personal knowledge, when I declare that there is a strong under-current of infidelity in all our churches. I know there is a great show of zeal, great bustle and activity; it is an age of missions and revivals; but there is not the power of godliness.

(These remarks reminded me and others very strongly of some, almost verbally the same, made by Dr. Wylie, of Indiana, in the First Presbyterian church, in this place, some time

since. This shows that men of all parties are beginning to find out that sectarianism will not answer, and that there must be a reform.)

If I rightly understood him, he then went on to show the grounds of Christian Union, in the following manner. All Christians, who have one Lord, one faith, one baptism, should be united in spirit and fellowship. Now they all have one Lord, one faith, and one baptism; for even the quakers have a spiritual baptism or immersion. (These were his words.) And all Christians have the same faith. For what is faith? A belief of facts. The Bible is all facts, from beginning to end; there are no speculations or opinions in it. The creeds begin, "There is one God, immutable, infinite, without parts," &c. This no one can understand. But the Bible begins, "In the beginning God created the heavens and the earth." And so it goes through, all facts. And I think it a proof that the creed which goes by the name of the Apostle's creed, is an ancient one, that it contains only *facts*, in which all Christians agree. How does faith operate? In this way. First, there must be something *done;* then a report of what has been done; then a belief of that report; and feelings and conduct follow from that belief. Suppose a mother receives a letter giving her an account of the dangerous illness of her son. She breaks it open and is exceedingly agitated. First came the fact, then a report of it; then a belief of that report; and then her heart was moved. Why? Because she had true faith.

If I was to divide the Bible anew into chapters, he continued, I should divide it into three: one of faith; one of piety; and one of morality. But now people have gone on and added two more chapters to it; one of opinions, and one of traditions. Now I have given you my definition of faith, I will give you my idea of opinion. Opinion is not knowledge; opinion is not faith; but merely speculation about facts not known or believed. I *know* I am standing here. I *believe* there is such a place as St. Petersburg; I do not *know* it; I believe it on the testimony of others. I *think* Saturn is inhabited. I do not know it; I have never been there. I do not believe it; no one has ever come from there to tell me. But it is my opinion drawn from speculation. Now I have my opinions on religious subjects as well as on other subjects. But they are my private property; no one has a right to take them from me, neither have I a right to impose them on any one as matters of *faith*. Then for traditions; they are simply the opinions of our fathers, consecrated and embalmed in creeds and symbols. These have been added to the Bible, and tend to make the word of

God of none effect. But we are not so much to blame for this, as those from whom we received them. We are the creatures of creeds, not their authors. They made *us*, we did not make *them*.

Now we must, all of us, if we wish for union, give up our opinions and traditions. We must give up our episcopalianism, and our presbyterianism, and our methodism, our trinitarianism, our unitarianism, our baptistism too. (I understood him to say this, which is intelligible enough.) I am willing to compromise all my opinions and speculations, and demand the same of others. But some things I cannot compromise. I cannot compromise the seven unities mentioned by St. Paul, in the text. Something is due to peace, something also to truth.

I have thus endeavored to give a faithful view of the substance of Mr. Campbell's sermon. I do not know that I have not mistaken some parts, but I think the above statement in the main accurate. He asked me, after he had finished, whether he had gone too far for me. I told him *no*. I could agree to all he said, with my whole heart. It strikes me that all this ground, is exactly what Unitarians have always taken, plead, and prayed for. Another question comes, however: We are agreed in general principles; are we consistent in carrying them out in detail? There is an immense number of Christians who would agree with this view of essentials and unessentials. The great difficulty, after all, consists in applying it to points in dispute, to find out where controversy turns round an axis of facts, and where it floats on an element of opinion. To this question I will again recur, in a comparison of Campbellism and Unitarianism.

Louisville, Ky. J. F. C.

Art. IX.—WESTERN POETRY.—No. I.

Under this head we intend, as occasion may serve, to notice such as have sung or may sing, in or of, this Western land. It ought to be one object of a western journal to encourage western literature. This is best done, by bringing those literary efforts which are worthy of notice, before the eye of the public, and by giving honor where honor is due, without waiting, till the critics of some distant region have found out that there is intellectual ability among us, before we utter words of sympathy and encouragement. This, in our limited sphere, and in subordination to the main object of our work, we mean to do.

In a new country, from the necessity of the case, there are few whose time is entirely devoted to literary pursuits. Least of all are those found, who can give up their time and hearts to poetry. Men among us are yet living, not writing poems. The description of what has been doing for the last fifty years—the common realities of life—will make the poetry of a century hence. What was Boone's life, from the time that he first dreamed of this great valley, and onward, as he scaled the mountain barrier of the West, and struggled with its savage inhabitants, till crowded by the thickening smokes of emigrants, he sought solitude and a free range beyond the Mississippi,—what was his life but a poem? What but a poem, is the life of the delicate woman, who leaves her home a thousand miles behind, and follows her husband into the wilderness—her sad memories soothed by a fonder love—her children growing up around her, in her hermit home—long struggles upborn by affection and hope, and religious trust—the sickness of those most dear to her—and the graves of her children dug by their father's hands,—what is her life but a poem? Nay; what but a poem has been the growth of this great inland empire, growing up—silently—swiftly—while men slept—amid the shadows of the wilderness—like the coral walls of the Indian seas, expanding, rising to the ocean's surface—the basis of a continent?

The poems that have appeared in the West, have without exception, so far as we know, been the productions of men engaged in other pursuits—accidental outbreathings—written by the wayside, as they have paused for a moment on their dusty and busy journey. Yet among writings thus produced, there is many a specimen of purest poetry, not elaborate perhaps, or chiselled to the nail, yet containing faithful descriptions of nature, and outbursts of natural and noble feeling, which they who care for our literature will not willingly let perish from remembrance.

The last volume of western poetry that has fallen in our way, is by Wm. D. Gallagher.* His name is, we believe, at no distant day to hold a conspicuous rank in the estimation of his countrymen. The longest poem in the volume, is a tale of crime, remorse, and death. We quote from it as we shall from the writings of others, not for the purpose of criticism,—(of what peculiar utility, we would ask, is criticism to a poet, who always writes best, when he writes out his own conceptions and emotions, utterly forgetful that there was

* Erato, No. 1.

ever such a thing as a critic or a rule of criticism?)—but to show that there is poetry, pure poetry, scattered in solid golden ingots around us.

Where will one find a more nervous description of remorse for a dark and deadly crime, than in the following extract?—A remorse struggling in a nature not wholly lost, making the man fly to the remotest wilderness to hide himself from man, and alas! if it might be, from God—torturing him with one horrible memory that will not away, and pointing to the future, and pronouncing the words of doom, forever, forever, till reason is shaken on her throne, and the outward man is wrecked like the spirit within: this is what is described; and the picture is drawn in sharp, clear lines, as if engraved in steel.

He was a man of hideous mein;
    His eyes were deeply set,
And the demon-fires of guilty days
    Were burning in them yet.
His beard was thick, and long, and black;
    Apparently the growth
Of many a day of wretchedness,
    And solitude, and sloth.
His hair was matted o'er his head,
    In locks of black and gray;
His cheeks were thin; with his shaggy chin
    His fingers were ever at play.
They were ever at play with his shaggy chin,
    And the eyebrows, iron-gray,
That lowered above his flashing eyes,
Like a cloud o'er the brilliants that gem the skies
    At the close of a sultry day.

Remorse had furrowed his ample brow—
    His cheeks were sallow and thin;
His limbs were shriveled—his body was lank—
    He had reaped the wages of sin:
And though his eyes constantly glanced about,
As if looking or watching for something without,
    His mind's eye glanced within!

And he drew in his breath, and shrank away
    From the things that he saw there;
And the pallor of death o'erspread his face,
    And the writhings of despair.

Wildly his eyes still glared about;
    But the eye that glanced within,
Was the one which saw the images
    That frightened this man of sin.
But the things he saw I may not tell—

For there's nothing so frightful, unseemly and fell,
As the shapes in a guilty bosom's hell.

He drew in his breath, and shrank away,
As far as he could get—
For his eye had now caught the aged man's—
And he shrieked, "Not yet! Not yet!"

He drew in his breath, and shrank away—
And his cowardly limbs did quake;
For, half crazed, he thought that the Evil One
Had come to tell him his days were done;
And he felt that he could not make
His peace with his much offended God:
And, fearing the stroke of the righteous rod,
In agony of soul
He fell over—and on his musty leaves
Moaning he lay, and attempting to pray:
And then a look he stole
At the solemn old man, and again began
To beckon him away.

The holy man approached him then—
But as he drew more near
The guilty wretch shrieked wildly out,
And swooned away, with fear.

And the murdered one haunts him—she, whom he had loved and destroyed.

"O, God!———Away! thou pallid form!
I know I murdered thee!
Back to thy grave! I soon shall come—
But not to dwell with thee!
Back!—do not drive me mad!—back! back!
O, God! what agony!"

He smote his breast—and soon his eyes
Were fixed, as if in death;
But still his lips, though mute, moved on,
And still he drew his breath.
And with his coarse and grizzly beard
His fingers were at play,
And time-and-time he 'd mutter low,
"Away!—not yet!—away!"

But by degrees, "the priestlike father," who had wandered to those remote regions of the north west, to carry the gospel to their savage tribes, by his presence and his prayers, sooths and wins the demon of insanity out of his heart.

The hoary watcher bent him o'er
  The guilty wretch's bed,
And wiped the dew from his clammy brow,
  And lifted his frantic head;
And he pillowed it on his breast awhile,
  Then words that soothed him said.

When the sinful one was calm again,
  The good man knelt in prayer;
But the murderer's face soon turn'd from him—
  Wild—haggard with despair;
For his thoughts were borne to the Heavens above,
  And they found no haven there!

But as the fervent prayer went on,
  That sad face brighter grew;
And it seem'd that *within* that man of sin
  A change was working too:
That the dried-up fount of feeling,
  Which in Passion's sun for years
Had been scorching, was suddenly made again
  The source of relieving tears.
The words of the good man pierced his heart,
  Whence a stream refreshing rush'd;
As the rod of the prophet smote the rock,
  Till the gladdening waters gush'd.

He cast his tearful eyes above—
  The star of Hope was there!
It shone upon his soul, and lit
  That desert of Despair.
And then he thanked the man of God
  Time after time, and bless'd,
And asked to join with him in prayer:
  "Not now—thou needest rest;"
He said, and gave a draught prepared
  To lull him to repose;
And the soothed sufferer's weary eyes
  Grow heavy soon, and close.

This is not the part of the poem which would generally be regarded as the best. We do not quote it as such. We extract it as showing that the writer possesses, in a very great degree, that which is one of the very first qualifications of a poet—the power of vivid and complete conception, and the power of transmitting his conceptions to the minds of others through transparent words.

Here is a poem of a different character.

TO MY MOTHER.

Thy cheek—it is pale, my mother,
  And the light of thine eye is dim—

And the gushings of gladness, that used to fill
  Thy cup of joy to its brim,
Come, like the visits of angels,
  So 'few, and far between,"
That I feel the reed is a feeble one
  On which thou hence must lean.

'Tis a bitter thing, my mother,
  To look on a parent's decay—
To behold the Spoiler's ravages,
  As he tears life's bloom away:
'Tis bitter to look on the furrows
  He ploughs in the god-like brow—
To weep, o'er the gems of intellect
  That are rayless, and sheenless now.

But there is a thought, my mother,
  That is balm to the stricken heart:
—Though the gift of life is a frail one,
  And from it we soon must part,
There is a haven of gladness,
  For the weary heart a home—
Where the light of joy is never dim,
  And sorrows never come.

On that blissful home, my mother,
  Thine eye is often bent,
Like a tiny child's on a wished-for thing—
  So longing—so intent.
Oh, how pure in the eye of Heaven
  Must the heart of the christian be—
So entirely fixed on that home above,
  From earthliness so free.

We hope we have extracted enough to direct our readers to the volume itself. We will, however, add one more piece from the same pen.

HAPPINESS—A PICTURE.

A green vale, and a humble cot
  Embowered in vines and spreading trees;
Before the door a verdant plat,
  And flowers whose perfume loads the breeze:
Upon the grass, those flowers among,
  Glad as the winds that thither stray,
A group of children, fair and young,—
  Their cheeks are flush'd with play!

Midway the two small rooms between,
  (For only two hath cot like this,)
Spectator of the joyous scene,
  And sharer of the heart-felt bliss,

A white-haired grandam;—on her knee
  Her knitting lies neglected now;
She fairly strains her eyes to see,—
  Her specs pushed to her brow!

A smile upon her withered cheeks,—
  On each a glistening tear-drop lies;
Her lips apart—she thoughtless speaks,
  And harder strains her filmy eyes.
An anguish'd cry!—she quickly sprung,—
  The sufferer's head was on her breast:
A bee its tiny foot had stung,
  On clover-blossom prest.

The following is by Judge Hall. Years have gone—alas! how rapidly we count the mile-stones on life's journey—since without knowing anything of the author, we read it on the shore of the Atlantic. We remember as if it were but yesterday, the impression that this poetry of the heart, so tenderly beautiful, made on us then; nor does it seem less beautiful as we read it now. It expresses what many have felt; yet who has given the feeling a more truthful utterance, than the poet whose voice came from among the silent and solemn prairies of the Illinois?

WEDDED LOVE'S FIRST HOME.

'Twas far beyond yon mountains, dear, we plighted vows of love,
The ocean wave was at our feet, the autumn sky above,
The pebbly shore was covered o'er, with many a varied shell,
And on the billow's curling spray, the sunbeams glittering fell.
The storm has vexed that billow oft, and oft that sun has set,
But plighted love remains with us, in peace and lustre yet.

I wiled thee to a lonely haunt, that bashful love might speak,
Where none could hear what love revealed, or see the crimson cheek;
The shore was all deserted, and we wandered there alone,
And not a human step impressed the sand-beach but our own;
Thy footsteps all have vanished from the billow-beaten strand—
The vows we breathed remain with us—they were not traced in sand.

Far, far, we left the sea-girt shore, endeared by childhood's dream,
To seek the humble cot, that smiled by fair Ohio's stream;
In vain the mountain cliff opposed, the mountain torrent roared,
For love unfurled her silken wing, and o'er each barrier soared;
And many a wide domain we passed, and many an ample dome,
But none so blessed, so dear to us, as wedded love's first home.

Beyond those mountains now are all, that e'er we loved or knew,
The long remembered many, and the dearly cherished few;
The home of her we value, and the grave of him we mourn,
Are there;—and there is all the past to which the heart can turn;—
But dearer scenes surround us here, and lovelier joys we trace,
For here is wedded love's first home,—its hallowed resting place.

From a region still further West—across the Mississippi—from the banks of the Red River, we have another volume, published some years since,—"the Hunter and other Poems." Any one who reads this volume and remembers the early age at which it was written, will lament that Mr. Flint should have withdrawn, as he seems to have done, his fine powers from the field of literature. He lives in a region hallowed by the deaths of the two great discoverers of the West,—Soto and La Salle. And from the time that they wandered to and fro, and up and down, thousands of leagues through this unknown world, to this day, how often has just such a scene as the one here described been looked upon—a scene so beautiful and fresh, that it always appears as if it were seen for the first time in the world's prime.

"But stay;
A frown hath marred the face of day;
The winds are mustering darkly now;
And, o'er yon mountain's sullen brow
The tempest hangs in many a fold
Of cloud on cloud majestic roll'd.
Seek we our hut." * * * *

* * * * * * *

The storm had passed, but not in wrath,
For ruin had not marked its path
O'er that sweet vale, where now was seen
A bluer sky, and brighter green.
There was a milder azure spread
Around the distant mountain's head;
And every hue of that fair bow,
Whose beauteous arch had risen there,
Now sunk beneath a brighter glow,
And melted into ambient air.
The tempest, which had just gone by,
Still hung along the eastern sky,
And threatened, as it rolled away.
The birds from every dripping spray,
Were pouring forth their joyous mirth.
The torrent with its waters brown,
From rock to rock came rushing down;
While, from among the smoking hills,
The voices of a thousand rills
Were heard, exulting at its birth.
A breeze came whispering through the wood,
And, from its thousand tresses, shook
The big round drops, that trembling stood,
Like pearls, in every leafy nook.
When on a turf of richest green,
Which spread around his cabin door,
O'er-arched with boughs, that joined to screen

The dwelling of the lonely man,
That Hermit sat; and thus once more
The story of his life began.

Or would you be made sensible, by a single image, of the awful stillness of a western forest.

The moon shone bright, and her silvery light
Through the forest aisles was glancing,
And with mimic beam, on the rippling stream,
A thousand stars were dancing.
No noise was heard, save the night's lone bird,
From his dark and dreary dwelling;
Or the distant crash, of some aged ash,
Which the axe of time was felling.

We intended to have referred to more of our western writers in this article, but we find that it is already extending to too great length. We shall continue our quotations and remarks in the coming numbers of our work.

Art. X.—DR. BEECHER AND DR. WILSON—OLD SCHOOL AND NEW SCHOOL.

It is well known to our readers, that the Presbyterian church has been rent by controversies between what are called the Old and New School. The questions in dispute, are now regularly brought to issue before the judicatories of the Church, by a charge of heresy brought by Dr. Wilson against Dr. Beecher, before the Presbytery of Cincinnati; and the trial has already occupied six or seven days. However the trial terminates, it is one of great interest and importance to the whole Presbyterian church. We hoped to have received an account of it from some one more competent to give it correctly than ourselves. But failing of this, we will endeavour (difficult as it is for a Unitarian to enter into the spirit of these high mysteries and hair-drawn distinctions,) to give as clear an account as we can of the matters in dispute between the two parties;—for though, nominally, it is only a trial of Dr. Beecher for heresy, it is in fact a trial whose result is to decide, whether the party, of which Dr. B. may be regarded as the head, or the party in which Dr. Wilson takes the lead, is henceforth to be considered as properly belonging to the Presbyterian church.

So far as we understand it, all that is important in this controversy resolves itself into a question of interpretation.

Both Dr. Beecher and Dr. Wilson receive the Confession of Faith as containing a compend of the system of doctrines taught in the Bible. Both receive it as a standard of faith. But they understand it differently. The question is, which understands it aright—that is, which receives it in that sense in which it was understood by its authors. It was written long ago. Since that time, many of the technical terms of philosophy and theology, have undergone great changes in their meaning. Each of the contending parties retains the language of the confession of faith, and each professes to receive it, in its original meaning. But Dr. Wilson charges Dr. Beecher with heresy, on the ground that he does not receive it in the sense intended by its framers; and here the parties are at issue.

There are three points, on which Dr. B. is charged with heresy.

First; Dr. Beecher maintains that men are able to do all that God requires them to do, and that the only inability recognized by the confession of faith is a *moral inability*, or a disinclination which is voluntary and blameable;—an inability like the intemperate man's inability to abstain from strong drink—the inability of disinclination, voluntary indeed, but strong enough always to decide the choice.

Dr. Wilson, on the other hand, holds that men are *naturally* unable to obey the commands of God, as much as they are to create a world, and that this is the only sense of the words *unable*, *cannot*, &c. used in the Confession of Faith.

The second point relates to original sin. Dr. B. holds that there was a connection or social liability subsisting between Adam and his descendants of some sort, (he does not decide what) similar to what exists between parents and children, rulers and subjects, whereby the character and condition of his descendants were dependent on his obedience, while the terms *imputation*, *guilt*, *punishment*, &c., as used in the Confession of Faith, are theological technics, which at the time it was written, meant *liability to suffer penal consequences for the sins of another;* just as the children of a drunkard are said to be punished for his crimes. He maintains that nothing is sin, such as that for which punishment is inflicted, in the common use of terms, but *voluntary* guilt in disobeying known obligation. But that the disobedience and fall of Adam, *did something*, which makes it *certain* that all his descendants will voluntarily sin; so that it is proper to call them depraved beings, because they are so constituted that they certainly will sin as soon as they become free agents. This he calls a depraved nature.

ever such a thing as a critic or a rule of criticism?)—but to show that there is poetry, pure poetry, scattered in solid golden ingots around us.

Where will one find a more nervous description of remorse for a dark and deadly crime, than in the following extract?—A remorse struggling in a nature not wholly lost, making the man fly to the remotest wilderness to hide himself from man, and alas! if it might be, from God—torturing him with one horrible memory that will not away, and pointing to the future, and pronouncing the words of doom, forever, forever, till reason is shaken on her throne, and the outward man is wrecked like the spirit within: this is what is described; and the picture is drawn in sharp, clear lines, as if engraved in steel.

He was a man of hideous mein;
    His eyes were deeply set,
And the demon-fires of guilty days
    Were burning in them yet.
His beard was thick, and long, and black;
    Apparently the growth
Of many a day of wretchedness,
    And solitude, and sloth.
His hair was matted o'er his head,
    In locks of black and gray;
His cheeks were thin; with his shaggy chin
    His fingers were ever at play.
They were ever at play with his shaggy chin,
    And the eyebrows, iron-gray,
That lowered above his flashing eyes,
Like a cloud o'er the brilliants that gem the skies
    At the close of a sultry day.

Remorse had furrowed his ample brow—
    His cheeks were sallow and thin;
His limbs were shriveled—his body was lank—
    He had reaped the wages of sin:
And though his eyes constantly glanced about,
As if looking or watching for something without,
    His mind's eye glanced within!

And he drew in his breath, and shrank away
    From the things that he saw there;
And the pallor of death o'erspread his face,
    And the writhings of despair.

Wildly his eyes still glared about;
    But the eye that glanced within,
Was the one which saw the images
    That frightened this man of sin.
But the things he saw I may not tell—

Dr. Wilson also charged Dr. Beecher with slander for asserting that the Presbyterian church holds his sentiments, and with hypocrisy for professing to believe the Confession of Faith while he does not.

This matter will go by appeal to the Synod, and from thence to the General Assembly of the Presbyterian church. If this body decide that these doctrines are not heretical, and not so objectionable as to be inconsistent with peaceable fellowship, the charge of heresy will not be sustained, and no division will take place. If it decide them to be heretical, then either those who agree with Dr. Beecher, or those who agree with Dr. Wilson, will, we suppose, separate and become another denomination.

This trial must be one of very great interest to every one who takes any interest in the changes of theological opinions, and in the progress of religious error or truth. We have here simply endeavored to lay before our readers an account of the true state of the question between the contending parties. We refrain from all further remarks at present. We understand that the proceedings of this trial are to be published. If they are, we may comment upon them at some future time.

PAST AND FUTURE.

The Past has had its pleasures;
  Angels of God are they,
To lead us to His altar
  With *thankful* hearts to pray,—
To teach us that a Father's hand,
  Directs us on our way.

The Past has had its sorrows—
  Sad tears and broken ties;—
But griefs amid the gloom reveal
  A heaven to trusting eyes,
As lightnings, though they blast the earth,
  Illuminate the skies.

The Past soon in the Future
  Again must reappear;
How blest, if joys and griefs unfold
  In love and faith sincere,
To wing the soul for heaven, when
The body borne by mourning men,
  Is laid upon its bier.

Y.

The hoary watcher bent him o'er
  The guilty wretch's bed,
And wiped the dew from his clammy brow,
  And lifted his frantic head;
And he pillowed it on his breast awhile,
  Then words that soothed him said.

When the sinful one was calm again,
  The good man knelt in prayer;
But the murderer's face soon turn'd from him—
  Wild—haggard with despair;
For his thoughts were borne to the Heavens above,
  And they found no haven there!

But as the fervent prayer went on,
  That sad face brighter grew;
And it seem'd that *within* that man of sin
  A change was working too:
That the dried-up fount of feeling,
  Which in Passion's sun for years
Had been scorching, was suddenly made again
  The source of relieving tears.
The words of the good man pierced his heart,
  Whence a stream refreshing rush'd;
As the rod of the prophet smote the rock,
  Till the gladdening waters gush'd.

He cast his tearful eyes above—
  The star of Hope was there!
It shone upon his soul, and lit
  That desert of Despair.
And then he thanked the man of God
  Time after time, and bless'd,
And asked to join with him in prayer:
  "Not now—thou needest rest;"
He said, and gave a draught prepared
  To lull him to repose;
And the soothed sufferer's weary eyes
  Grow heavy soon, and close.

This is not the part of the poem which would generally be regarded as the best. We do not quote it as such. We extract it as showing that the writer possesses, in a very great degree, that which is one of the very first qualifications of a poet—the power of vivid and complete conception, and the power of transmitting his conceptions to the minds of others through transparent words.

Here is a poem of a different character.

TO MY MOTHER.

Thy cheek—it is pale, my mother,
  And the light of thine eye is dim—

subjects in the education of the young. Certain we are that there is no pursuit more capable of instilling proper, high, excellent principles into the young mind. He that can regard the works of creative power and wisdom with admiration and delight, to whom each revolving season bears something to amuse, impart pleasure and instruct, to whom the pebble under his feet ceases to be a simple pebble, and becomes the proper subject for his inquiring mind, the tiny insect, which dances in the sun-beam, a volume of deep and wonderful instruction, and each weed no longer "a worthless herb," but "a plant out of place," need never fear the result of such sentiments. Plain it is that we were destined for good and happiness, and he that can attain to this by the most pleasant and delightful way, is a wise man. Equally plain is it, that the Creator designed these for our proper study and admiration, affording constant, living, unanswerable proofs of His wisdom and Providence.

It was formerly much the custom to look with indifference, not to say with contempt upon such studies. They were regarded as puerile, useless, almost criminal. The tone of public feeling has in a great measure happily changed. Parents and the friends of education begin to perceive their beneficial tendency. This is the result, which we always expected; and the general increasing desire among mankind to know something more of the world in which we live, is the happy omen of just principles.

The present age is peculiarly an age of improvement and knowledge. A different system and notion of things is pervading the world. The mysteries of science and learning are fast fading away. It is no longer a theme for admiration, that a man is *wise*, or that his mind is replete with knowledge, yet so wrapt up in the jargon of false science, that it benefits himself alone. Such unprofitable lore has passed away with the antiquated habiliments with which it was thought necessary for it to appear. A man now-a-days, to be respected must be useful, and he the most useful, who imparts the most useful truth in the most useful form. We are therefore glad to see every thing, which is likely to promote such a praiseworthy end, freely given for mutual assistance and profit.

The *object* of the Synopsis, as the author tells us, is to notice the plants found in that portion of country from the Alleghany mountains in West Virginia, to Platte River, in Missouri Territory, and from the southern boundary of Tennessee, to the latitude of Detroit. Most of those peculiar to Ohio, have come under his observation, and to the scientific labours of other botanists, he is indebted for other information. It is intended as a sketch of the present state of botanical knowledge in the West, and as a guide to further research.

Should Mr. Riddell publish a second edition, or enlarge it to a greater work, we would hint the propriety of adding the Linnæan classification. This might be done with very little labor, and would add materially to the value of the book. We are advocates of the Natural System. We consider it the most satisfactory of anything now existent; but at the same time think that the Linnæan arrangement will be likely to survive for a great length of time; at least until that of Jussieu modified by DeCandolle, becomes more perfect. Artificial as is the one, and approaching to Nature as does the

A white-haired grandam;—on her knee
  Her knitting lies neglected now;
She fairly strains her eyes to see,—
  Her specs pushed to her brow!

A smile upon her withered cheeks,—
  On each a glistening tear-drop lies;
Her lips apart—she thoughtless speaks,
  And harder strains her filmy eyes.
An anguish'd cry!—she quickly sprung,—
  The sufferer's head was on her breast:
A bee its tiny foot had stung,
  On clover-blossom prest.

The following is by Judge Hall. Years have gone—alas! how rapidly we count the mile-stones on life's journey—since without knowing anything of the author, we read it on the shore of the Atlantic. We remember as if it were but yesterday, the impression that this poetry of the heart, so tenderly beautiful, made on us then; nor does it seem less beautiful as we read it now. It expresses what many have felt; yet who has given the feeling a more truthful utterance, than the poet whose voice came from among the silent and solemn prairies of the Illinois?

WEDDED LOVE'S FIRST HOME.

'Twas far beyond yon mountains, dear, we plighted vows of love,
The ocean wave was at our feet, the autumn sky above,
The pebbly shore was covered o'er, with many a varied shell,
And on the billow's curling spray, the sunbeams glittering fell.
The storm has vexed that billow oft, and oft that sun has set,
But plighted love remains with us, in peace and lustre yet.

I wiled thee to a lonely haunt, that bashful love might speak,
Where none could hear what love revealed, or see the crimson cheek;
The shore was all deserted, and we wandered there alone,
And not a human step impressed the sand-beach but our own;
Thy footsteps all have vanished from the billow-beaten strand—
The vows we breathed remain with us—they were not traced in sand.

Far, far, we left the sea-girt shore, endeared by childhood's dream,
To seek the humble cot, that smiled by fair Ohio's stream;
In vain the mountain cliff opposed, the mountain torrent roared,
For love unfurled her silken wing, and o'er each barrier soared;
And many a wide domain we passed, and many an ample dome,
But none so blessed, so dear to us, as wedded love's first home.

Beyond those mountains now are all, that e'er we loved or knew,
The long remembered many, and the dearly cherished few;
The home of her we value, and the grave of him we mourn,
Are there;—and there is all the past to which the heart can turn;—
But dearer scenes surround us here, and lovelier joys we trace,
For here is wedded love's first home,—its hallowed resting place.

scholars, the distribution of Premiums by the Mayor, and the annual address. It was a beautiful spectacle—a spectacle, where were exhibited some of the best fruits of free institutions and their support.

We hope the day is not distant, when the Free School system will prevail throughout our country. It is the best form of benevolence. Give money to the poor, and you may be only giving a premium to vice and idleness. But here is given to the young, in the forming part of life, that which cannot be squandered or lost—knowledge and virtue—that which ennobles the undying mind. It is a benevolence too, not doled out to two or three, but a benevolence on system to a whole generation. It is the present blessing the future. It is the best form that Poor Laws can assume. It is a system that prepares all to support themselves. It is a system to make all independent.

It is too late to discuss the question whether general education is important in a Republic. A Republic cannot exist without it. It is a government of reason, while other forms of government rely on force. An ignorant people may remain in anarchy, but if they have any government it must be despotic. If the mass of the people have no reason or intelligence to appeal to, it must be ruled as brutes are ruled, by force—unquestioned commands on one side, and unquestioning obedience on the other. Educated mind is active mind—and active mind is free, and will, and must give birth to free institutions.

It ought to be remembered that Free Schools are not charity schools. They ought not to be so, for the almost inevitable effect would be to degrade the young who attended them. They are no more charity schools, than our government is a charity government. The rich pay more for the support of government than the poor. The reason is, that they derive more benefit from it—they have more property to be protected, and therefore justly pay more for its protection. And for the same reason, they should pay more for the support of schools. Their wealth is not the product of their own intelligence merely, but of the general intelligence. It is man aiding man, mind co-operating with mind, that produces wealth. And it is the general intelligence of the people which secures property to those who possess it, by securing the permanence and good order of our institutions. It is this that makes an acre of ground worth more in this land, than among a horde of Caffres. It was on this ground, that the Roman made a good neighborhood one of the chief recommendations of the farm he was about to expose for sale.

While speaking of our Free Schools, we would make two suggestions. The first is, that the teachers in some of the schools should be Germans. There are eight or nine thousand Germans in this city and vicinity. But unless there are teachers from among their own countrymen, understanding their language as well as the English, the Germans will not attend the schools, and if they do, can derive little benefit from them.

The second suggestion is, the propriety of paying the Trustees and Examiners for their services. If they fulfilled the requisitions of the law, their duties would occupy at the lowest calculation a ninth part of their time. It is in vain to expect in a busy city, that an office exacting so much of time and labor, should be faithfully filled without some compensation is attached to it. If business interferes, they will either resign the office, or neglect its duties.

The dwelling of the lonely man,
That Hermit sat; and thus once more
The story of his life began.

Or would you be made sensible, by a single image, of the awful stillness of a western forest.

The moon shone bright, and her silvery light
Through the forest aisles was glancing,
And with mimic beam, on the rippling stream,
A thousand stars were dancing.
No noise was heard, save the night's lone bird,
From his dark and dreary dwelling;
Or the distant crash, of some aged ash,
Which the axe of time was felling.

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So far as we understand it, all that is important in this controversy resolves itself into a question of interpretation.

THE CONQUEST OF FLORIDA, BY HERNANDO DE SOTO. *By* THEODORE IRVING: *Philadelphia: Carey, Lea, and Blanchard.*

Many will read this work, because by a nephew of Washington Irving, and written under his eye. Many will read it, because there has been, to most of us, a cloud over the career of De Soto, which this work clears away. Some will open it from the simple wish to know all they can of the early history of our country. The work will thus find a good sale, and give its author a stand, though its merits may not be great. It gives the detail of De Soto's wonderful expedition, abridged from authentic original documents. It is written clearly, simply, and in parts beautifully; but the author does not, and could not, get rid of a certain chronicle sound, which all abstracts must have, particularly if by young writers. Washington Irving would have thrown over the dry detail of marches, fordings, and battles, the witchery of his style, and we should not have become fatigued; his nephew has done well, very well, but still the attention and interest do flag often in the course of the two volumes; or at least ours did. The character of De Soto is high, peculiar, and full of strength; he was the noblest and best of the Spanish conquerors. The dangers of his army, and the fate of his foes, alike awake our pity and interest; and in the outline, nothing could be more romantic; but the extent to which Mr. Irving has carried his account, has lessened the effect: at the same time we see the difficulty of condensation. While therefore we think Mr. Irving's industry and good taste deserving of much praise, we cannot but regret that he did not confine himself to one volume, omit many of the details of marches and countermarches, and linger more over the more prominent and characteristic scenes and personages.

CORRESPONDENCE.

EXTRACT FROM A PRIVATE LETTER.

* * * * * * * * * *Boston, May* 30, 1835.

Nothing has pleased me more than the growing interest which I find here in the religious prosperity of the West. The eyes of all thinking men have long been opened to the truth, that the strength of the Union, both in number and riches, will very soon be centered in our great valley; and it is now beginning to be felt, that the prosperity of the whole country hangs upon the question, whether the West shall be religious or irreligious, moral or immoral. Nothing is plainer than this; that if the states west of the mountains should become the prey of violent party spirit and narrow minded policy, through the prevalence of an illiberal, contracted, selfish spirit, every town and village on the furthest Atlantic coast, will feel the scourge. They begin to be aware of this, among our eastern brethren, although they by no means feel it yet, as they will five or six years hence. An eastern man must travel through our great country, and see for himself our rivers, and forests, and soil, and mines, and fast growing cities, before he can realize one half of the truth, as to the

Dr. Wilson, on the contrary, holds that the fall of Adam produced such an effect on the nature of the mind of his descendants, that until Almighty agency rectifies the evil, it is *impossible* for men to do right, and that this constitution and character of mind which comes in consequence of Adam's fall, is the true meaning of the term original sin.

The third point, relates to the doctrine of regeneration, and the agency of the Holy Spirit in effecting this change.

Dr. Beecher maintains regeneration to be the voluntary act of a moral being in choosing the service of God—that this act is brought about through the agency of the Holy Spirit, by means of the truth—that it is by the presentation of motives that the mind is led to take this course, and that no human agency is sufficient so to present motives as to avail without the supernatural aid of the spirit of God—not that man *cannot* (physically,) but that he *will* not do his duty without this divine influence.

Dr. Wilson substantiated his charges of heresy, by comparing published declarations contained in Dr. Beecher's sermons with the Confession of Faith, and showing their discrepancy according to his interpretation of that symbol.

Dr. Beecher defended himself on the ground that his views were in agreement with the true and original meaning of the framers of the Confession of Faith, and with the views of the leading writers of that church. To prove this, he quoted largely from the writings of these authors, showing that they held to his interpretation. He attempted to show that his interpretation was the only one that made the Confession of Faith consistent with itself, consistent with the common sense of mankind, and consistent with the Bible;—from which he inferred that it was the correct one.

Dr. Beecher also attempted to show, that if his views were not the correct ones, they had always been allowed in the Presbyterian Church—that the same differences existed when that church was organized in this country—that the New-England divines, who always have held his sentiments, have been received as members of its judicatories without any renunciation of these views being demanded—that he himself had thirty-four years ago entered the Presbyterian church by examination, when he professed these views, and was received without objection, and that he had been invited to return from New-England into the Presbyterian church as a fellow laborer, by all the leading men who now opposed him on the ground of heretical opinions.

INTELLIGENCE.

ONE WORD OF OURSELVES, AND TO OUR READERS.

When this work was first proposed a few months since, it was with many doubts as to its success. It will be gratifying to our friends to learn that there is no longer any reason for such doubts. Our subscription list has increased more rapidly than we anticipated. We find that in almost every part of the country, there are more or less who sympathise with us in our views. We would return our thanks to the friends who have so readily aided us in procuring subscribers. We hope that we shall not be thought to exact too much from their kindness, if we ask a continuance of their aid. The work can be useful only in proportion as it is circulated; and the extent of its circulation must depend very much on the aid of those who are friends of the cause which we are endeavoring to promote.

The first number has been delayed beyond the time when we intended to have published it. But the delay has been occasioned by such circumstances only, as are incidental to the commencement of a new periodical. Henceforth it will be regularly issued on the first day of every month.

AGENT OF THE UNITARIAN ASSOCIATION.

We see that the Rev. Jason Whitman, the agent of the American Unitarian Association, has resigned his office, and been installed as the pastor of a new Society in Portland, Me. The Rev. Mr. Briggs has been appointed agent of the Association in place of Mr. Whitman, and has accepted the appointment.

NEW UNITARIAN CHURCHES.

We understand that the Unitarian Society in Meadville, Pennsylvania, where the Rev. Mr. Day is settled, is about erecting a church.

The Unitarian Society in St. Louis, as will be seen from Mr. Elliot's letter on the preceding page, is also making preparations to erect a place of worship in the course of the present summer.

MITCHELL'S REFERENCE AND DISTANCE MAP OF THE UNITED STATES.

Although this work is very generally known among us, we have thought it due to the enterprise of the publisher, to make mention of it. It is large, covering twenty-seven square feet; we believe very correct; and certainly very detailed. In the northern states, not only the counties, but the townships are all given; and there are plans, upon a larger scale, of the vicinity of each of our first cities. The canals, railroads, and roads, are laid down fully and accurately. Connected with the map is an octavo volume of three hundred and twenty-four pages, in which will be found: First. A consulting index, of counties, districts, towns, &c.; giving the position, by means of ref-

CRITICAL NOTICES.

A Synopsis of the Flora of the Western States; By John L. Riddell, A. M. &c. *E. Deming, Cincinnati*, 1835.

We are glad to meet with this little work. We consider all such, as pre-eminently useful in the advance of science. There is nothing, as it appears to us, so much needed as these landmarks and beacons, to put the investigator on the right track, and to direct his attention to the most important part of his pursuits; and had we more of them, and had there heretofore been a greater interchange of the progressive acquirements of men of science, there would undoubtedly have been far less of the many errors, which are circulated and transmitted from age to age.

The Synopsis before us, is a compressed and concise view of the Western Flora, arranged according to the most modern style, and with the most approved nomenclature. One would imagine, that with the labors of eminent botanists of this country, the floral treasures of North America would have been fully discovered. But it is nevertheless probably the case that the ground has been gone over hastily and superficially, and that much yet remains to be done. Certain it is, that new localities for those already known are every day being found, and their medical or useful properties are not fully investigated. Besides, there is much confusion in the description of our native plants; and not a few errors are transmitted by those who copy books, rather than study Nature as she is. We need very much a perfect standard work of the Flora of the United States. To be sure, the many valuable ones of several of our botanists furnish us with such, but some of these are rare or expensive. Cryptogamic Botany is as it were neglected, and it is difficult for the student to make much progress in the study of that delightful and deeply interesting branch of minute vegetable structure, for the want of both elementary and descriptive works.

We are well aware that the present demand for such books is not sufficient to warrant their publication, and hence, undoubtedly, the appearance of smaller and more condensed. The system now in vogue, is to arrive at knowledge by some short way; and thus treatises on the sciences are likely to become miserable epitomes and meagre skeletons, the bare frame-work of what is wanting—the solid truth.

The taste for the natural sciences is rapidly progressing in this western world. Rich in the treasures of the air, the earth and the waters, and abounding in the remains of former days, engraved in permanent characters on every stone, the field is extensive and inviting. The West can already boast of several true and unwearied disciples of nature, and we think that there is a spirit of earnest inquiry in many more, whose names we trust will yet be known. We could wish that a proper attention was paid to these

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WESTERN MESSENGER;

DEVOTED TO

RELIGION AND LITERATURE.

No. II.

CINCINNATI:

PUBLISHED BY T. H. SHREVE, & CO., S. W. CORNER OF
FIFTH AND WALNUT STREETS.

1835.

other, they certainly, nevertheless, assist each other: and in investigating a plant, it is a satisfaction to know the number and position of its reproductive organs, as the most natural group to which it may be referred. We should also think it a decided improvement to give the natural orders in *italics* in the index, the more especially in the absence of the Linnæan arrangement. In following Professor Torrey's method of suborders and sections as united with Lindley's orders, we perceive a difference in the manner of numbering them; but this might have been unintentional. In a revision, a few typographical errors would no doubt be noticed and corrected. We fear that among so many *new species*, or those quoted on his own authority, there may be found some already described. It is with no possible degree of censoriousness that we make these remarks, but rather to render more perfect an useful work, wishing the author all success in his researches and studies, and hoping that he may be encouraged to proceed.

TRANSACTIONS OF THE FOURTH ANNUAL MEETING OF THE WESTERN LITERARY INSTITUTE, AND COLLEGE OF PROFESSIONAL TEACHERS, *held in Cincinnati, October*, 1834. *Cincinnati: Published by Josiah Drake.* 1835.

This work is an honor to the West, and to the character of our teachers. Most of the Lectures were listened to with no common interest, by crowded audiences, and they have not disappointed public expectation on being published. It is now so long since the work was issued from the press, and it is so generally known, that it would be idle in us to comment at length upon it. We speak of it, only because we wish to add our hearty testimony to its value.

The College of Teachers is composed of professional teachers, from every part of the West. They have come forward nobly, that by united effort, by mutual consultation, and by action on public sentiment, they may raise the standard of education. And who are these teachers? Under Providence, and next to parents, they hold the destinies of the young, of the next generation, of the country, in their hands. Their office is second to none in importance and dignity. We want no better evidence than this volume, that they feel the full extent of this responsibility. In the West, teachers have taken precedence, even of parents, in endeavors to elevate the standard of education. It is now the business of parents and of all well wishers to their country, to come forward and help them heart and hand in their great work.

We are very sorry not to find in the volume, Professor McGuffy's address "On the influence of the regular study of the Bible, on intellectual and moral improvement." It was an able address on a very important, but much neglected subject. We hope yet, at some future time, to see it in print.

It may not be improper in concluding this notice, to advert to the annual procession of the Free Schools of Cincinnati, which took place on Friday June 22. There were about eighteen hundred children in the procession. After having been conducted by their Teachers and the Trustees, through a portion of the city, they entered the first Presbyterian Church, where the celebration was concluded by specimens of elocution from a portion of the

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There is no stronger proof of the inveteracy of human passions, of pride, selfishness, anger, and others of the same train, than the prevalence in the Christian church in all ages, of the spirit of persecution. That it is found in other religions, is not so strange. Among the Jews, for instance, the laws and institutions, both civil and religious, were altogether of an exclusive character, their main object being to keep that nation entirely separate, particularly in their religious customs, from all the people around them; and with such laws, it is not wonderful that they being by nature a haughty and proud people, persecuted with great bitterness both the heathen nations and apostates from their religion. The Mohammedans can with even more consistency persecute those who refuse to give honor to their leader, for he himself authorised and commanded it, and his religion was established in great part by the swords of his soldiers. The very spirit of his religion is a persecuting spirit, and to spare an Infidel is, in the eyes of his faithful followers, a virtual denial of their master. But how such a spirit could find its way into the Christian church, and always maintain its place there, can be accounted for, as we have already said, only by our knowledge of the stubbornness of the selfish and base passions of the human breast. Yet the prevalence of this spirit is so general, we were about to say universal, that it will not be deemed a work of supererogation, if we bring into a distinct light its direct and utter inconsistency with the Christian Religion. It is so common for christians to maltreat each other, when they do not agree in religious opinion, that we fear some persons are lead to think that their religion itself affords sanction to this barbarous usage.

OUTRE-MER; *A Pilgrimage beyond the Sea. In two vols. New-York: Harper and Brothers:* 1835.

Outre-Mer! We should like to know what impression these words make upon the minds of the majority of those who inspect this title page, and suspect it of being quite Babylonish. The object of a title page, is to give some intimation of the character of the work. In the present instance, a great proportion of those who see or hear of the work, are incapable of attaching a distinct meaning to the title, and, of course, have no impression as to the contents. We should have had one objection less to Outre-Mer, if it had received an American christening. To us it involves a deal of the ludicrous, to see an author step forth, make his bow to the reader, and forthwith proceed to expound his title page, fearful lest his reader might suspect it cabalistic, and refuse to peruse the work from a sacred horror of treason. Yet this is exactly the predicament in which the author before us has placed himself, by making choice of this most heathenish and unpronounceable name. So long as our venerable and copious vernacular remains unexhausted, just so long we hope, that that affectation which induces writers to import words to the manifest disparagement of our American English, may be considered as the silliness of pedantry, rather than anything more worthy.

Professor Longfellow has been rising for several years into honorable distinction; and we think Outre-Mer will abundantly sustain the expectations which his previous writings had engendered. It is truly a pleasant book; and particularly refreshing, coming upon us as it does, at the very moment in which we were about concluding, that travellers were the dullest and saddest mortals above this earth's surface. Our author alights at a city, takes a promenade, and tells you in a few words, without the fashionable amount of rapture, what he saw worthy of note. In a village, or on a country spot, he glances at the occupations of the people, narrates what he sees, and in this manner conveys a far more adequate idea of the 'domestic manners' abroad, than if he were to retail gossip about lords and ladies by the page, through a score of volumes. He tells a story merrily, and, occasionally, we meet with a stroke of humor, like sunshine flashing from a ripple, which makes the heart glad. We are here presented, for the first time, with several beautiful ballads and poems, which afford the author opportunities of expatiating very agreeably upon the characteristics of the poetry of Spain and France. In fine, we rose from the perusal of Outre-Mer with a feeling of thankfulness towards Professor Longfellow, and a mind made up to seize with avidity every opportunity by which we may become more intimately acquainted with him.

Outre-Mer will be found by some palates to lack seasoning, inasmuch as it is, in the early portions of the work particularly, somewhat languid. The second volume is by far the more spirited one. The style is well-weeded and beautiful, and throughout there is a tone of good feeling which must waken echoes in every sensitive heart.

We understand that the author, who has lately been appointed to a Professorship at Cambridge, has set forth on another "pilgrimage beyond the seas." He is at this time, we believe, in Europe, and we presume that we may look forward to another volume, like this, full of the Beautiful.

THE CONQUEST OF FLORIDA, BY HERNANDO DE SOTO. *By* THEODORE IRVING: *Philadelphia: Carey, Lea, and Blanchard.*

Many will read this work, because by a nephew of Washington Irving, and written under his eye. Many will read it, because there has been, to most of us, a cloud over the career of De Soto, which this work clears away. Some will open it from the simple wish to know all they can of the early history of our country. The work will thus find a good sale, and give its author a stand, though its merits may not be great. It gives the detail of De Soto's wonderful expedition, abridged from authentic original documents. It is written clearly, simply, and in parts beautifully; but the author does not, and could not, get rid of a certain chronicle sound, which all abstracts must have, particularly if by young writers. Washington Irving would have thrown over the dry detail of marches, fordings, and battles, the witchery of his style, and we should not have become fatigued; his nephew has done well, very well, but still the attention and interest do flag often in the course of the two volumes; or at least ours did. The character of De Soto is high, peculiar, and full of strength; he was the noblest and best of the Spanish conquerors. The dangers of his army, and the fate of his foes, alike awake our pity and interest; and in the outline, nothing could be more romantic; but the extent to which Mr. Irving has carried his account, has lessened the effect: at the same time we see the difficulty of condensation. While therefore we think Mr. Irving's industry and good taste deserving of much praise, we cannot but regret that he did not confine himself to one volume, omit many of the details of marches and countermarches, and linger more over the more prominent and characteristic scenes and personages.

CORRESPONDENCE.

EXTRACT FROM A PRIVATE LETTER.

* * * * * * * * * *Boston, May* 30, 1835.

Nothing has pleased me more than the growing interest which I find here in the religious prosperity of the West. The eyes of all thinking men have long been opened to the truth, that the strength of the Union, both in number and riches, will very soon be centered in our great valley; and it is now beginning to be felt, that the prosperity of the whole country hangs upon the question, whether the West shall be religious or irreligious, moral or immoral. Nothing is plainer than this; that if the states west of the mountains should become the prey of violent party spirit and narrow minded policy, through the prevalence of an illiberal, contracted, selfish spirit, every town and village on the furthest Atlantic coast, will feel the scourge. They begin to be aware of this, among our eastern brethren, although they by no means feel it yet, as they will five or six years hence. An eastern man must travel through our great country, and see for himself our rivers, and forests, and soil, and mines, and fast growing cities, before he can realize one half of the truth, as to the

future relative importance of the West, in the Union; and it is in this way, by the personal observation of travellers, that I expect the truth to be found out. Every body now is talking of a "western tour." It is getting to be as common to speak of visiting Cincinnati, Louisville, and even St. Louis, as it was five years ago, of visiting Niagara. I know a great many who have gone this spring to the Mississippi, for the sole purpose of "seeing the West." All of these will return with enlarged ideas, and will diffuse true notions of our land of promise.

I am succeeding in my errand very tolerably. You know that before I left St. Louis, and while at Cincinnati, I received letters from this place, which offered any thing but encouragement; but I find that the calculation which we founded on the known good sense and good feeling of the East, was not mistaken. It is true, I met with some long faces and cold looks, at first, but a few words set them right. People only need to be made to think for five minutes, and they are liberal enough towards a cause such as ours. To be sure, there is an overstrained feeling of anti-sectarianism, among our denomination, which sometimes gets in my way, but it only needs to be put into a definite form, to be given up. And besides, as to sectarianism, it enters so little into our motives, that I am as ready to condemn it as any one; although I never shall consent to call zeal for truth, by that name. I have already obtained half the sum we need for our St. Louis church, and there is no doubt but that, by the time this meets your eye, I shall have collected the other half. The course I have pursued has been, to preach and have a contribution taken up on the spot. This is a slow way, because I preach only on Sundays, but it is the pleasantest, and has this advantage, that I am sure that whatever is given is given willingly; and the time is no object to me, as I do not care about being in St. Louis before early fall.

This week has been a very interesting one to me. You know it is the old election week, and is the season of the anniversary meetings of nearly all the religious and charitable societies in the state. Boston has been full of ministers, and every day, morning, noon and night, has been occupied with addresses, reports, speeches, and what not. The influence of these meetings is very good. They serve the double purpose of giving information to the public, and of keeping alive the interest of the members of the several societies. Do you have such anniversaries in Cincinnati? I think it would be well to introduce them. The subjects of the reports were chiefly local, and will appear in the papers of this city, or I would send an abstract of some of them to you, for the "Messenger." By the way, what has become of the "Messenger?" People continually ask me about it, but I do not know what to answer. But I agree with you, in thinking that we had better delay it a little, than run the risk of beginning it, and then being obliged to stop, for want of subscribers. People here are indisposed to subscribe, because they already have so many periodicals; I do not think they do right in this, because they ought to give us a helping hand, in the day of our small things. But after all, we must depend upon ourselves. If the work is made interesting, we shall find enough to take it and read it without asking any one to subscribe, who is not forward to do so, of his own accord. I expect with some impatience our first number, even if a second does not follow it for two or three months. * * * * W. G. E.

INTELLIGENCE.

ONE WORD OF OURSELVES, AND TO OUR READERS.

When this work was first proposed a few months since, it was with many doubts as to its success. It will be gratifying to our friends to learn that there is no longer any reason for such doubts. Our subscription list has increased more rapidly than we anticipated. We find that in almost every part of the country, there are more or less who sympathise with us in our views. We would return our thanks to the friends who have so readily aided us in procuring subscribers. We hope that we shall not be thought to exact too much from their kindness, if we ask a continuance of their aid. The work can be useful only in proportion as it is circulated; and the extent of its circulation must depend very much on the aid of those who are friends of the cause which we are endeavoring to promote.

The first number has been delayed beyond the time when we intended to have published it. But the delay has been occasioned by such circumstances only, as are incidental to the commencement of a new periodical. Henceforth it will be regularly issued on the first day of every month.

AGENT OF THE UNITARIAN ASSOCIATION.

We see that the Rev. Jason Whitman, the agent of the American Unitarian Association, has resigned his office, and been installed as the pastor of a new Society in Portland, Me. The Rev. Mr. Briggs has been appointed agent of the Association in place of Mr. Whitman, and has accepted the appointment.

NEW UNITARIAN CHURCHES.

We understand that the Unitarian Society in Meadville, Pennsylvania, where the Rev. Mr. Day is settled, is about erecting a church.

The Unitarian Society in St. Louis, as will be seen from Mr. Elliot's letter on the preceding page, is also making preparations to erect a place of worship in the course of the present summer.

MITCHELL'S REFERENCE AND DISTANCE MAP OF THE UNITED STATES.

Although this work is very generally known among us, we have thought it due to the enterprise of the publisher, to make mention of it. It is large, covering twenty-seven square feet; we believe very correct; and certainly very detailed. In the northern states, not only the counties, but the townships are all given; and there are plans, upon a larger scale, of the vicinity of each of our first cities. The canals, railroads, and roads, are laid down fully and accurately. Connected with the map is an octavo volume of three hundred and twenty-four pages, in which will be found: First. A consulting index, of counties, districts, towns, &c.; giving the position, by means of ref-

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What did Christ teach us, as the becoming and requisite spirit of his followers? "Blessed are the meek, for they shall inherit the earth." "Blessed are the merciful, for they shall obtain mercy." "Blessed are the peace-makers, for they shall be called the children of God." "Blessed are they which *are persecuted* for righteousness' sake, for theirs is the kingdom of Heaven." "Blessed are ye, when men shall revile you, and persecute you, and say all manner of evil against you, falsely, for my sake." These benedictions were spoken under circumstances which show that they were intended to be received as containing the leading principles of Christ's religion. They stand at the beginning of his first public discourse, and were addressed to those who flocked round him, to hear what his new doctrines might be. But how little are they applicable to many christians at this day! How many sects seem to labor to deserve the very reverse, and to say to their adherents, "Blessed are ye when ye revile men and persecute them and say all manner of evil of them falsely for Christ's sake; rejoice and be exceeding glad, for so did the ancient Jews persecute the Prophets, which were before you."

"Judge not, that ye be not judged," said Christ, in the same discourse, to the censorious and narrow-minded Jews; "for with what judgement ye judge, ye shall be judged." But at present, the christian who does not judge, and that too with severity, all those who differ from him, in what are called fundamental doctrines, is looked upon, by the greater part of his brethren, as very cold and indifferent in religion, and in fact not more than half a christian, if he deserves the name at all.

Upon one occasion, when Jesus and his disciples wished to pass through a village of Samaria, on their way to Jerusalem, the Samaritans forbade them, because his face was as though he would go to Jerusalem. "And when his disciples, James and John, saw this, they said, Lord will thou that we command fire to come down from heaven and consume them, even as Elias did? But he turned and rebuked them and said, ye know not what spirit ye are of." The spirit of James and John was one which they had imbibed from Judaism, that of persecution; but the spirit of Christ was that which suffereth long and is kind, is not easily provoked, thinketh no evil; it was the spirit of brotherly love and gentleness, which returns blessing for cursing, and love for hatred. "For the son of man came not to destroy men's lives but to save them."

Which spirit is most common among christians at the present day, we need be at no loss to decide. It is but to pass

from one church to another through our land, if we would hear,—not the inquiring words of James and John, "*shall* we call down fire from heaven and consume them?"—it would be well if christian ministers would now go with that question to their master and be humbled by his rebuke; but we shall hear the leaders of almost every sect, calling down fire from heaven upon all those who differ from them in religious faith, with an air of authority, as though they held in their own hands, the lightnings which play round God's throne, and were commissioned by him, to hurl them at whomsoever they please.

There is another incident recorded, in which the same mild spirit is exhibited by our Lord.

The disciples had just returned from their first embassy to preach the Gospel of the kingdom, and were probably much elated by the honor of being the chosen proclaimers of the Messiah's advent. They were evidently affected with the leaven of spiritual pride. It was in this state of mind that John came to Jesus and said,—without doubt expecting to be commended for his zeal,—"Master, we saw one casting out devils in thy name, and he followeth not with us; and we forbade him, because he followeth not with us." But Jesus again rebuked his mistaken spirit, and said, "Forbid him not: for there is no man who doeth a miracle in my name, that can lightly speak evil of me." Or in words which are adapted to our own times, since no one now works miracles in Christ's name, our Lord intended to say, "The good works of a man which he does in my name, prove that he is my friend, and no man who obeys my commandments can be accounted my enemy, for he that is not against us, is on our part; therefore forbid him not, even though he followeth not in the same company with you." But how many among christian sects, at this day, are satisfied with asking, whether any one does good works in the name of Christ, when they are called upon to extend to him the right hand of christian fellowship? Not one in five. They ask with far more earnestness, "Does he follow with us? Is he one of our company?" and if he is not, the chance is, that they stigmatize his good works, as the self-righteousness of the carnal mind, and instead of the name of christian, brand him with whatever terms of reproach are popular in the community.

"He followeth not with us!" why, what has that to do with the question, whether he followeth Christ or not? Is there but one mode or fashion, in which many persons can follow the same master? Is there but one group, of all the crowds who are moving in the christian world, which is marching to-

wards heaven? There is indeed but one group. But it is composed of all, of every name and nation, who are working the works of righteousness. It is *one* group, not because all in it are called by the name of one sect, nor because they think alike upon every point of religious doctrine, but because they have one heart, one purpose, to love and obey their God.

Nothing more need be said to show how entirely the spirit of persecution is condemned by our religion. The few passages, to which we have alluded, are barely specimens, as every one familiar with the New Testament must know, of the general tenor of Christ's instructions. The spirit of christianity is humble; that of persecution, proud. The spirit of christianity is gentle; that of persecution, harsh. The spirit of christianity is disinterested; that of persecution, selfish. The spirit of christianity is love; that of persecution, hatred. In short, if any two things can be diametrically opposed to each other, so that one cannot exist where the other is, christianity is thus opposed to persecution. The same fountain must send forth both sweet and bitter waters, before the heart which is possessed by the spirit of Christ, can be the temple of the many headed demon, persecution.

Having then, as we hope, established this first point, we pass to a few remarks, concerning the form in which persecution exhibits itself among us.

It is not worth while to spend time in defining what religious persecution is: every one knows it when he sees or feels it. When we see one man made unhappy by the instrumentality of others, on account of his differing from them in religious opinions, whether it be by taking away his liberty, his property, his friends or his character, we are all agreed that this is persecution. When we see a sect of christians avoided, denounced, defamed, as deists, and infidels in disguise, we cannot conceal it from ourselves that this is persecution. When we hear anathemas pronounced against men because they do not come up to a certain standard of faith, and agree with certain human interpretations of the scriptures, we are at no loss to declare, that here also is persecution. They are all forms of the same spirit, and do not materially differ from each other. A more important remark is, that the form which this spirit takes is a thing of altogether secondary importance, and does not materially affect the guilt of the offender. It is determined by outward circumstances, such as the customs of the community, the state of refinement and civilization, and the like, and therefore does not de-

pend upon the choice of the persecutor. It changes from age to age, and is different in different countries; but the spirit changes little. It is the same now that it was a thousand years ago, and always aims to cast out from the pale of christianity, all "who follow not with us." We must not imagine, therefore, that the bitterness of persecution has passed away from the christian church, because it is now seen in a less disgusting form than in early days. "The form of persecution has always been the worst, which the age or country would bear," and if it is milder now than it was a century since, it is only because this age will not bear such flagrant outrages as were then common. The life, the limbs, the liberty, the property, the civil rights of supposed misbelievers, have each of them been successively attacked by the intolerance of dominant sects, who have never consented to a relaxation of their demands, until public feeling has refused to satisfy them. At last, in our country, all the old forms of persecution are forbidden, and there is "no other possible resort, but what are called ecclesiastical censures. These consist in denouncing the misbeliever, as an apostate from christianity, a disguised infidel; and in doing every thing which can be done without the aid of the civil arm, to lessen his credit and influence as a christian among christians." * A mode of persecution not less real, or much less injurious, than those which are condemned as barbarous.

We have indeed reason to thank God that, in our country, the spirit of christianity has so far prevailed, that religious intolerance is kept within bounds. We have no Smithfield at which heretics are burnt, no Inquisition in which they may be shut up, no court at which they can be fined, no laws by which their rights are restricted. But in our self-gratulation we cannot deny, that intolerance still sits on a high throne among us, and denounces penalties, in the true ancient spirit, against all who, in the right of untrammeled inquiry, dare to shake off its yoke. Our ears are still every day pained with the sound of harsh epithets, which are heaped upon those who hold forbidden opinions. The *Catholic* is held up as the object both of hatred and terror, and all men are called upon to behold in him, the deluded victim of the grossest superstition; he is denounced, slandered, insulted, and declared to be unworthy of the trust or friendship of christian men; while his institutions, even those of them which have the kindest purposes in view, are aspersed as dens of iniquity. We should

* See an admirable Tract, on "the Exclusive System," by Rev. James Walker, of Charlestown, Ms. Published by the American Unitarian Association.

hesitate in using so strong language, if its truth were not known to everybody. Now what is all this, but persecution? We are not defending Catholicism; on the contrary, we do not wish it to prevail, and shall not be backward in expressing, at proper times, and in a proper way, our objections to it. At present we merely ask, whence is the right obtained, which christians so boldly exercise, of defaming and denouncing others. It is no matter from what quarter such treatment of a fellow-christian proceeds, whether Catholic or Protestant, it is not warranted by the commands of Christ.

The Catholics believe too much, and are denounced as superstitious; others believe too little, and are proclaimed to be infidels. They reject doctrines which the majority have been accustomed to regard as essential to christianity, and are forthwith branded as rejecting christianity itself. Men are warned not to walk with them, not to hear them, not to reason with them, not to regard them as brethren. And why? Because they are of corrupt manners? No: perhaps they have this testimony, even among their opposers, that they are "a moral people." Because they are a proselyting, sectarian, ambitious sect? No: perhaps the more plausible charge is, of too great backwardness in the religious world. The true reason is, that they have dared to use their own eyes in reading, and their own heads in thinking upon religious truth, and have come to conclusions, different from those adopted by the body of the church. Therefore they are cast out from the church by the usurpers of God's heritage, as branches, lopped off from the vine of truth, fit only to be burnt. Is this right? Is it christian?

It is by no means our object, to say a single word to lessen any one's zeal for truth. We regard christian truth as of the utmost importance, both to individuals and to society. Its importance cannot be overrated. And it is because we feel that every man ought to exert himself to promote its progress, and because we hope to do something towards removing obstacles now in its way, that we have consented to subject ourselves to new reproach from our fellow christians, by establishing this journal. Our most fervent prayer, continually, is that the truth may prevail. But God forbid, that our zeal for truth should ever deceive us into thinking, that we have a right to denounce others.

Are we, on the one hand, so persuaded of our own infallibility, that we are sure that we are right, and all other men wrong? Or is it not possible that, in the last day, it will appear that they are right and we wrong? Certainly, it is pos-

sible; and, although "fully persuaded in our own minds," we feel that this possibility alone should moderate our demeanor towards others. What confusion of face must come, in the last day upon those who now despise and cast out others as heretics, should their astonished eyes see that the error was on their own part! We are none of us infallible; error is probably not wholly excluded from any one mind. How well then does it become us, to be gentle and charitable, even in our warmest hours of zeal.

But, on the other hand, if we were infallible, and could know, certainly, that our religious opinions are correct, where does the christian derive his right to utter anathemas against others? Is it not better for us to enlighten the minds of others, if they are in error, by the persuasive words of kindness and gentleness, than to fill their ears with a torrent of invectives, or to hold them up as objects of contempt?

But, it is often argued, "Suppose that we have tried gentle means, and they have no effect; what shall we do then? we cannot sit still and countenance error." No, we should neither sit still, nor countenance error. We should therefore continue to use gentle means, and God will perhaps, by and by, bless them and give us success. At all events, whether they are successful or not, we have no commission from God to use any other. If He designs that we should be the instruments of turning men from error, he will enable us to do our work with a christian spirit, and in a christian mode; and the moment that we resort to means which are at variance with the spirit of Christ, we give evidence enough that we are none of his. After all, the importance of having the right doctrines of christianity, is not so great as that of having its right principles; and the first principle of Christ is this, Love. "Now abideth these three, Faith, Hope, and Love, but the greatest of these is Love." It is a miserable, fatal delusion to forsake this principle, without which, the belief in doctrines is "as sounding brass, or a tinkling cymbal," in our eagerness to make other men embrace our opinions.

Our remarks have been somewhat desultory. Perhaps the only unity consists in the severity with which we have spoken of intolerance and persecution. We have felt ourselves authorized to speak with severity against them both by the example of Christ, and our knowledge of their devastating influence in the christian church. We shall at all times make it one of our chief objects to expose and resist them, whenever, or in whatever way they are manifested. It is not our wish to call into question the sincerity of those, who lose

themselves in an exclusive and intolerant temper. We are ready to bear them witness, that they have a zeal for God, but we think that it is without knowledge. They perhaps "verily think that they *ought* to do and say many things," against their fellow men who differ from them; but we shall labor to show that, in this respect, they are "under a cloud," and that christianity itself is free from the dreadful charge of authorizing persecution.

One word more; we think that the principle of christian forbearance, which we have now been advocating, is of universal application. There is no class of men whom we have a right to exclude from its exercise. In our treatment of all men, no matter what *they* are, we should be christians. We cannot be too zealous in defending truth, but truth asks no aid from intolerance. We cannot too much regret the prevalence of unbelief, nor labor too hard to remove it; but it is both unchristian and unwise to deal in denunciations. They do no good, and only bring into reproach our holy religion.

W. G. E.

Art: II.—GAMING.

Ex. 20: 17: Thou shalt not covet thy neighbor's house, thou shalt not covet thy neighbor's wife, nor his man servant, nor his maid servant, nor his ox, nor his ass, nor any thing that is thy neighbor's. *

Every sort of gaming, implying as it does, not only the coveting of a neighbor's property, but the attempt to gain it, without returning any equivalent, very properly comes under the things forbidden by this commandment. Gaming implies more than hazard. Every human occupation is involved in hazard—the merchant and the farmer both run risks and large ones. But their exchanges are exchanges of equivalents. As the rule, they add to their property, only in proportion to the amount of their labor and capital. Each party gains by a mutual exchange of the products of labor. But in gaming, the avowed and whole purpose is to gain what is another's without returning any equivalent. This, when done with the mutual consent of the parties, constitutes gaming.

* It may be proper to account for the form and style of the following remarks, by saying that they formed one of a series of Sunday evening lectures addressed to young men. We perceive that the subject is one which is attracting public attention in some of our cities, and we hope that it may attract still more attention in all of them.

Of course the modes of gaming are very various. But whether it be by games of chance or of skill, by betting on contingencies or in any other mode—all come back to the same principle; they are modes of getting a neighbor's property—by mutual consent—without returning an equivalent.

Of course the moral consequences of different modes of gaming, are as different as the modes themselves. While some are comparatively harmless, others are disastrous. For example, he who bets on a contested election, does, so far as I can understand it, what is wrong, but it is a different thing from sitting down, night after night, to a gaming table. Indeed, the moral consequences and character of different forms of gaming are so various, that I shall not attempt to discriminate between them. I shall not even attempt to show that gaming is a vice. I shall confine my remarks to one point alone—attempting only to show, that whether it be innocent, or whether it be evil, it is something which had *better be let alone.*

In a city, the extremes of good and of evil meet—the highest privileges and the most dangerous seductions. Many young men are constantly thrown together, and at an age when the social feeling and the love of excitement are the strongest. When unoccupied, those games,—in which enough skill is required to excite the consciousness of ability, and enough chance is found to fever the mind with alternate hope and doubt,—offer themselves, as ministering better than any thing else to the craving for excitement. They fall in with a gamester, and small stakes at his urgency are introduced. The rest yield to this at first reluctantly. Often, it is done rather than disturb the harmony of social feeling, and oftentimes, from the fear of appearing fanatically scrupulous.

To say that these persons, thus far, have been guilty of a great crime, is saying what is not true. But we may say that in doing this, one may be exposing himself to temptation and future criminality to such a degree, that it is wise for him to abstain from anything that *may be the beginning of gaming.*

At first one reluctantly puts his foot into the edge of the sea and shrinks back from the cold waters;—but if he steps in again and again, the chill is gradually taken off—the temperature of his system is reduced to that of the great sea of gaming, and he is prepared to plunge forward into the deep waters, if any one tempt him on. This may by no means always be the result, but it is always a possible result, and there is so much danger of it, that it furnishes sufficient reason to let everything in the shape or likeness of gaming alone.

We know how easily any habit is formed,—how short the distance between the first disconnected acts and the settled habit,—when the habit is one which is supported by the love of excitement. And we may see the danger of taking the first steps best, by looking at the evils that accompany the confirmed habit. From this point of view, let us look at gaming, and see if the consequences are not sufficient to cause one *to let every thing which may lead to it, alone.*

I speak then of gaming as a confirmed habit, and say that it is accompanied by *appearances*, which, whether they indicate *realities* or not, it is well to avoid.

1. I know not why, yet I believe it is an almost universal feeling, that there is something sordid and base in gaming for the purpose of *gaining money.* Those who do this *professionally*, are the outcasts of the world.

Yet when gaming has become a habit, it partakes not entirely, but in a degree of this *appearance* in all cases. A game of skill or chance becomes tame and unexciting. A small stake is introduced—why? To give the game interest. And by degrees a larger one is introduced,—and for the same reason. And henceforth the game is always exciting. Now the question is, what is it that gives this additional interest to an amusement in itself tame and unexciting? Evidently, the *stake* that is involved in the chances of the game. In other words, the desire of gaining, or the fear of losing money.

2. There is another characteristic of gaming, the mere *appearance* of which, I think a high minded man should be careful to avoid. Take a successful gamester. What he gains, another loses. He receives, he uses, he enjoys the property of another for which he has returned no equivalent. And in many cases it is what the other has no right to lose in any way. It belongs to his family—his wife—his children—and is necessary to their support. A high minded man ought to hesitate before he would allow such a one to lose to him.

3. There is another thing which, though it applies in its full force only to those with whom gaming is an employment, yet it ought not to be entirely passed by. The final issue of all gaming must be loss. A merchant in effecting exchanges, adds to the value of his goods by placing them in positions where they are more accessible to those who buy. His labor adds value to articles, just as much as that of the husbandman who tills the soil. But in gaming, there is an exchange of property, without any value being added. Yet that exchange is slow and accompanied by great expenses, which the gamester must pay. In lotteries, for example, the whole

amount paid in, when it is returned in the shape of prizes, is subject to a deduction of fifteen per cent, and here the loss is less than any where else. This is on the supposition that all is conducted honestly, and that those who engage in gaming are equal in skill, for I shall not discuss the character of gaming, when it has descended so low as to be a thing of fraud. But when there is honesty and equality of skill, gaming if continued must from the very nature of the thing result in loss. In the attempt to gain, a man necessarily impoverishes himself.

These, it will be said, are minor considerations; and so they are; but not too unimportant to be referred to. I have spoken of avarice, and that in a very sordid form, as being one of the ruling passions of a gamester. I would not be understood as saying that it is the covetous desire of increasing his property that first leads one to the gaming table. Other causes *lead* to gaming—but gaming *produces avarice*.

A manly and fine spirited youth falls into this vice. At first he is probably seduced into it by appeals to his social feelings. He sits down to play, not because he desires to do so, but because others wish him to join with them. At first he is a dupe to those who practice on his good feelings; but a dupe he does not continue. His warm feelings burn with the intensity of the novel excitement. The hours, wearing deep into the night, conclude the game for the time. But whether he loses or wins, he is chained to that board, and to those companions. If he has won, he is taught that it is honorable to give his companions a chance of recovery. If he loses, he wishes to recover himself. He has begun to be a gambler, entangled with gamblers.

He now begins to feel what he never did before, that he is no longer his own master. The manly spirit is going out of him. This passionate excitement—this forming habit—this society of gamblers is too strong for him. The noble and generous qualities of his nature bend and are subdued like pliant reeds. *What he would, he does not, and that which he would not, that he does.*

And insensibly he is introduced among, and becomes linked in, with the most corrupt class of men that society shelters in its bosom. Not unfrequently he may have companions, that he could not bring himself to associate with in public. Gaming and the grave level all distinctions. The associates of the hours of greatest excitement, that is, of those hours when he is most susceptible of impressions of good or evil, are those who can exert no influence over him but an evil one. It is a combination for mutual degradation.

It adds to the peculiar evils of this vice, that it is one, which in a moral community, is likely in a very considerable degree and in its worst excesses, to be practised in secret. The young man, whose character has stood firm and fair, dreads to have exposed to the public eye, what he is unwilling to confess is, but what others will call, a habit of gaming. He shrinks from inflicting the pain on his best friends, that would be caused by a knowledge of his courses and companions. His frank and ingenuous nature is tortured with the idea, that he wears a mask, and plays the hypocrite. He feels that it is base, yet such is the power of habit, that rather than relinquish the gaming table, he will submit to carry around with him this feeling of self-debasement. Though fast losing his self-respect, he will still struggle to retain the respect of the world. But it is a hard thing to demand of others, what his own consciousness refuses to himself. He is uneasy and restless as if some terrible disclosure were impending. He cowers from the presence of the honorable and the good. He is rebuked by the suspicions of his friends, nor is he less rebuked by their confidence in his worth.

I would not have it understood that a young man is lost who has gone no farther than this. No one is as yet thoroughly degraded, who retains this feeling of shame, and the sense of duty. But the youth who has come to the point, where his own personal experience of a vice has brought out in bitter and vivid forms the feeling of shame and remorse, has come to a turning point. Few, who are drawn so far down towards the cataract, ever turn and make for the shore. And here is the last place where he can turn. If he does not yield to the sense of shame and duty here, he never will yield. No man continues in this state long. He must make his election now between two courses, and his destiny hangs on the decision. His sense of shame and duty must conquer the growing vice, or be conquered by it. On one side or the other, he must now take his stand, on the side of the vice or on the side of the duty. He should do it with the settled feeling that if his sense of duty is now not able to conquer the unconfirmed habit, it is in vain to expect that it will do it when the vice has acquired more power, and conscience become weakened and deadened by repeated transgression. Thus far he has not so much become vicious, as he has learned by personal experiment the evil and danger of vice. But he has arrived now at a point where he must decide, or probably never decide whether he will be lost or be saved. He must once for all fly from those companions and habits, or yield to them.

And having gone thus far, become entangled with such associates, and habituated to such excitements, he is likely to crush down the promptings of duty and yield to the vice. We may suppose that he does yield, and trace the course of this miserable young man on, till gaming has unfolded itself into its consequences. It is a terrible picture, that should be traced with a pen of iron, as we see him sinking, stage by stage into the gulf, but it may not be a profitless one. And in the first place, gaming lays him under the most dangerous temptations.

This young man is perhaps in the employment and in the confidence of others. Their money may be in his hands, with little safeguard over it, except his own integrity. He is embarrassed by losses at the gaming table. He believes that the chances must turn, if he only had means with which again to take advantage of them. May he not take a small sum, though it does not belong to him? It will not be missed during the night, he will restore it again in the morning. With the money before him—in his keeping—and alone—and the strong passion urging him on,—is it impossible for him to yield? His hand is upon it—he stifles his fevered thoughts and doubts—he is forth, hurrying through the dark street—he is in the den of gamblers. Suppose that with a mind tossed by fever and anxiety, he is contrary to all probability successful—and that the money is faithfully restored before he sleeps. He has restored by doing this, some degree of ease to his conscience. But again he meets with losses which, with his circumscribed means, are large. Is not the same resource before him? And again he uses it. But he is not again successful—and he must hide the first fraud by a larger fraud. And it is torture to him to think, that it is committed on one who has almost implicitly trusted him. And by degrees the money he has taken becomes so large in amount,—large because he is much confided in—that he is almost hopeless of refunding it. Hoping still by some desperate venture to regain and return all, he struggles on—with the utmost difficulty—almost in despair—evading from day to day a detection that haunts even his sleep, with the terrors of hell.

But leave a picture which is too painful for the mind to dwell on, nor follow him as he plunges with desperation, on into the opening gulf.

He is yet full of warm sympathies and affections. Let us follow him to another scene. It is midnight—and he is alone—with a single lamp—in his solitary chamber—a youth with the elements of a generous and manly nature—sensitive,

affectionate, and abhorring the very vice of which he is guilty. He has no friend to unbosom himself to, and to lean on in this his sad extremity. He is alone with his God, O no! he dares not think of Him. His heart is alone. He has grown haggard with the horrible feelings and fears that have been preying on him. He is keenly sensitive to his honor. But it is gone,—he has been trusted and has defrauded the man that confided in his honor. He has lost his self-respect, for he has done again and again what he could not do, except in the darkness and solitude of the night, and dared not disclose. He stands on the edge of an abyss. A little more careful scrutiny on the part of his employers, and he may stand before the world, a detected and shunned criminal—a criminal with the dishonor of a violated trust. And in his disturbed moments, he has unconsciously taken up and opened a book. But with the resting of his eye upon it, it has fallen, as if the lightning had struck his hand. It was a Bible—on the opened page a mother's name, and a mother's prayer written beneath it. He had found the book after he had left his home, laid away in his trunk, the last token of her affection, speaking alike of a mother's love, and of God. And it is now all before him—that last parting—that religious home, where at night and at morn the blessing of God is invoked on the absent one—the parents and the sisters, to whom he is the object of hope and love, and the strong stay on which they lean. For a moment the vision fills his mind—and he is with them—and hears their voices—and all the familiar scenes are about him. But reality destroys the momentary delusion of the fancy. It passes away, he is still alone—with a single lamp—in his chamber—with disgrace, and crime, and ruin yawning at his feet. There is a letter on the table at his side, just received, full of paternal affection and advice, and sympathy with the good prospects of his son. What answer shall the deluded father receive?

But we will suppose that he escapes detection. Still he does not escape from himself—from fear, and a stinging conscience, and a restless anxiety. Is there no way in which he may deaden this inward torture? Does not one vice tempt to another? Intemperance is the refuge to which he flies from restlessness and remorse. And by this, all his sensibilities are more or less benumbed. But even this, cannot entirely rid him of the consciousness of violated duties, and a righteous God. And sometimes, like lightning illuminating midnight gloom, awful terrors of the future flash in on his soul. There is one effort more to be made, before he can dare to remember the past, or think of the future. He nerves his

will to make it. He looks up at the sun and shuts his eyes, and professes to doubt whether there is a God—and man he says is governed by fate—and retribution, and a spiritual world, are chimeras which priestcraft has invoked wherewith to frighten and rule the vulgar. He will no longer be deluded. No retribution! If he will not believe revelation—how will he disbelieve the laws of nature? No righteous spiritual retribution! Is not hell already beginning to burn in his own bosom?

But he has not yet lost the affections of humanity. And he seeks and wins the affections of one who trusts him, and believes that he *is*, what he *appears* to her to be. And they are bound together for life's weal or wo. Let us go forward a few years. Late at night—in an obscure room—where penury hardly supplies a crust—there sits at her labor, one who is still in youth. Yet suffering has worn away the fullness of her beauty, and disease is already preying at the seat of life, and sending its unearthly sparkle into the eye, and the hectic flush into the emaciated cheek. And as she works, she watches, and her foot touches a cradle where rests a beautiful child —its face turned in the pale light upward to its mother—the eyelids closed, and the breast heaving in the quick but even breathings of sleeping infancy. And hours have passed since the clock tolled its midnight strokes over the silent city. And at every sound she has started, as if one for whom she waited had come—and then sat down again—a single tear only telling how anxiously her heart watched the returning step. It is the gambler's wife, and the gambler's child, and he will soon be back from his orgies to one who did love him, and who yet loves—in her youth and beauty loved him, and now broken hearted, and in her dying feebleness, prays for him with all of a woman's love. May God be with the mother and child in that gloomy chamber;—the husband and father has deserted them.

But let us turn from these gloomy pictures. For it may be said that these things may not take place—that the gambler may not be dishonest—nor have kindred whom affections he can wound.

Let us look then at some of the necessary consequences of gaming.

It destroys all the affections. The gambler would have friends; where shall he find them? Among his associates, where every one else does; among those whose tastes and habits are like his own—among gamesters like himself. But is the relation that he holds to them one of friendship? Certainly not, but *of hostility. In that* which most interests

them, there is no community of enjoyment. One's success is another's ruin. Each one is striving to rise on the wretchedness of his most intimate associates. Can friendship enter into this den of demons, who are mutually trying to destroy each other? And all the more generous virtues, pine, and sicken, and die, in the sickly heats of a haunt of gaming. And the mind—it dwindles away, when it has no other occupation than this; and usefulness is a word that has no meaning; and the moral nature is deadened, till the whole being of a man contracts so to a point, becomes so sordid, so earthly, that it seems as if, in despite of the laws of God, death must be annihilation. But there is no annihilation; that debased and degraded soul shall rise out of the sepulcher of the body, to stand before the bar of God.

Gaming! What does a man play for? Nominally for money. And suppose that he gains it. What does he gain with it? Worthlessness, shame, the most sordid selfishness, remorse, a degraded soul, the ruin of his nature in time, and the ruin o his hopes forever. This is the true stake for which every gambler plays, and which every habitual gambler wins. He may win nothing else, but he certainly will win self-degradation, self-corruption, and ruin.

In these remarks I have attempted to point out only so many of the temptations, dangers and evils of gaming; as might serve to show the justness of the proposition with which I started, viz. that gaming is a thing that a young man had better *let alone.* Its moral turpitude, its comparative criminality, let every one decide upon for himself. I only wish to show, that it is a thing *better let alone.*

And the remarks I have made are not addressed to gamblers. Such men cannot be thus reached. The religion of that class consists almst solely in forcing into the mind some modification of fatalism, which as far as possible shall absolve one from remorse, for the violation of those. rules of duty, which better men feel under an obligation to obey.

But were one to see these pages, so unfortunate and miserable as to be bound by this habit, I should not know how to address him. I might pity him as a most miserable creature, but it would be as one in a disease for which man knows no remedy. Reformation is all but hopeless. Where shall you begin? What springs of action shall you touch, which moved, will have any power to raise the confirmed gambler from his degradation? There are some vices which do not seem to injure the affections, and these may be appealed to, as the ministers of reform. And inconsistent as it may appear, there are

some vices that do not seem to diminish the sense of duty, and then you have the most powerful principle of reform to apply to. But gaming swallows up in its whirlpool, all those active principles of human nature, which might be made the agents of reform. The friendly and sympathetic feelings, the higher affections, the sense of duty, the reverence for God, all bow beneath the throne of this tyrannous vice. And how shall there be any true reform when those active principles are subdued, without which you cannot begin reformation. Gaming, I speak of it as a settled habit, is one of those vices which is to be prevented altogether, or not at all.

I have spoken of gaming as a habit. I do not say that he, who may have by accident, sat down at a gaming table in the course of his life, is a bad man, though I certainly think that he cannot be aware of the nature of this custom, to which he is giving the sanction of his example. His social feelings, may make him yield so far to the solicitations of chance companions, and many have sat down at a gaming table in this way, and risen with a lesson in their hearts, that has made them shrink from gaming with horror, all their lives after. This, however, is not a habit of gaming; it does not result from a passion for gaming, nor is it to be judged by the same standard as gaming. But I would say the same of this, if I may so term it, accidental gambling, as of the habit, it is better to *let it alone.* For who will give the young man assurance, when he is for the first time solicited to sit down at a gaming table, from which he hopes to rise neither a winner nor a loser, who will give him the assurance, that he will not become so involved by losses, or by gains, (for gains involve him in this course as much as losses,) or become so entangled with companions, that all united, will draw him like a net into the worst excesses of the habit. One may be led into gaming by appeals to his social feeling; he may have many virtues; but this is not the end; however gaming may originate, when it is once begun, it becomes itself a cause that sends a poison down to the roots of every good quality. Because he who takes the first step in gaming, lays himself under peculiar temptations to go on; and because if he does go on he is ruined, we may say itis wise to let gaming alone, and every thing that can lead to gaming. Our Saviour, looking on human weakness, has taught us to pray, not to be led into temptation. To no vice do these words more forcibly apply than to this. It is equally the part of wisdom and of duty, to avoid those places, and those customs, which may furnish a temptation to a habit, which, however it may begin, can end only in ruin.

THE GOOD MISSIONARY.

He was a man of ten and two score years;
Of piety sincere, and learning great;
Much knowledge of mankind; as it *appears*,
And as it *is*, he 'd sorrow to relate,
And inly weep that this our mortal state
So sinful was, and to such frailties given;
His kind he pitied, but did never hate;
And it did glad him much to spread the leaven
Which softens every heart, and lifts the soul to heaven.

He had seen much of evil in his time,
For he had widely wandered this fair earth;
Had been where virtue was less loved than crime;
Had poured the fervor of a warm heart forth,
And seen it wasted; with ungodly mirth
Most godly precepts had he seen received;
And oft when speaking of the Saviour's birth,
And death, and mission, had been sorely grieved
To find himself abused, scoff'd at, and not believed.

But he did ne'er despair of doing good,
For this his knowledge taught him to expect.
He let no chance escape to spread the food
Of righteousness, and erring hearts direct
In wisdom's ways, and cause them to reflect:
And many on their sinful lives looked back,
And shudder'd, and became more circumspect:
O, how he joy'd to point to such the black,
Destructive gulf of sin, and virtue's shining track.

And he would tell how easy 'twas to bear
The Cross, and follow in the steps of Truth;
That these would lead unto the regions where
All is perpetual joy, and fadeless youth;
But that the steps of Sin, slippery, uncouth,
Would lead to regions of eternal night,
Where nothing could the soul's deep suffering soothe:
"O! choose thou," he would say, "the way of light,
That leads from sinful thirst, and carnal appetite."

Much loved by men, and much revered, was he;
And he was missioned to the far-off West,
To raise the standard of the ministry,
And fling its glory on the savage breast:
He faltered not; the luxuries, and rest,

And comforts of his lov'd and happy hearth,
Weighed not with him against the high behest;
And soon he took the Cross, to wander forth
And sow the seeds of Truth, where there was frightful dearth.

But one thought troubled him: a wife had he,
Of gentle nature, and devotion high;
Two mindful sons, and lovely daughters three;
And it did pain him much to say "good-bye!"
O, how he strove to check the rising sigh,
And to allay the almost blinding tear
That stood and glistened in his aged eye.
"Long time," he said, "he might be gone: a year,
Or two, or three—perhaps—again might find him here."

It was the evening of the Sabbath day,
And on the morrow he was to depart;
Amid his family he knelt to pray—
And then arose the fervor of a heart
In nature's richness warm, unschooled by art.
And long and fervently the good man pray'd;
And from all eyes the briny tears did start—
For every fount of feeling then obey'd
The call on them his warmth and eloquence had made.

He warned them of the quicksands of this life,
And bade them keep their thoughts on Him above;
"Existence is of disappointments rife,
And many a fiend seems gentle as a dove,"
He said; "and O, do thou each other love,
And always help each other those to bear,
And these avoid." Such were the thoughts he strove
To press upon their hearts, and fix them there;
And tolerant, like this, ended his feeling prayer:

"Compared to glory in the world to come,
What is the value of each earthly pleasure?
And when the transient joys of earth ye sum,
Will all their value weigh against that treasure?
Let me conjure ye, not to spend your leisure,
In dissipation, and unholy glee;
Indulge your longings, but not without measure;
Avoid ye not the house of Misery;
Aye enter that of Want: great your reward shall be.

Be ye not bigots: there is much to do
While on this earth, and life is but a day;
Your needful callings honestly pursue,
And squander not your well-earned wealth away.

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Do not neglect, each night and morn, to pray;
Be ye unto each other ever kind,
And reverence your mother dear alway."
The pious father rose: he felt resign'd,
In such a holy cause, to leave so much behind.

The morrow dawns, a morning prayer is said,
And soon the simple morning meal is o'er;
Brief time elapses; scarce an hour is fled,
—An hour of blessings, hopes, and fears—before
The Missionary leaves his native shore,
And shapes his course for the far wilderness—
Pausing, at times, before some humble door,
An hungered, or athirst; while round him press
Small boys, and flax-haired girls, anxious for his caress.

. . . . . .

His grave is in the Wilderness! He sleeps,
Father of waters! on thy lonely shore:
And many an eye its bitter tribute weeps;
In his far home; and many a heart is sore
With grief, that it shall leap in joy no more
At coming of the guileless man of God,
Who aye his Master's cross so meekly bore.
Well scattered he the seed, where'er he trod,
Of Truth, till it took root e'en in the heathen sod.

He strove, a soldier on a glorious field;
He sank, a martry in a glorious cause:
Only to Death, all-faithful, would he yield;
And only when the grave received him, pause.
His days were never spent in picking flaws
In human creeds, to win renown, or fame:
Enough for him the Saviour's golden laws;
With them, he never feared to come to shame,
Or leave at death one spot or stain upon his name.

W. D. C

Art. IV.—THE PILGRIMS OF THE RHINE.

The Last Days of Pompeii. By the author of "Pelham," "Eugene Aram," &c.

Mr. Bulwer has always seemed to suppose that, in the kindness and indulgence of his American readers, he should find a safe refuge from the censure he has provoked from many of his own countrymen. The friend of free institutions and of abstract, as opposed to arbitrary right, he rationally expected gentle judgment in this Utopia of the liberal school.

We think, however, he has been, if not as rudely assailed, quite as severely judged here as at home. Here, as there, his works have had extensive circulation; *for* the young they are calculated—*by* the young everywhere, they have been bought and read. But the elder, and, at present, leading portion of the community, have almost unanimously condemned his writings as "of immoral tendency," and endeavored to check their influence on the growing mind.

But his late books seem to have reversed the decree of the censor, and fairly "won the wise who frowned before, to smile at last." "The Pilgrims of the Rhine" and "Last Days of Pompeii," seem to have been received with general approbation; but, at the same time, their author is considered as a convert, a new or regenerate man.

Although this opinion is in some degree correct, we consider this regeneration to be, not in the Calvinistic sense, an era, an immediate change produced by emanation from a favoring Deity; but rather that gradual renovation and gentle healing of the diseased soul which, where the love of earth exists, is always, to be hoped, amid the most unpropitious circumstances.

It is the way of the world, and perhaps in the end a not undesirable way, to judge from first and carelessly considered impressions. For what else could teach that prudence, which is as a protecting seal to the generous virtues and maturing strength of the character? But, as every strong action requires a reaction, so does every author and every man of any mark or likelihood, require a little band of faithful friends who will not only buckler him against the hostile, but explain him to the careless millions, who, grateful for the fertilizing influence of his onward mind upon their own, will be indulgent to his efforts, mindful of his intentions, correct him tenderly where he fails, and warmly applaud him where he succeeds; in a word, will study him faithfully, and interpret him to the throng, whom business, or indolence renders less needful of strict justice.

If a warm interest in the progress of Mr. Bulwer's mind, and a watchful sympathy with its struggles, fit the writer for this very pleasant office, some comments on his works may not be unacceptable. And in the first place, we would disclaim indiscriminate admiration. His friends, by excusing or denying his defects and errors, have done him more harm than his enemies ever could.

A key for explaining most, perhaps *all* of the fantastic disguises which character puts on in this our nineteenth century, has been furnished by one, whose profound wisdom and keen powers of observation would, in earlier ages, have entitled him to the honors of a Seer, when he said that the great misfortunes of our day consists in our being obliged to get rid of the false, before we can arrive at the true. An intense light is shed upon the world, the eye of youth vainly strives to scrutinize every object in its wide horizon: alas! we have the ambition, but not the strong unerring vision of the eagle.—Our views are wide, but their limits are often ill defined, the details misunderstood, and the coloring confused. We find ourselves obliged to pace, snail-like, over the ground we surveyed with a monarch's ken, in order to correct those trifling errors, which have perverted the whole idea. Too many dazzled eyes love the ground ever after their first over-bold essays. And those, of more enduring nobleness, who persist in patient strivings to arrive at a more just estimate of that beauteous empire which lies beneath the Sun of truth, too often fall asleep amid the dews of evening, before a fit result has crowned a day of such toil.

This process, so curious, so unlike the simplicity of antique development, and now obvious in every form of intellectual life, can nowhere so conveniently be studied as in the successive efforts of a writer like Mr. Bulwer, born ambitious, with strong feelings and passions as the imagination which represents them, educated in the bosom of the most sophisticated society of modern Europe, daring in thought, and free in speech, not obliged by any prudential motives to consult the superficial tastes and wishes of the public, his first aim the doing justice to the powers he feels himself to possess—his second, Fame.

I am about to speak of Mr. Bulwer's novels exclusively, as it is through them that he is best known; and his other works are comparatively unimportant. He is in popularity, the successor to Walter Scott, and, though following with no equal step, has attracted the public attention more than all the disciples of the Waverly school. The public *love*, indeed, will

never wait on another as it did on that noble being in whom the most expansive genius was adorned by the most beautiful fairness of mind, and guided by consummate good-sense, in whom wit, benevolence, imagination and acute penetration were balanced and combined, as we can never hope again to see them in any individual. We do not intend to pursue a comparison which would be as unnecessary as invidious, since Mr. Bulwer is the founder of his own school, and therefore ought not to be compared with one, whom he has panegyrized with more taste and justness than any one, except Miss Martineau, who ever attempted it.

The first written, though, we believe, not the first published tale of Mr. Bulwer, was "Falkland," a dark manifestation of that diseased love of excitement which follows the premature development of the mind and passions, and of the guilt and misery to which it naturally leads. Its merit, either of invention or conduct, is small; the impression it leaves, searing and painful. A few passages of highly wrought eloquence in describing the minuter feelings, and the lines beginning,

> "'Tis midnight, round the lamp which o'er
> The chamber sheds its lonely beam,
> Is widely spread the varied lore
> Which feeds in youth our feverish dream:"

Which so forcibly describe what Coleridge defines as "Misology," a malady too well known to the youthful spirits of this day, are all which we think worth noting in this register of the sickness of the soul.

"Pelham" is the book which first gave Mr. Bulwer celebrity, and opened the way for the series formerly called the Pelham, but now more honorably, the Bulwer novels. This has many faults and many beauties. The characters, in all their minuteness of portraiture, convey no impression of life; the extremes of passion are often overwrought, the wit is like that of Sheridan, the wit of bon mots and sharp contrasts, not the quiet but more deeply meaning ludicrous of nature: The philosophy which teaches that it is possible to *seem* the thorough worldling, and to *be* the man of delicate feelings, independant and honorable mind, is false.—But there is much knowledge of life and books; much reflected upon too, though as yet the true alchymy has not been applied, without which these ample materials are little better than dross and false brilliants. There are many passages of fine writing, in too ambitious a style, 'tis true, but still sparkling with talent, and, sometimes, musical with pathos. In the delineation of the more lightly shaded

sentiments, in seizing and embodying what floats on the surface of life, the suppliance if not always the perfume of the minute, the author excels. As an instance of high power, we would mention the scenery (if I may so phrase it) of the day preceding the murder. This coming event casts its shadow before; all is full of presage, sombre, lurid, clogging! The squalid misery of the event penetrates every corner of the mind, and the crime seems rising on vampire wings from the most sullen recess of the night.

'Devereux' and the 'Disowned' may be classed with 'Pelham,' inferior in execution, but of the same order, and based on the same outward tending, corrupting principles of life and action.

Next come "Paul Clifford" and "Eugene Aram," in which we may perhaps astonish our readers by saying, that we perceive the beginning of a new state. Those which we have named, we give up, as decidedly injurious to those by whom they are most likely to be studied, that is, the numerous class of Fanfurons, (to borrow a word from the subtle-toned French) who would gladly engraft on an earnest, healthy state of society, the follies and the vices of a luxurious and decaying monarchy. Although none of the social capital is in such hands or heads, and the cool observer will think they must needs have some pet folly, before settling into insignificance, it is impossible not to sympathize with the anxious father or mother who, annoyed and mortified by the would-be Pelham of the family, almost wishes for the would-be Byron back again.

But "Paul Clifford" and "Eugene Aram" are of a different class, and are little to be dreaded, inasmuch as only calculated to act strongly on those more deeply feeling and thinking characters, who have received from nature that regenerating and preserving love of truth, spoken of above.

Mr. Bulwer now begins to appreciate genuine feeling and ambition. True, he complains of the frame of society which, as he deems, distorts these qualities. True, he wishes to strip from many a lordly brow the veil of hypocrisy. True, he has painted a refined and intellectual highwayman, and a noble-minded murderer. True, the extent of tolerance threatens us with libertinism, the love of innovation with anarchy, and deference for the feelings of the heart, with utter dereliction of principle. True, the wit, (and what can surpass the irony of Augustus Tomlinson and Corporal Bunting?) is full of mockery, and carries venum on the feathered shaft. True, Mr. Bulwer does not clearly see his own drift; his philosophy,

once consistent in its worldliness, is now becoming a strange, ill-fused amalgam. Yet with all this, we maintain Mr. Bulwer to show himself on the right track. The very mistakes in his characters, display strong tendency to the ideal. He has become the champion of human nature; he longs to reduce it to its original elements; he sighs for consistency in himself—in others—in the world. He attacks the fabric of society too violently, without considering what he would put in its place; like Schiller, in his "Robbers" and "Ghost-Seer," he errs; but, like Schiller, his very errors savor of progress.

And *now*, we meet him still farther advanced. With reverence for the established, and hope for the new; with more feeling of what is vital in human nature, and less disgust at its vulgarities and meanness—with less ornament in the garb, and more symmetry in the form of his creations—with the philosophy of life maturing, knowledge accumulated and ripened, who shall say that Mr. Bulwer has not in these few years, done much to get rid of the false?—who shall not hope that so rich, so brilliant a mind, will be regenerated into new blossom, by becoming thoroughly imbued with the true?

"The Pilgrims of the Rhine" is distinguished by elegance, a light spiritual way of treating every subject, and a tone of deep and mournful, but natural tenderness. Every tale by which it is adorned, is good in its own way: "The Maid of Malines" seems the general favorite; "The Fallen Star," if not the best written, is of the finest conception. The author may be satisfied who wished it,

> "A spell to lure the anxious world awhile,
> From truths that vex, to visions that beguile,
> Checkering the darkness of surrounding strife,
> With the brief moonlight of a lovelier life."

"The Last Days of Pompeii" is a work of such beauty, that one sighs, as on leaving an atmosphere of roses, on rising from its perusal. And here we would again mention Mr. Bulwer's improvement, in what the greatest masters treasure most,—"Beauty of form." It is like one of the superb vases which the kings of art's golden time, used at their festivals. Here, a scene of richest tranquility, there, of brooding gloom, here, of triumph, there, of impassioned wo; but every shape of life, from the highest to the lowest, etherialized into beauty, by their sculptured purity of contour, and all arranged with exquisite skill, to subserve one design. The touches of humor have no tinge of sarcasm, they are quite free from English sternness, and have the playfulness of sunny climes. Ione and Glaucus

are too bright and fair, to deeply interest our feelings; but they are the needful golden thread to the varied warp. Lydia is not of earth, but an air-drawn similitude of some of our porcelain moulds. Arbaces is a fine and distinct portraiture.

This fruit, is too mellow for the wasp of criticism. We meant, not to dissect, but to express our opinion of Mr. Bulwer's past, our pleasure in his present, and our hope for his future.

We shall make but three short extracts, for we do not approve of detaching blocks from marble palaces. This description of the Apollo:

"And now when the Greek saw the eyes of thousands, and tens of thousands upon him, he no longer felt that he was mortal. All evidence of fear—all fear itself—was gone. A red and haughty flush spread over the paleness of his features—he towered aloft to the full of his glorious stature. In the elastic beauty of his limbs and form—in his intent but unfrowning brow—in the high disdain, and in the indomitable soul, which breathed visibly—which spake audibly—from his attitude, his lip, his eye—he seemed the very incarnation, vivid and corporeal, of the valor of his land—of the divinity of its worship—at once a hero and a god!"

And this—

"The convert recognized the voice, and turning, he beheld the mysterious old man, whom he had seen in the congregation of the Nazarenes.

The old man was sitting upon a fragment of stone, covered with ancient mosses; beside him were his staff and scrip; at his feet lay a small shagged dog, the companion in how many a pilgrimage perilous and strange.

The face of the old man was as balm to the excited spirit of the Neophyte; he approached, and, craving his blessing, sat down beside him.

"Thou art provided as for a journey, father," said he; "wilt thou leave us yet?"

"My son," replied the old man, "the days left me on earth are few and scanty; I employ them as becomes me, traveling from place to place, comforting those whom God has gathered together in his name, and proclaiming the glory of his son, as testified to his servant."

"Thou hast looked, they tell me, on the face of Christ?"

"And the face revived me from the dead: know, young proselyte to the true faith, that I am he of whom thou readest in the scroll of the apostle. In the far Judea, and in the city of Nain, there dwelt a widow, humble of spirit, and sad of heart; for of all the ties of life, one son alone was spared to her. And she loved him with a melancholy love, for he was the likeness of the lost. And the son died. The reed on which she leaned was broken, the oil was dried up in the widow's cruise. They bore the dead upon his bier, and near the gate of the city, when the crowd were gathered, there came a silence over the sounds of wo, for the Son of God was passing by. The mother, who followed the

bier, wept not noisily; but all who looked upon her, saw that her heart was crushed. And the Lord pitied her, and he touched the bier and said, "I SAY UNTO THEE, ARISE." And the dead man woke, and looked upon the face of the Lord. Oh! that calm and solemn brow!—that unutterable smile!—that care-worn and sorrowful face, lighted up with a God's benignity!—it chased away the shadows of the grave! I rose, I spoke—I was living, and in my mother's arms—yes, I am the dead revived! The people shouted; the funeral horns rang forth merrily—there was a cry, "God has visited his people." I heard them not: I felt, I saw nothing, but the face of the Redeemer."

The old man paused, deeply moved; and the youth felt his blood creep, and his hair stir. He was in the presence of one who had known the mystery of death."

And this—are there many finer descriptive passages?

"Well do I remember," said Glaucus, "to have heard my father speak of one strange guest at Athens, many years ago; methinks his name was PAUL. My father was one among a mighty crowd, that gathered on one of our immemorial hills, to hear this sage of the East expound: through the wide throng there rang not a single murmur! the jest and the roar with which our native orators are received, were hushed for him; and when on the loftiest summit of that hill, raised above the breathless crowd below, stood this mysterious visiter, his mien and his countenance awed every heart, even before a sound left his lips. He was a man of no tall stature, but of noble and impressive mien; his robes were dark and ample; the declining sun, for it was evening, shone aslant upon his form, as it rose aloft, motionless and commanding; his countenance was much worn and marked, as of one who had braved alike misfortune, and the sternest vicissitudes of many climes; but his eyes were bright with an almost unearthly fire; and when he raised his arm to speak, it was with the majesty of a man, into whom the spirit of a God hath rushed."

"When he had thus spoken, the long pent murmur went forth, and the philosophers that were mingled with the people, muttered their sage contempt; there, might you have seen the chilling frown of the Stoic, and the Cyric's sneer—and the Epicurean, who believeth not even in our own Elysium, muttered a pleasant jest, and swept laughing through the crowd; but the deep heart of the people was touched and thrilled, and they trembled, though they knew not why; for verily the stranger had the voice and majesty of a man, to whom "the Unknown God had committed the preaching of his faith."

Ione listened with rapt attention, and the serious and earnest manner of the narrator, betrayed the impression, that he himself, had received from one who had been among the audience, that on the hill of the Heathen Mars, had heard the first tidings of the word of Christ!"

Interspersed through these volumes, are many stories which, if of no great originality or poetic force, are very ornamental from their elegance and beauty of sentiment. We have only room for

NYDIA'S SONG.

The Wind and the Beam loved the Rose,
And the Rose loved one;
For who seeks the wind where it blows?
Or loves not the sun?

None knew whence the humble wind stole,
For sport of the skies:
None dreamed that the wind had a soul,
In its mournful sighs.

Oh! happy Beam—how canst thou prove,
That bright love of thine?
In thy light is the proof of thy love,
Thou hast but——to shine.

How its love can the wind reveal?
Unwelcome its sigh:
Mute—mute to its Rose let it steal—
Its proof is——to die!"

Have we duly expressed what we wished? Impossible: for in the chapter of this single mind, is text for a commentary of many volumes on itself, and that spirit of the age with which it has been nurtured. But if we have excited a few to sympathy, or suggested any new idea to others, it is sufficient.

LETTERS ON THE DEITY OF CHRIST.—NO. II.

ART. V.—*To the Rev. Nathaniel West, Pastor of the Presbyterian Society in Meadville, Pa.*

REV. AND DEAR SIR:—I shall now proceed to examine in what character our Saviour offered himself to the Jews, and was rejected by them; and shall endeavor to shew, that it was not as God, but as the Messiah, or Christ. But before I enter on this examination, I wish to inquire first, into the true meaning of the term *Christ*, and *Son of God*, as I suspect that, from the popular theology of the day, certain ideas of a proper Deity have come to be connected with them, which do not belong to them, and serve to mislead the multitude when reading the scriptures.

The name *Christ*, is derived from the Greek, and is the same as the Hebrew term *Messiah*. Its meaning in English, is, *anointed*. Its origin is to be found in the custom, which

prevailed among the Jews, of consecrating or setting apart persons to certain offices, by the ceremony of pouring oil on their heads, which was called, anointing them; and the persons who had been thus set apart, were called, *the anointed.* By an easy transition, rulers and others in office, came to be called *anointed*, although they had not actually undergone the ceremony of anointing; and in the same manner, this title came to be applied to persons, whom God had, in a particular manner, set apart, to be his Agents in bringing about great events. It is thus that Cyrus, though a heathen, was called the anointed (Messiah or Christ) of the Lord;(a) and it is by this name, that the Jews designated that great prophet and deliverer, whom they expected.

It is plain from this, that the term *anointed*, or *Christ*, does not involve the idea of proper Deity. On the contrary, it excludes the idea, as the term *anointing*, clearly includes, a delegation of office, or power, not possessed before. It is equally plain, whether we consult the Scriptures, or other Jewish writings, that the Jews did not expect their Messiah, to be the Supreme God, but merely God's Messenger, and a descendant of their king, David. Hence it follows, that when in the Scriptures we meet with the terms, *Messiah* or *Christ*, we must not associate with them any idea of proper Deity.

With the name of *Son of God*, many persons associate the idea of proper Deity; and yet the very name excludes this idea, for it would be absurd to say of God, that he was his own son. The term *Son of God*, is frequently used in the Scriptures; but there, it is applied to dependent beings. Thus in the book of Job, it is applied to the angels.(b) In the Psalms, it is applied to the princes of Israel;(c) and by the prophet Hosea, it is applied to the Jews themselves.(d)

In the New Testament,(e) the title *Sons of God*, is frequently given to such Christians, as formed their characters after the example and precepts of our Saviour; and it appears to me, that the idea of the inheritance of eternal life, was in some measure, connected with it. But although this title be thus frequently applied to men, and it be thus conclusively shewn, that no ideas of proper Deity belong to it; yet it was in a peculiar manner, applied to the Messiah or Christ, as the Son of God, by preeminence. What led the Jews to apply this name, or title, thus particularly to their expected Messiah, cannot now be known with certainty; but the fact is incontrovertible, that the titles, Messiah, Christ, Son of God, Son of

a Isa. xlvi. 1. b Job, 1, 6, 11, 1. xxxviii. 7. c Ps. lxxxii. 6. d Hos. 1. 10. e John 1. 12. Rom. viii. 14 and 19. Phil. ii. 15. 1 John, iii. 1, 2.

David, and King of Israel, were all indiscriminately used by the Jews, to designate their long-expected Deliverer, and are therefore to be considered as controvertible, wherever we meet with them in the New Testament. I shall here refer, only to a few passages, from which this will plainly appear.

In the 1st chapter of John's gospel, from the 40th to the 49th verse, we read as follows:—"One of the two which heard John speak, and followed him, was Andrew, Simon Peter's brother. He first findeth his own brother Simon, and saith unto him—"We have found the Messiah;" (which is, being interpreted the Christ.) And he brought him to Jesus."—"Philip findeth Nathaniel, and saith unto him—"We have found him of whom Moses, in the law, and the prophets did write, Jesus of Nazareth, the Son of Joseph."—"Nathaniel answered, and saith unto him;" Rabbi, thou art the Son of God, thou art the King of Israel." In this passage, the terms *Messiah, Christ, Son of God, and King of Israel*, are evidently used as convertible. In the 1st Epistle of John, the convertibility of the terms *Christ*, and *Son of God*, is established in a syllogistic manner. In the 5th chapter we read: "Whosoever believeth that Jesus is the Christ, is born of God. Whatsoever is born of God, overcometh the world. Who is he, that overcometh the world, but he that believeth that Jesus is the Son of God." John x, 24: Jesus acknowledges himself to be *the Christ;* and in the 36th verse he says, that he has avowed himself the Son of God. In the memorable confession of Peter, he addresses our Saviour, according to Matthew,(a) as "the Christ, the Son of the living God." According to Luke,(b) he called him, "the Christ of God;" and according to Mark,(c) simply, "the Christ." What renders it still more evident, that the two titles, by which Peter addressed our Saviour, according to Matthew, were considered as perfectly sinonymous, is, that in the 20th verse, he enjoins on his disciples, that they should tell no one, that he was the Christ; without giving them any injunction of secrecy with respect to his being the Son of God, an injunction, which would have been indispensable, if this latter appellation had been in its meaning, different from, and expressive of a still higher dignity than the former. In Luke, I. 15, the angel says, that Jesus shall be called, *the Son of God*, on account of his miraculous birth, or as deriving his being immediately from God. In this sense, too, Adam is called the Son of God, Luke iii. 38. It appears to me, however, that, *indepen-*

a Matt. xvi. 16. b Luke ix. 20. c Mark ix. 29.

dent of this, the Jews were in the habit of designating by this title, their expected Messiah.

Having thus endeavored to shew, that no ideas of proper Deity are connected with the terms *Christ*, and *Son of God*, I shall now pass to my main inquiry, namely; In what character our Saviour was announced to the Jews, and rejected by them.

About 1500 years before Christ, Moses predicted his advent in these words: "The Lord thy God, will raise up unto thee a prophet, from the midst of thee, of thy brethren, like unto me; unto him ye shall hearken."(a)

On this passage, I would remark, that in it the personage promised to the Israelites, is designated, not as the supreme God, but as "a prophet like unto Moses," and to be taken from among themselves. If it be objected to this passage, that the prophecy contained in it, did not in its original acceptation, refer to Christ, but to Joshua, I admit the fact. But it was by the apostle Peter, applied to Christ,(b) and must therefore have been deemed by him perfectly applicable.

When the angel foretells to Mary, the approaching birth of the Saviour,(c) he announces him, not as God, but as the Messiah, who should be called "the Son of the Highest," and to whom *the Lord God should give* the throne of his father David.

When the angel announces his birth to the shepherds of Bethlehem,(d) he announces him, not as *God*, but as Christ the Lord.

To Simon, the Holy Spirit revealed him as the Lord's Christ, or Messiah;(e) and it was in the same character, that he was revealed at his baptism,(f) when there came a voice from Heaven, saying: "This is my beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased."

We have here, four different instances, in which our Saviour is revealed, not through the fallible instrumentality of men, but through the immediate agency of *God himself;* and I now ask you, sir, whether there is any thing in the attending circumstances, as we find them revealed, which can lead us to suppose, that any of those, to whom these revelations were made, considered Jesus to be the Supreme Ruler of the Universe? Was it his mother, who nursed him? who saw him *increase in wisdom* and stature?(g) who tenderly chid him?(h) or who saw him expiring in agony on the cross?(i) Was it Simon, who took him in his arms?(j) Was it the shepherds,

a Deut. xviii. 15. b Acts iii. 22. c Luke i. 31, 32. d Luke ii. 10. 11. e Luke ii. 26.—f Matt. iii. 17. g Luke ii. 52. h Luke ii. 48. i John xix. 25. j Luke ii. 28. k Luke ii. 16.

who saw him lying a helpless babe, in a manger?(a) Or was it the multitude present at his baptism, who saw him ascending out of the water? With respect to these latter, particularly, I would ask you, sir, whether it is possible, that they could believe, that the God, whose voice they heard from Heaven, and the man, they saw standing among them, were one and the same identical deing?

If we pass to the declarations of the Saviour himself, we shall find, that he never, in express terms, and, as I believe, never, by fair implication, announced himself to the Jews as God. But we find him constantly offering himself to them, as the Messiah, Christ, or Son of God, and claiming to be received by them, in that character. From among many, I shall only select a few texts, to establish this point. Matt. xxv. 63, 64, we read: "And the high priest said unto him—"I adjure thee, by the living God, that thou tell us, whether thou be the Christ, the Son of God." Jesus saith unto him, "thou hast said." John iv. 25, 26. When the woman of Samaria tells our Saviour, "I know that Messiah cometh, (which is called Christ;) when he is come, he will tell us all things;" he answered her, "I that speak unto thee am he."

Jesus asks the man whom he had cured of his blindness, John ix. 15, 37: "Dost thou believe on the Son of God? He answered and said: "Who is he, Lord, that I may believe on him?" And Jesus said unto him; "thou hast both seen him, and it is he that talketh with thee." John viii. 24, we read: "If ye believe not that I am he, ye shall die in your sins." John viii. 28: "Then said Jesus unto them—When ye have lift up the son of man, then shall ye know that I am he." And John xiii. 19: Jasus tells his disciples—"Now I tell you before it come, that when it come to pass, ye may believe that I am he."

In the last three texts, the Messiah or Christ, is designated by the personal pronoun, *he*. It is supposed, that this mode of mentioning the Messiah, had its origin in the fear of arousing the jealousy of the Romans. Judea was at this time a Roman province. In the minds of the Jews, the advent of the Messiah was connected with ideas of deliverance from this foreign yoke; and consequently, with ideas of revolt against the Roman power; and hence, probably, arose this covered mode of referring to this expected Deliverer.

The last passage I shall cite under this head, is taken from the affecting intercessory prayer, which our Saviour made, just previous to his last sufferings; and is recorded in the sev-

a Matt. iii. 17.

enteenth chapter of John's gospel, where we read as follows: "These words spake Jesus, and lifted up his eyes to Heaven and said—Father, the hour is come; glorify thy Son, that thy Son may also glorify thee; as thou hast given him power over all flesh, that he should give eternal life, to as many as thou hast given him. And this is life eternal, that they might know thee, the only true God, and Jesus Christ, whom thou hast sent." In this passage, I would beg leave to observe, sir, that our Saviour calls his Father, *with the exclusion of the Son or any other being*, the *only* true God; and himself, not God, but the Christ or Messiah, whom God had sent; and to know, or receive them as such, he declares to be life eternal. Another observation, which forcibly obtrudes itself on my mind, (and I beg of you, sir, to believe that it is made, not in the spirit of reproach, but in the spirit of perfect charity and good will,) is, that it appears to me, that the popular doctrine of the Trinity, is directly at variance, with this solemn declaration of our Saviour, while the Unitarian faith is in perfect and literal accordance with it. Unitarians acknowledge, in the very words of their Lord, the Father to be the *only* true God. Trinitarians contend that he is not *the only* true God, but that the Son and the Holy Ghost are also God, equally with the Father. Unitarians believe, that Jesus is the Christ, the Messiah, or Messenger whom God has sent. Trinitarians, on the contrary, maintain, that he is the Supreme God himself. But if so, it was not possible that he could *be sent*. The phrase *to be sent*, includes in itself the idea of a change of locality, or of moving from one place to another. But such an idea can only belong to a finite being, capable of being limited by time and space, and cannot possibly be predicated of that God, who fills the whole Universe with his presence; and hence, to make the Lord Jesus the Supreme God, contradicts not only his declaration in this place, but in many other passages of Scripture, in which he declares that *God sent him*. Does not a doubt sometimes obtrude itself on your mind, sir, whether a system, which is thus irreconcilable with the plainest declarations of scripture, may not, after all, be erroneous?

I have thus endeavored to establish, that it was not as God, but as the Messiah or Christ, that Jesus offered himself to the Jews; and I shall now proceed to prove, that it was in this latter character, that he was believed by his disciples, and rejected by the multitude. Let us commence with those who believed.

John the Baptist, to whom Jesus was made known, as the Son of God or Messiah, by a special revelation from Heaven,

announces him as such to his disciples;(a) and we find that first Andrew, the brother of Peter,(b) and subsequently Philip,(c) and then Nathaniel,(d) recognize him in that character.

It was as the Christ, that he was believed on in Sychar, first by the woman who met him at Jacob's well,(e) and afterwards by many of the citizens of that city;(f) and it was in the same character, that he was acknowledged by many of his own countrymen—see John vii. 26, 31, 41. I might greatly multiply the proofs on this subject, but that would evidently be superfluous; and I shall content myself with observing, that it was as "the son of David," as their expected Messiah, that the multitude accompanied him with shouts of triumph on his entrance into Jerusalem, immediately preceding his last sufferings.(g)

But, sir, although many of the Jews thus acknowledged Jesus, to be the Messiah or Christ, yet we have not the slightest reason to believe, that even in the moments of their strongest conviction, a single one of them, ever believed him to be the Supreme God. We have the positive testimony of two of the evangelists,(h) that they believed him to be a prophet;—and even in a moment of the greatest excitement, accompanying his triumphant entry into Jerusalem, they look upon him in no higher character. When inquired of, who he is, they answer, "This is Jesus of Nazareth, *the prophet* of Galilee." We find also that the sick, and the blind, when they apply to him for relief, address him; not as God, but as the Son of David,(i) or the Christ; and the multitude, when they witness his miraculous cures, never for a moment attribute them to a power properly his own; but they glorify God, which has given such power unto men."(j)

But perhaps it will be said, by some Trinitarians, who, on this point differ with you, sir, in opinion, that the proper Deity of Jesus, was not, previous to his death, revealed to the multitude, but merely to his more immediate disciples. Let us then now examine, how he was viewed by these latter.

With the family at Bethany, Jesus lived in habits of close intimacy. The evangelist tells us, that "Jesus loved Martha, and her sister, and Lazarus.(k) He himself had been their teacher, and here then we have those, who must have known him in his real character. And now, how do these view him? When Martha, after the death of her brother, meets Jesus, she accosts him with these words: "Lord, if thou hadst been

a John i. 34. b John i. 41. c John i. 45. d John i. 49. e John iv. 29. f John iv. 42. g Matt. xxi. 9. h Matt. xvi. 14: Mark vi. 15. i Matt. ix. 27: xv. 22, and in many other places. j Matt. ix. 8. k John xi. 5.

here, my brother had not died; but I know, that even now, whatsoever thou wilt ask of God, God will give it thee."(a)

The address of Mary is similar to that of her sister.(b) Now from this address of Martha, we clearly learn two things. The first is, that she did not consider Jesus, to be the *Omnipresent* God, but a being capable of being limited by time and space. Her words are—Lord, *if thou hadst been here*, my brother had not died. The second thing we learn from it, is, that Martha did not consider the power, by which our Lord wrought his miracles, as properly his own, but as something, for which he was dependent on God. "I know," says she, "that even now, whatsoever thou wilt ask of God, God will give it thee." As to who Martha thought our Saviour to be, that we are not left to gather by doubtful inference; we have her confession of him, in her own words, in the 27th verse, when she says, "I believe that thou art the Christ, the Son of God, which should come into the world."

But perhaps some may suppose, that the secret of the proper death of our Saviour, was in the beginning only confided to his disciples alone. Let us then now inquire, in what light these viewed him.

The apostle John tells us, John ii. 11, that after Jesus's first miracle at Cana of Galilee, "his disciples believed on him."—This is a fact we must bear in mind. It shews that, from the beginning of his ministry, his disciples received him in his true character, however imperfect their conceptions, or however wavering their faith might be. Whether they received him as Almighty God, or merely as the Messenger of Jehovah, remains to be seen.

We have already seen, that Andrew, Simon Peter's brother, and Philip, acknowledged him as the promised Messiah.(c) On one occasion, when Jesus rejoins his disciples in the ship, by walking on the sea, we are told, that those in the ship "came and worshipped him, saying—Of a truth thou art the Son of God."(d) On another occasion, when many of his followers left him, Jesus asks the twelve, whether they also will go away. Peter answers, "Lord, to whom shall we go? Thou

a John xi. 21, 22. b John xi. 32: c John i. 41 and 45: d Matthew xiv. 33.—Some Trinitarians may suppose that they have here a clear instance, in which the disciples paid divine honors to Jesus, because it is said in the text, that they *worshipped* him. To such I would observe, that the term, translated to *worship*, means in the original, *prostration* or *to do reverence*, and is used, alike to express the homage done to God, or the civil reverence rendered to a superior. It is used in this latter sense, Matthew xviii. 26. In every case where we meet with this word, the precise degree of homage intended to be expressed by it, must be gathered from the known relative situation of the parties. In the instance under consideration, it is clear from the very words of the disciples, that they prostrate themselves before Jesus, as the Son of God or Messiah.

hast the words of eternal life; and we believe, and are sure, that thou art the Holy One of God."(a) But there is one passage, which appears to me to be completely decisive on the subject now under consideration. Matt. xvi. 13, 17, we read, "When Jesus came into the coasts of Cesarea Philippi, he asked his disciples, saying—"Whom do men say, that I, the Son of man, am?" And they said—"Some say that thou art John the Baptist; some, Elias; and others, Jeremias, or one of the prophets." He said unto them—"But whom say ye that I am?" And Simon Peter answered and said—"Thou art the Christ, the Son of the living God." And Jesus answered and said unto him—"Blessed art thou, Simon Bargona; for flesh and blood has not revealed it to thee, but my Father which is in Heaven."

Here, then, we have the memorable confession of Peter, a confession which must be strictly correct, as being the result of divine revelation; and now, what is its import? Do He, and his fellow-disciples in whose name he speaks, recognize Jesus as the Supreme God? There is not a word in his confession, which has even the semblance of such a meaning. He simply professes his belief in his Master, as the Christ—the Son of God—the long expected Messiah, or as the evangelist Luke has it: Luke ix. 20, as "the Christ of God."*

The subject lengthens under our hands, and it is time to bring this letter to a close. In another letter we shall continue and conclude our remarks on the subject under consideration.

H.

aJohn vi. 67, 69. *It is deserving our notice, that the profession of faith of Peter is literally the same with that of the Unitarians of the present day; and yet, that profession, which was so satisfactory to the Saviour, as to draw down on Peter his memorable benediction, is now deemed so unsatisfactory, by the mass of professed Christians, that they deny the christian name, and exclude from christian communion, those who make it.—Surely the standard of christian faith, must have been strangely altered since the days of the Saviour!

WHAT BALM CAN HEAL THIS HEART OF MINE!

What balm can heal this heart of mine?
This wounded spirit put to rest?
Nought but the All-saving hand divine,
Can calm the troubles of my breast,

When oceans roar, and tempests rage,
And dire commotion rends my soul,
He can alone the storms assuage,
And bid the billows cease to roll.

Lord of the Earth, and of the Skies!
Supreme, Almighty Potentate!
To Thee my prayers in silence rise:
Thy power on earth—thy name, be great!

T.

GERMAN CAVALRY SONG.

FROM T. KÖRNER.

1.

On, brothers, on! with sweeping wing—the world before you opens free;
Though spread around with art and wile, the foeman's deadly nets we see,
On, noble steed; my fiery barb, dash on—to where the oakleaf crown
Floats high, and bear thy master's form, the battle's joyous sword dance down.

2.

The rider, carried high in air, goes forward with unconquered soul—
The dust beneath his charger's feet, his rushing blood cannot control;
And far behind lie care and want; his wife, his children, and his hearth;
His sword alone beside him hangs—Freedom or Death before his path.

3.

Thus to the joyous marriage-feast he goes, a bridal crown to win,
Let him who lets his loved one wait, not dare to step our ranks within;
And to our bridal, Honor comes, and Fatherland's, the lovely bride;
He who embraces her, shall sink in Death's sweet slumber by her side.

4.

Ah! very sweet that sleep shall fold thee. Passionate thy dreams and warm;
Faithfully thy true one watches, holding close thy slumbering form.
But when the German oaks shake out their buds in fluttering leaves again,
In a better world she 'll wake thee, to eternal freedom's reign.

5.

Little will their mockery help them, when our God the victory gives—
We wait His time, in faith and patience; He, our sword and buckler, lives.
Fierce and wild the tempest rages; forward, then—be firm and true!
Tho' the world were full of Demon's, this shall be our watchword—Through.

J. F. C.

Art. VI.—PRESBYTERIANISM AND CHRISTIANITY.

Every body knows, that Dr. Beecher and Dr. Wilson spent a week or more, not long since, in disputation before the presbytery and the public, each attempting—so we think it might be stated—to prove that he and his party were christians. But the way in which each attempted to show that he received christianity in its pure and undefiled form, was by showing that he and his party believed the confession of faith, according to its original meaning. Now we think, that before

making a belief in the confession of faith, identical with a belief of christian truth, they should have very carefully enquired, whether the confession of faith teaches the same doctrines as the bible. It seems to us that there is some doubt about this. At any rate, the confession of faith is capable of such different interpretations, that while both parties receive it as containing the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, Dr. Beecher regards Dr. Wilson as rejecting the fundamental doctrines of the bible relating to moral obligation and accountability, while Dr. Wilson looks on Dr. Beecher as a heretic, a deceiver of the people, imposing another gospel on their easy faith, and very nearly, if not quite, as bad as a Unitarian. Considering that the confession of faith was framed as an improvement on the language of God's word, for the purpose of furnishing the simple minded with a clear, safe, and infallible standard of christian doctrine, we think it is very difficult of interpretation. But, whether it be easy or hard to be understood, it must be granted to be a very important question, whether it does in fact contain a true representation of the doctrines of the bible.

We propose then to take up the previous question, omitted by the two theologians above referred to, and to consider whether the doctrines of Presbyterianism, as set forth in the confession of faith, are the doctrines of the bible.

In examining the doctrines of the Presbyterian church, we refer in our statements of them, particularly to the confession of faith, because it is the most generally received standard in our country. We ought, however, to premise, and we say it once for all, that we give the system, according as we understand the confession of faith, and as we believe every one must understand it, except, it may be, a theologian who looks at it through the disguising medium of some pre-established system of his own.

It is proper to state, that every Presbyterian minister on his ordination, and every ruling elder and deacon, is obliged, under the most solemn circumstances, before man and God, to answer in the affirmative, to several questions. They are found in the book, called the "Confession of Faith," in the common edition, at the 378th page; and among these questions is this, "Do you sincerely receive and adopt the confession of faith, of this church, as containing the system of doctrine taught in the holy scriptures." No one is under the necessity of signing such a creed. All do it voluntarily, and therefore, we are to suppose it is done truly, and from the heart. We are thus explicit, for the purpose of avoiding the appearance of misstatement.

I shall now quote from the creed, thus widely received, enough to show the nature of those doctrines to which we object, and to give a just idea of the leading features of the system.

Having stated that our first parents having sinned, in eating the forbidden fruit, which sin, God permitted in order to promote his own glory, it proceeds in these words: "By this sin, they fell from their original righteousness, and so became dead in sin, and wholly defiled in all the faculties and parts of soul and body"—"they being the root of all mankind, the guilt of this sin was imputed, and the same death in sin and corrupted nature, conveyed to all their posterity, descending by ordinary generation."—"From this *original corruption*, whereby *we are utterly indisposed, disabled, and made opposite to all good, and wholly inclined to all evil*, do proceed *all actual transgressions*." "Every sin, both original and actual, being a transgression of the righteous law of God, and contrary thereunto, doth, in its own nature, bring guilt upon the sinner, whereby he is bound over to the wrath of God, and curse of the law, and so made subject to death, with all miseries, spiritual, temporal and eternal." Having thus informed us, that man cannot conform to the requirements of God, and that *every sin* deserveth God's wrath and curse, both in this life and that which is to come, it tells us what that curse is, by which God manifests his glorious justice. It is this; "that they are cast into hell, to be punished with unspeakable torments, both of body and soul, with the devil and his angels forever."

But, in order to show more plainly, that our sins result, not from our freedom of choice, but from the irresistible will of God who gave us the natures with which we are born, it states, "that God, from all eternity, by the most wise and *holy* counsel of his own will, freely and *unchangeably did ordain* whatsoever comes to pass. By the decree of God, for the manifestion of his glory, *some* men and angels are predestined unto everlasting life, and others fore-ordained to everlasting death. Then angels and men, thus pre-destinated and fore-ordained, are particularly and unchangeably designated; and their number is so certain and definite, that it cannot be either increased or diminished. Those of mankind that are predestined unto life, God, before the foundation of the world was laid, hath chosen unto everlasting glory, without any foresight of faith or good works—and all to the praise of his glorious grace." "As God hath appointed the elect unto glory, so he hath also fore-ordained all the means thereunto." Thus it is with those who are to be saved: but how is it with others?

"The rest of mankind," it proceeds to say, "God was pleased, according to the unsearchable counsel of his own will, whereby he withholdeth or extendeth mercy as he pleaseth, for the glory of his sovereign power over his creatures, the rest he was pleased to pass by, and to ordain them to dishonor and wrath, for their sin, to the praise of his glorious justice"—i. e. Men are first doomed to sin by their Maker, and then, according to what I have before quoted, are cast into hell to be punished with unspeakable torments, both of body and soul forever, for conformity to the will of God.

This doctrine is, without doubt, an important one, and so the next words that follow seem not inappropriate; which words are these: "The doctrine of this high mystery of predestination is to be *handled with special prudence and care*," and having stated the reason, it concludes with these words: "So shall this doctrine afford matter of praise, reverence and admiration of God; and of humility, diligence and abundant consolation, to all that sincerely obey the gospel."

But this being an important doctrine, it seems to have been deemed necessary, to make assurance doubly sure. Hence we find the same fundamental ideas again and again repeated. Thus, under the head of Free will, we read, "Man, in his state of innocency," i. e. Adam before his fall, "had freedom and power, to will and do, that which is good and well-pleasing to God; but man by his fall into a state of sin, has wholly lost all ability of will to any spiritual good, accompanying salvation; so, as a natural man, being altogether averse from that which is good, and dead in sin, is not able by his own strength, to convert himself, or to *prepare himself thereunto*." "When God converts a sinner, he freeth him from his natural bondage under sin, and by his grace alone, enables him freely to will and to do, that which is spiritually good." And this is again repeated, if possible, more strongly, under the head of effectual calling. "All those," it says, "whom God hath predestinated unto life, and *those only*, he is pleased in his appointed and accepted time, effectually to call out of that state of sin and death, in which they are by nature, to grace and salvation." "This effectual call, is of God's free and special grace, not from any thing at all foreseen in man, who is passive therein, until, being quickened and renewed by the Holy Spirit, he is thereby enabled to answer this call, and to embrace the grace offered and conveyed in it." From this, it would be supposed, that no heathens could be saved, and none in christian countries, but those who had arrived at sufficient age to be converted. But we should judge wrongly. There are ex-

ceptions. And the creed goes on to state the exceptions. The exceptions are, "*Elect* infants, dying in infancy, are regenerated and saved by Christ, through the spirit." "So also are other *elect* persons, who are incapable of being outwardly called, by the ministry of the word." So it seems, that there are *some infants* who will not be damned.

But, in order to reconcile forgiveness of sin, with justice, something more is to be done. What that is, is stated under the head of Justification: "Those whom God effectually calleth, he also freely justifieth"—How? "by imputing the obedience and satisfaction of Christ unto them." Christ, by his obedience and death, did fully discharge the debt of all those, that are thus justified, and did make a proper, real and full satisfaction to his Father's justice, in their behalf." "God did, from all eternity, decree to justify the elect. But their justification is only of free grace, so that both the exact justice and rich grace of God, might be glorified in the justification of sinners." Finding man thus perfectly incapable of doing any thing, made so by his Creator, the question naturally arises, of what use is the moral law? The catechism? which is little more than a repetition of the confession, solves the difficulty by saying, "Although no man since the fall, can attain to righteousness and life by the moral law, yet there is great use thereof to all men, to the regenerate, and the unregenerate." And the use is this, "to inform them of the holy will of God, and of their duty, binding them to walk accordingly, *to convince them of their disability to keep it*, and of the sinful pollution of their natural hearts and lives, to humble them in the sense of their sin and misery, and thereby help them to a clear sight, of the need they have of Christ, and of the perfection of his obedience.

We have quoted too much, perhaps, for the patience of our readers; but even at the risk of being tedious, we prefer to quote these doctrines in the language of those who hold them.

All this might be expressed, much more concisely, by avoiding the repetitions. God, from all eternity, has decreed whatsoever comes to pass. Among other things, permitting the fall of Adam, and on account of that fall, changing his nature to complete corruption, and perpetuating that corruption of nature through all his posterity, and creating them to live and die, under his wrath and curse, for "the manifestation of his glorious justice." However, for "the manifestation of his glorious grace," he will save some. These, without any foresight of faith, or good works, he elects. The elect, he calls, he justifies, he saves. But as it would be inconsistent with justice, to

That when the scene employed my care,
I'd heed not how she went, or where.

E'en as the boy who takes the bird;
And loves to mark its panting breast,
And breathes it many a pretty word,
And gives it all that birds love best,—
With woman thus I thought to play,
Then wearied, let her flee away.

That wish for fame, is but a dream,
Which only in my dreams can live,
And could I realize the theme!
What could its frail possession give?
The bird! alas! her notes I've heard—
Oh that I now, could win the bird.

She should my every thought engage—
'Twould be my joy to hear her sing—
And keep her in a willing cage,
And of my heart, I'd make the string,—
Then Lady bird we could not part,
But with a seared and broken heart.

Art. VIII.—WESTERN PREACHERS.—No. I.

HENRY B. BASCOM.

Acquaintances with individual characters are formed very much as their owners are pleased to reveal themselves to us. We seem to penetrate the remotest arcana of some natures with a glance; while others are shrouded from our observations in doubts and mysteries. But wherever there is any very striking peculiarity about an individual, it becomes part and parcel of his nature, and his hypocrisy must indeed be consummate, if he can veil it from our view. The prominences of human character, like the prominences of a landscape, are discovered immediately, while the more retired and less distinct portions, require a closer observation.

We have made these remarks in advance, for the purpose of parrying the charge of presumption which may be brought against us, for forming an opinion of an individual, anterior to the establishment of a familiar acquaintance with him. We

have heard Mr. Bascom but on two occasions, yet we fancy ourselves as competent to form an estimate of his powers, as though we had listened to him full two score times. Now, be it understood that Mr. Bascom has many striking points about him which present themselves immediately to the eye of the spectator, and from these we judge. And, farther, Mr. Bascom is in the habit of making efforts to exhibit his energies, and it must be acknowledged, that he is eminently successful in making a complete revelation of all the mysteries of his mind and heart, on such occasions.

Sabbath eve is down upon the earth, and the bells are calling the worshippers to their several temples. The streets in the vicinity of the Methodist Church, on Fifth street, display eager throngs, for it has been announced that a gentleman of celebrity is to preach in that church, on this evening. Mr. Bascom is always greeted by a numerous auditory, when it is know that he is to hold forth in Cincinnati. The hurry with which the multitude presses forward, is an evidence of an intense desire to hear him, whose reputation for oratorical power, stands high with the majority of our citizens. We have now arrived at the church—we are fortunate in getting a seat—for although the hour is early, nearly every seat within this spacious building has a tenant. Crowds throng the aisles, and hundreds return home, not being able to get even a sight of the man whom they desire to hear.

He prays. We do not like his manner in prayer; and his voice lacks that deep pathos which siezes hold of the heart, and wraps about it the fervor of devotional feeling. He tosses his head backwards and forwards with an incessant sawing, which, but for the occasion, would partake more of the ludicrous, than of solemnity. He speaks too rapidly,—his tones are too conversational,—for a service of such deep concern as prayer—and it is evident that the feelings of his brethren are not so thoroughly wrought upon, as when listening to inferior preachers, for they respond but coldly to his most impassioned intonations.

He reads a hymn with an unconcerned manner, and a careless tone. He is as bad a reader of other men's poetry, as Corneille was of his own.

Again he rises. With a white kerchief he brushes his brow, and now places the cambric on the pulpit beside the bible. Hark! he pronounces his text. His exordium, though moulded on a good model, is not particularly striking. He divides his sermon into three heads—three doses after the prescription of Doctor Blair, with a manner which promises

requires the use of sight. Of course they can do nothing, that he requires them to do. They must necessarily violate his laws every moment. But his justice requires that his laws should be avenged, and his own character glorified; and to accomplish this object he places his children on the rack every day, and strains it to the extremityof torture. Some of his children, he would however liberate, if he could consistently with justice. They are chosen, without reference to their characters, while one of them offers, on condition that his father will liberate them, to bear their punishment in their stead. The father assents. He releases some of his children, but inflicts their punishment on this one, while the rest of his children, he still dooms to this perpetual torture. Thus he vindicates his parental mercy and justice.

Were a human parent to do so, all human punishments would seem too light for such demon-like barbarity—a barbarity so monstrous, so beyond all name, that human laws could not reach it. But this parent might defend his course, thus. Man is commanded to imitate God. Did not *he* quench, not merely the outward eye, but the eye of the soul, in Adam, on his first sin? And has he not, on account of that sin, quenched that inward eye, of the soul, in every one created since? Does not his law require, what they cannot do? And to vindicate the authority of his law, does he not doom all, not to this light punishment of the rack, which touches not the soul, but to the flames and tortures of hell—tortures, which like tongues of fiery serpents, dart through the body, and through the soul. Some he saves from this, as I have done, but he saves them, as I also have done, only because another has suffered the punishment in their stead. Am I wrong when I imitate God? Is mortal man more just than his Maker?

We have given a general view of this system of doctrines. The question is—is there such a system in the scriptures? Is this the gospel, the good news that Christ brought from the Father—the blessed system heralded by angels, proclaiming peace and good will to men? This question, it is important for us to have answered correctly, and according to the truth.

We now leave the general view of the confession of faith, and come to its particular doctrines. The first and most important, is that of man's natural depravity. This doctrine lies at the foundation of the whole system. Remove it, and the fabric falls. We have already quoted the Assembly's Confession of faith as to this point. It reads, that the guilt of Adam's sin was imputed, and the same death in sin and corrupted nature, conveyed to all their posterity, descending from

them by ordinary generation; and that from this original corruption, whereby we are utterly indisposed, disabled and made opposite to all good, and wholly inclined to all evil, do proceed all actual transgressions.

In the Heidleberg catechism, of scarcely less celebrity than the Westminster, it is stated, that we are prone to hate God and our neighbor, are wholly incapable of doing any good, and inclined to all wickedness, unless regenerated by the spirit of God. The Andover creed states, "That Adam, the federal head and representative of the human race, was placed in a state of probation, and that in consequence of his disobedience, all his descendents were constituted sinners, that by nature, every man is personally depraved, destitute of holiness, unlike and opposed to God, and that previously to the renewing agency of the Divine Spirit, all his moral actions are adverse to the character and glory of God; that being morally incapable of recovering the image of his Creator, which was lost in Adam, every man is justly exposed to eternal damnation.

This doctrine has been variously modified—no one more so. The mildest form it has assumed, has been this: It is said that man, at birth, is innocent, and free to do right or wrong. But that as soon as he is old enough to perform the first moral action, he sins, and in every action sins, till regenerated by the influence of the Holy Spirit. This is but a different mode of arriving at the same result. The broad, all-important fact is equally asserted here as before, viz: that on account of Adam's sin, man is so constituted, that his moral nature produces sin, and nothing but sin; that all which can sin in man, that is, his *moral nature*, does sin, and does nothing but sin, so long as it follows that tendency originally communicated to his nature. Both assert, that man never does any thing morally good, till regenerated by the power of God. Man is like the poison tree of Java: As soon as it sprouts up and opens its leaves, it begins to diffuse its poison. Soman, as soon as he begins to perform moral actions, he begins to sin, and always sins, till God changes him. The only difference between the opinions we have quoted, is this, one says that man's nature is corrupt with poison, from the outset; the other, that it is not, till it begins to manifest the poison. But the great result is the same. Both view man's nature equally poisoned, they only differ about its condition, during the time in which it is not manifested. It is a mere verbal dispute.

Having stated what the doctrine of depravity is, we shall, in the next number, state our reasons for rejecting it.

Art. VII.—WESTERN POETRY—No. II.

What constitutes a Western literature? It is not enough to make a Western literature, that men should write of wilderness or prairie, of log cabins, or scalping knives. They may write of these matters, and still, in sentiment and in form, in all that gives character and soul to literature, be servile imitators of the hack-writers of the London press. That will form a Western literature, which is written by Western men, out of thoughtful minds, and full hearts—their own thoughts, and their own emotions, amidst the scenes and circumstances by which they are surrounded. Undoubtedly there are peculiarities in the condition of those, who people this new world, and their peculiarities must, in some degree, modify their feelings and views of things. And when they write, if they write out of their own souls, their thoughts coming up like fountains from the earth's heart, with the tinge and taste of the soil, through which it has worked its way up to the light; (and so far as poetry is concerned, he who writes not thus, is not a poet, a *maker*, but a mere copier of the poetry of others,) the same influences, that give a peculiar coloring to the character, will give a distinctive coloring to the productions of their minds. This difference in the circumstances influencing character, made the literature of Greece differ from that of Rome, and gives to every modern nation of the civilized world, its own national literature. It matters not what subjects are dwelt upon; that will be a Western literature which is written out of Western mind, and colored by Western character. We do not suppose that what is written west, will differ much from what is produced east of the Alleghanies. A similarity in all the circumstances that mainly affect the character, must, from the necessity of the case, give much the same tone and color to the writings of the West, the South, and the North. Indeed we have no Western, nor Southern, nor Northern literature, as such—no provincial literature, but an American, a national literature. But whatever the situation of writers in the West may be, if there be any peculiarities in the face of nature, or in our social relations, let them see with their own eyes, think with their own minds, feel with their own hearts, and write what they see, and think, and feel, and we shall have originality, and a literature of our own, so far as either is worth seeking.

We have before us a neat pamphlet of forty-eight pages, containing "The Emigrant, a Poem." This was published a

couple of years back, and is from the pen of Mr. F. W. Thomas, of this city. "The Emigrant" is a poem of a desultory nature—touching upon a variety of themes—rather fragmentary in its character—and without a perceptible connection between the different parts, other than that arising from the regular numbering of the consecutive stanzas. It contains, however, passages of a high order of poetry, and shows its author to be a man of fine talents, but whose poetical powers want cultivation. His mind, indeed, is an intellectual garden; but the wholesome plants are strangely scattered about—without any order whatever—completely helter-skelter—and the flowers of poesy are sadly choked up with weeds. When you find a flower, and get it nicely separated from the worthless stuff with which it was surrounded, it is well worth preserving. Take the following apostrophe to Love, and put it in your book of choice extracts.

LOVE.

O, Love! what rhymer has not sung of thee?
And, who, with heart so young as his who sings,
Knows not thou art self-burdened as the bee,
Who, loving many flowers, must needs have wings?
Yes, thou art wing'd, O, Love! like passing thought,
That now is with us, and now seems as nought,
Until deep passion stamps thee in the brain,
Like bees in folded flowers that ne'er unfold again.

"The Emigrant" was written, according to the preface, "as the author was descending the Ohio river, to become a citizen of the West;" and consists principally of reflections suggested by the scenery through which he was passing, the history of the country, and the complexion of the times. The following is fine.

ELOQUENCE.

How deeply eloquent was the debate,
Beside the council fire of those red men!
With language burning as his sense of hate;
With gesture just; as eye of keenest ken;
With illustration simple, but profound,
Drawn from the sky above him, or the ground
Beneath his feet; and with unfalt'ring zeal,
He spoke from a warm heart, and made e'en cold hearts feel.

And this is Eloquence. 'Tis the intense,
Impassioned fervor of a mind deep fraught
With native energy, when soul and sense
Burst forth, embodied in the burning thought;

That when the scene employed my care,
  I'd heed not how she went, or where.

E'en as the boy who takes the bird;
  And loves to mark its panting breast,
And breathes it many a pretty word,
  And gives it all that birds love best,—
With woman thus I thought to play,
  Then wearied, let her flee away.

That wish for fame, is but a dream,
  Which only in my dreams can live,
And could I realize the theme!
  What could its frail possession give?
The bird! alas! her notes I've heard—
  Oh that I now, could win the bird.

She should my every thought engage—
  'Twould be my joy to hear her sing—
And keep her in a willing cage,
  And of my heart, I'd make the string,—
Then Lady bird we could not part,
  But with a seared and broken heart.

Art. VIII.—WESTERN PREACHERS.—No. I.

HENRY B. BASCOM.

Acquaintances with individual characters are formed very much as their owners are pleased to reveal themselves to us. We seem to penetrate the remotest arcana of some natures with a glance; while others are shrouded from our observations in doubts and mysteries. But wherever there is any very striking peculiarity about an individual, it becomes part and parcel of his nature, and his hypocrisy must indeed be consummate, if he can veil it from our view. The prominences of human character, like the prominences of a landscape, are discovered immediately, while the more retired and less distinct portions, require a closer observation.

We have made these remarks in advance, for the purpose of parrying the charge of presumption which may be brought against us, for forming an opinion of an individual, anterior to the establishment of a familiar acquaintance with him. We

have heard Mr. Bascom but on two occasions, yet we fancy ourselves as competent to form an estimate of his powers, as though we had listened to him full two score times. Now, be it understood that Mr. Bascom has many striking points about him which present themselves immediately to the eye of the spectator, and from these we judge. And, farther, Mr. Bascom is in the habit of making efforts to exhibit his energies, and it must be acknowledged, that he is eminently successful in making a complete revelation of all the mysteries of his mind and heart, on such occasions.

Sabbath eve is down upon the earth, and the bells are calling the worshippers to their several temples. The streets in the vicinity of the Methodist Church, on Fifth street, display eager throngs, for it has been announced that a gentleman of celebrity is to preach in that church, on this evening. Mr. Bascom is always greeted by a numerous auditory, when it is know that he is to hold forth in Cincinnati. The hurry with which the multitude presses forward, is an evidence of an intense desire to hear him, whose reputation for oratorical power, stands high with the majority of our citizens. We have now arrived at the church—we are fortunate in getting a seat—for although the hour is early, nearly every seat within this spacious building has a tenant. Crowds throng the aisles, and hundreds return home, not being able to get even a sight of the man whom they desire to hear.

He prays. We do not like his manner in prayer; and his voice lacks that deep pathos which siezes hold of the heart, and wraps about it the fervor of devotional feeling. He tosses his head backwards and forwards with an incessant sawing, which, but for the occasion, would partake more of the ludicrous, than of solemnity. He speaks too rapidly,—his tones are too conversational,—for a service of such deep concern as prayer—and it is evident that the feelings of his brethren are not so thoroughly wrought upon, as when listening to inferior preachers, for they respond but coldly to his most impassioned intonations.

He reads a hymn with an unconcerned manner, and a careless tone. He is as bad a reader of other men's poetry, as Corneille was of his own.

Again he rises. With a white kerchief he brushes his brow, and now places the cambric on the pulpit beside the bible. Hark! he pronounces his text. His exordium, though moulded on a good model, is not particularly striking. He divides his sermon into three heads—three doses after the prescription of Doctor Blair, with a manner which promises

to expurgate sin. He repeats his first proposition, and proceeds hastily to his comments. His first remark is a profound truth, well expressed. He waxes warm, and now his gestures and manner concentrate the attention of the audience. Every sound is hushed, save the voice of the speaker. Sentence follows sentence in rapid succession. Occasionally there is a break in his fluency, which is very unhappy—a stream, which after leaping headlong from rock to rock, is suddenly impeded, and for a minute progresses lazily along.—But he regains his fluency, and hurries onward. His body is thrown into a variety of the most commanding attitudes, and his arms have a gracefulness of action, but rarely surpassed. Now his fancy is fog-wrapped, and an image shows but dimly through the mists—again he threads the mazes of the metaphysical subtleties of the schools—and now he presents a metaphor warm, shining, beautiful and appropriate.

So much for the outline of his manner, and now for the matter of his discourse. The fault of his style is its exceeding bombast, as his manner sometimes partakes of pomposity. "Words of learned length and thundering sound," abound—a sin in the estimation of classical elegance and criticism.—Many of his ideas seem to shrink to pigmy-like proportions, as if in awe of the 'thundering sounds' which roll around them. His metaphors frequently appear mere tinsel, because of glittering words which were meant for ornaments. He ranges above the tasteful mien of intelligent conversation, in the choice of his language, and therein sins against the canons of good taste, and common sense. There is too much soaring pride, manifested in his references to authorities, and quotations—and when thus engaged, he reminds us of that unfortunate person, whom the Roman emperor consigned to death, because he had a pedantic expression of face.

But his discourse is not merely noticeable from its errors; for in it are deep philosophy, potent argument, felicitous illustration, and brilliant metaphors in abundance. Mr. Bascom's mind is rather remarkable for the elegance of its associations, than for original opulence; and if he would scrupulously avoid the too frequent repetition of such words as 'constellation' 'spangled' 'effulgence' 'magnificence,' and everything else which rhymes with grandiloquence, he would win more admiration from cultivated understandings. Some of his metaphors manifest an almost unlimited faculty of combination, which under a discriminating eye, might be rendered highly effective: as it is, there is a prodigality of splendor lavished, to the confounding of his meaning. His imagin-

ation is strong, and many of its creations are beautiful and vivid. His fancy climbs from height to height, until it seems to reach the summit attainable by human effort, and then glances over the far-reaching prospect spread out before it. His greatest conceptions are superior to his powers of execution, and seem to triumph in dominion over his judgment. His plans are frequently frustrated by a defective and inadequate workmanship. Every sentence is an effort—there is an incessant labor for effect—and his aims are too high for his energies.

Of Mr. Bascom's manner, the general remark we have to make is, that it is too theatrical—too much of the trumpet and flourish about it. If nature ever has paramount claims on orators, it is when they are the occupants of pulpits. All their manner which is beyond the excitation of nature is affectation—a quality of action, which Cowper has properly characterized. If an individual have eloquence within him; and feel a deep interest in the cause of religion, certainly, when he ascends the desk, the responsibilities which he has assumed, together with the importance of the subjects of which he treats, will waken up his spirit and dictate the course best calculated to produce the effect which he contemplates. He needs no action beyond that which his impulses bid; and if he regard it properly, it will be more effective than all that human ingenuity can contrive.

If it be asked, Is Mr. Bascom an eloquent man, we answer, yes—but not preeminently such. We would pronounce him a splendid orator—an accomplished rhetorician. By eloquence, we understand something deeper than rhetoric;—it is that power which exercises an irresistible dominion over us—which weds us to the sympathies of the speaker—which lays the provinces of thought, feeling and passion, under contribution—something whose effect is widely different from the admiration we feel, when our eyes are pleased with exhibitions of gracefulness. Mr. Bascom wants a more natural and simple style of metaphor, and greater precision and simplicity in the use of language. He seems not yet to be aware of the great truth, that nature does not necessarily mean something very grand, any more than devotion means exhibition. s.

Art. IX.—CHURCH MUSIC.

The remarks we have to make upon this subject, will excite opposite feelings in two different classes of readers.—The fashionable musician will of course laugh at them, but the devtional Christian, who keeps in view the real object of church music, will find in them nothing but a confirmation of what he has often, and alas, painfully felt.

The great question relating to this subject, is not "what is the real object of church music," since that is well known; but "whether that object is kept in view in our churches."

Vocal music, of a simple and solemn character, has, from time immemorial, been one of the ways in which to express devotional feelings. It is a natural language of the heart—all nations, and all ages have used it, both as a means of exciting, and giving vent to the feelings. Music is adapted, like poetry, to express the higher and nobler sentiments, veneration, hope, gratitude, and love. Not only these, but penitence, prayer, humility, and faith, find in it a voice to utter forth the full tide of emotion. If the metaphor be not too free, music and poetry may be called the wings upon which these feelings ascend to the throne of God. Hence it is, that from the earliest times of the christian religion, they have been made a part of united worship. How pure, how heartfelt should such music be. The audible breathing of the souls communion with its Maker. The voice of man, directly addressing the Infinite Father! Alas, is it so felt to be? Do we so give the soul to it in our meetings? When prayer and exhortation, fervent and animated, when the sad yet glorious Passover of our Friend and Saviour, and the other high and touching ordinances of our divine religion, shall have sunk to a level with this most abused part of christian worship, and this they might do through a similar lukewarmness, where, amid the surviving idolatry of forms, the mockery of robes and altars, will you find the religion of the heart? This state of the church can never be. Yet when we see the condition of church music, we cannot help asking ourselves, where is now the song of the heart to its Maker, as it was in the day and hour, when at the parting feast, the disciples sang with Jesus? Where is the spirit of that high and holy music? Is it found in the churches? Is it felt in the congregations? Do its tones swell from the lips of those well dressed assemblies, and echo from those vaulted roofs? Let us bring the actual picture near. Let us enter yon handsome church. It is

vaulted, gilded, carpeted, and cushioned. It is filled with gentlemen and ladies, fashionably attired, and extremely punctilious in their behaviour. The Minister announces the hymn. There is a general rustling of leaves and dresses. The flock are finding the place. The performer, with a business air, has taken his seat at the organ. Orchestral fingers are hastily running up and down the index, of the Handel and Hayden collection. Their hearts are on bars and rests, tones and semitones. They are amateurs; great at solos, catches and rounds. They are resolved to make an impression. It is wonderful what responsibility can rest on the shoulders of a few. Scientifically doth the symphony die away. Involuntarily do the faces of the amateurs lengthen, for great is the importance of Time. Expression, too, is essential. Not a *forte* or a *piano* must be neglected—not an interval miscalculated. What a concentration of mind, doth the science of music demand! What reputation is at stake! What a moment for an amateur! Down goeth the wand of the leader. The assembly rises. The rustling of silks goeth up, and the first line of the hymn is lost in the noise. A hundred fans are in motion; a hundred eyes are curiously raised to the choir, and then employed in wandering about the room. Their books are open in their hands, but where is the voice?—Where is the mighty chorus of praise, that should burst from that large assembly? Are they all silent? Are they indeed permitting a band of musicians to sing alone, while they amuse themselves with the sound, as if it were made but to tickle the ear, and relieve the tedium of a worship, which to them is a mere form? Is this the object of sacred music? Is it meant to be this cold and intellectual art, confined to a few. Is it never to be again the warm language of united devotion? Is it never to bring with it that beauty in the heart, that love and adoration, that joy of good resolve, that unutterable triumph of the soul, which filled the thoughts, and trembled on the lips of the glorious company of apostles, when all united, because all felt it a privilege thus to pour fourth the deep tide of religious rapture?

Too seriously, we cannot lament this fading away of the spirit of music. In most of those churches where wealth and fashion congregate, all the music is performed by choirs, of from six to twenty persons. In the more wealthy parishes an expensive organ is procured, and professional musicians are employed, not only to perform upon the organ, and to lead the measure, but to sing for the congregation. Some congregations appropriate hundreds, some perhaps thousands

far beyond its petty jurisdiction is the simple language of the heart—yet how apt it is to intermeddle with what never was intended to be its subject! It would make us despise song which is not *scientific*, though it soothe and lighten the heart of the singer:—though it gladden the long task of the laborer, or cheer the heavy task of the poor:—though it speak with a mighty pathos of multitudes bowed in penitence, or exulting in the joy of redemption.

It is this spirit of fashionable criticism, which has destroyed the music of our churches, only to substitute in its place, that awful and incomprehensible thing called choir music; which has neither the merit of feeling or of science; and we must say, that if churches have really abandoned singing as a part of worship, and yet irreverently retain a little of it as a recreation, or merely for forms sake, they have most effectually punished themselves.* C.

Art. X.—DR. LIEBER'S LETTERS.

Letters to a gentleman in Germany, written after a trip from Philadelphia to Niagara. Edited by Francis Lieber; Carey, Lea and Blanchard, 1834.

This is both an amusing and instructive volume, and we recommend it to the attention of those who love the unconstrained, epistolary style of writing. The entire absence of method and arrangement is indeed its fault. In fact, it treats of no particular subject, and we see the title cautiously avoids all limitation of topic. It does not profess to be a book of travels—neither indeed is it one. It does not profess to have any author, only an editor—he, to be sure, is a responsible person. From its being written to a gentleman in Germany, we are authorized in surmising that it may contain matters interesting and novel to such an one—from its being written *after* a trip from Philadelphia to Niagara, we may conjecture that matters lying between those two points shall furnish at least the basis of its observations. But even these moderate demands are not complied with;—much in the book is not addressed to the German gentleman (of straw?), but at once to the American audience—and quite as much of the volume relates to European scenes, and incidents, as to America. This miscellaneous and rambling character, appears to us a real

* To be continued in Number 3.

fault in the work. Bishop Berkeley's essay on Tar-water, which, beginning with Tar-water, ended with the Trinity, does not appear to us, a very happy literary model. We have enough of the news-paper sort of reading already, in newspapers, Penny Magazines, Popular Libraries, &c. We have a right to expect in a book of the respectable size and appearance of the one before us, a more systematic form, and closer discussion. However, having eased our critical consciences by this reproof; we may further say, that the book is not without its unity. The actual working of the American system—the bad and good tendencies of our state of society—this forms the real subject of these letters; and the views are frequently original, generally profound, always liberal and friendly.

We have long wished to see a book of travels in America, written by an intelligent German. It seems almost an impossible thing for an English mirror to cast a true reflection of America. How can an Englishman put himself into an historical attitude? Bred up to party—having had party doctrines inculcated from his cradle—each man among them must look at our institutions, and character, through a convex or concave lens;—he must see all things magnified or diminished. Such is the fact—we blame not Captain Hall and Major Hamilton for looking at us through tory glasses, any more than we blame a man for being near-sighted—but such is the fact. Each man looks at the facts before him, through the medium of his particular creed or theory—and sees only what goes to prove it.

From various causes, obvious enough, the German is more free from such prejudices—he is therefore generally much better fitted to make correct observations on foreign countries. They are generally accurate, discriminating, liberal.

We are free to confess, that of all Travels we have ever read—those of Prince Pückler Muskau in England seem to us the best. Although perhaps not quite just to England—they are full of generous views, and minute observation—remarks which penetrate below the surface—and reflections springing from a mind highly gifted by Nature, and well formed by a knowledge of books and contact with men. A rumor has been spread that this gentleman is now travelling in this country, incognito. We hope it is so—a volume on America from such a pencil, would be invaluable.

In the mean time, the letters before us, remind us strongly of the spirit and style of those celebrated travels. They are written by one who resembles the Prince Muskau in several

city. To your right, somewhat in the rear, you have Staten Island, with her gently sloping hills, capped with country-seats; to your left, the Jersey shores, with smaller bays and inlets, and another city; and all the three waters strewed with vessels of all sizes and destinations; some slowly ploughing the waves, all sails set, above and aloft, with a drowzy breeze, some speeded by man's ingenuity, some riding and resting at anchor in the stream, some in the service of peaceful commercé, some with a heavy burden of metal; some are coming up from the narrows after a long passage; you can see it by the rust which the sea has washed from the iron of the shrouds, and which now stains her sides, as she comes from beyond one of the distant fellow-capes, thrown out into the sea, to mark where the Atlantic ceases; here you perceive some as they are towed down by the steamboat, there you see the schooners beating up the river, with their large canvass, like wide-winged gulls at a distance, so many in number, that they are spread out like the tents of an Arabian camp, on the even surface; here are the heavy-laden Indiaman, the racing packet, the nimble cutter, from the Chesapeake, the gazelle of the waters, and the fleet and Saxon news-boat, defying even the swift pilot, with his inclining masts, and sailing closer to the wind than vessel ever did before, and the skiffs of the fisherman, the flat bark of the patient oyster-man, and the buoyant yatch, to carry buoyant youths; and between all these vessels, move the quick ferries, like busy spiders, to and fro. It is, indeed, an enchanting sight! What man loves, and what he dares; nature in all her fullness, freedom, and grandeur; nature tamed by man—all is here collected on one spot.

A NORTH RIVER STEAM-BOAT SETTING OFF.

——— "Sir, the Courier and Inquirer! Latest news from Europe; Sir—" says a little fellow, approaching you with a bundle of that paper. "The Standard, Sir! a Jackson paper; the latest news from Washington," calls another, concluding from your refusal of the Courier, that you are a friend of the administration. "The Daily Advertiser!" exclaims one; "The Gazette!" says another; "The Advocate!" a third; "There is a letter of Jack Downing in to-day"—"A great fire in Charleston"—"The total loss of the ship Raleigh." The steam begins to whistle with its sharp noise, an over-match to every other sound, except the similar cutting tone of escaping steam from the pipes of opposition boats. The vessel, yet fastened to the pier, moves forward and backward, like an impatient horse, dashing the water against the side of the wharf: the loud bell rings over your head; the opposition boats ring their bells, too; ladies and gentlemen, with their children, rush in over the narrow bridge, which connects the boat with the land, together with pushing porters and searching friends; trunks float over your head, veils fly by your face, canes threaten your eyes, carpet bags knock you right and left, wheel-barrows endanger your toes and shins. The single strokes are tolling; the opposition toll their single strokes too; late comers hasten from the different streets, puffing and blowing; hackney coaches rattle from all directions;—some people call from the wharves, some leap on board and climb over the railing; the boat moves more unruly to and fro;—a bundle of tracts is thrown to you: "Please, Sir, distribute them;" a baby, with a cap of sky-blue sarsinet, silver tassels, and yellow feathers, is yet handed over to a

red-faced, panting Irish woman, with a bonnet of contrasting colors, and—some people remain disappointed on shore, looking with an angry face, after the boat, because a single second costs them twelve hours, perhaps twenty-four. The shrill steam ceases—the boat moves on.—Some bundles and valises are yet thrown from the wharf; one falls into the water—never mind, the boat cannot stop. Presently a second boat darts from between two other piers, the dangerous race begins, and now the American feels comfortable.—Another bell! "Passengers who have not paid their fare, please step to the Captain's office!" Another rush—another squeeze."

Our author's remarks respecting the "Land of Silly Names" in New-York State, deserve attention among us in the West, who have to give names to so many new townships.

Our last extracts will be examples of a class of remarks to be met with in this volume, in which he traces traits of character in little things. He finds on a sign board, indications of respect for Law, and on the back of a turtle, a utilitarian turn of mind. He may be right in this—straws show how the wind is blowing. With these extracts we bid him farewell, but should like to see him among us, to make observations on the Western character.

RESPECT FOR LAW.

"'Keep to the right, as the Law directs' you will often find on sign boards on bridges, in this country. It expresses the authority which the Law here possesses. I doubt very much whether the Romans, noted for their obedience to the Law, held it in higher respect than the Americans."

AMERICAN UTILITARIANISM.

"The following may, perhaps, serve as another instance of the American practical turn of mind. I found, one day, in a street in Boston, a turtle walking with the step which Cicero recommends to philosophers, before the door of a *restaurant*, with the words "Tomorrow Soup" written on the back of the poor creature, which thus was doomed to invite man's all-exploring appetite to partake of its flesh."

CRITICAL NOTICES.

JOURNAL OF A VOYAGE ROUND THE WORLD, *by* J. M. REYNOLDS.

This book contains an account of the voyage of the frigate Potomac, under the command of Commodore John Downes, during the circumnavigation of the Globe, in the years 1831, 1832, 1833, and 1834, including a particular account of the *engagement* at Quollah Battoo on the coast of Sumatra; with all the official documents relating to the same; and its motto is "naval power is national glory." It is accordingly dedicated "to the Honorable the SECRETARY AND OFFICERS OF THE UNITED STATES NAVY." We believe the officers of the navy are not styled "Honorable," but this is no matter. Nor is it worth while to stop to inquire whether national glory consists of "naval power." Let us not be deterred by these mistakes in the beginning, but examine the book. The introduction, of ten pages, is taken up with stating that a great part of the journal is made up of the notes of others. Mr. Reynolds not having been himself with the Potomac, until "some twenty months" before her return to the United States. The attack on Quallah-Battoo seems to be uppermost in the author's mind; and the apparent object of writing the book, is to correct public sentiment on this subject. Be this as it may, the volume is an interesting and valuable one. But it is written with rather too much diffuseness, and ambition of style, for a plain narrative. All that is valuable in it, might have been embraced in half the size. It is a vice of the age to spread out books to an absurd length.

In the 1st chapter, we have a *history of the city of Washington*—a *description of Mount Vernon*, where rest the ashes of the Father of his country, "together with those of his connubial partner"—and an account of La Fayette's visit to the spot. "The subject of which digression," he queerly observes, "will naturally *plead its excuse*." Next, a description of Norfolk. The fact is next stated that the Potomac was instructed to recieve on board the "Honorable Martin Van Buren *and suite*, the *recently appointed Minister* to the Court of St. James. It is next stated that "James Monroe, the fifth president of the United States, died on the fourth of July 1831," which he calls "a third point to a coincidence of a remarkable character." Then follows an indignant and most patriotic curse against the Malays, for murdering some of the crew of the Friendship. At last, at the 23d page, or rather the 33d, the ship *begins her voyage!* "*We* do really believe," says he "no one can thus depart without experiencing emotions which do credit to the human heart." When in sight of the Cape de Verd Islands, he says rather verbosely, "The voyage of the Potomac thus far, had not been very favorable, as her course had not been facilitated by any winds which were entitled

to the appellation of *trade*." We think such a style is entitled to the *appellation* of "spread,"

His description of Riò Janeiro, aided by a handsome engraving, is interesting, however, though unnecessarily spread over twenty-five large octavo pages. While we condemn this, we may be condemned ourselves, by readers who perhaps will not find it a line too long. Mr. Reynolds, as we said before, has certainly spun some interesting yarns, though not a sailor,—and his book will be read with pleasure, as all books are, which minutely describe voyages. We recollect with what interest we followed Captain Morrel, and we hope to hear from many a literary Tar before we die. The account of the Cape of Good Hope, again, is too long—twenty-eight pages. The Cape has been so often described, that this was not necessary, particularly as Mr. R. is by no means original or striking in his descriptions. Next follows the pith and manner of the book; the account of the frigate's operations at the unfortunate Quallah-Battoo. Some of the natives of this place had attacked and robbed the Friendship, 9th February 1831; killing three men. And the conspiracy, Mr. Reynolds charges, was that of the whole town, though only a dozen or two took part in it. The truth of this charge has never been investigated;—for the Friendship left the island immediately, returning to Salem, without prosecuting her voyage, and the Potomac landed her forces there, on the 6th February 1832, (a year afterwards). The Potomac had 500 men on board, and they all landed, completely armed, except such as could not possibly be spared from the ship, about two o'clock in the morning, on the beach near Quallah-Battoo. While in this situation "they presented" as Mr. Reydolds says, "a picture that was by no means deficient in those exquisite touches which constitute the "moral sublime!" The Malays defended themselves as well as they could, but their forts and houses were easily taken, with the loss of two of the Potomac's men, one of whom killed himself in getting over a parapet.

A great many were killed on shore, and all the property was destroyed, (page 116). The number of natives killed, is afterwards stated to be 150.—He apologises most earnestly for this act of severity, and dwells upon its good effects, at much length. He then describes Sumatra, (114 pages,) which description, though not showing much talent, is interesting. The writers use of language is sometimes odd. Speaking of rice, he says, "It is probable that not less than fifty millions of the human family depend for their sustenance, almost exclusively upon this farinaceous and *esculent article of food*." The ears of rice, he calls "Sweet *bashful* pledges of delicious harvest, *wafting their influence to the ripening sun*," (page 147). On page 148, he makes out the palm, to be a *species of turpentine*. On page 155, he thus sums up a chapter.

"We have thus taken a hasty and *excursive* view of the Island of Sumatra * * * * * We have seen the capacities of its soil and the varied richness of its vegitable and animal kingdom. How rich, in point of external appearance and grandeur, is the inheritance of the Malay! On the soft and rich *teints* of its mountains, the velvet covering of its hills, its velvet cascades, placid lakes, rapid streams,—Sumatra may challenge comparison with the world! Why has nature been so extravagant? Why be

topics connected with religion, than on any others connected with human welfare. They will throw into theological learning a large amount of new thought and illustration. We need only to look to England, to see the value of such writings from such men. Very many among the best known, and most valuable among English theological writings, are from the pens of the laity. I need only to refer to such names as Locke, Newton, Milton, Wilberforce, Hannah More, or among those now living, to the unknown author of the History of Enthusiasm. * * * * *

EXTRACT FROM A LETTER, WRITTEN AFTER THE DEATH OF A FRIEND.

* * * And now permit me, my dear P——, to express to you a few thoughts, suggested by the late death of a dear friend, in whom we were both interested.—Death, my friend, is appalling to all hearts—but especially so, to the young, who are untried in life's troubles and miseries—the morning sun of whose existence, gilds all the future with pure sunshine.

It requires an uncommon strength of mind and character, to be able to meet that, with resignation and composure, which is to blot out forever the pleasant scene around, and cause all the bright happiness and joy, anticipated for the future, to become a sealed book forever, to the senses.

Yet we have seen one, my friend—young, beautiful—surrounded by every thing which could make life desirable—whose future was tinged with the light of joy-giving hope—and we have seen her meet death calmly. With a full consciousness, that her days on earth were numbered and few, she has conversed on the subject of her departure, as composedly and happily, as though she were about to take an earthly journey, to pleasant scenes and places.

There is something morally sublime in this triumph of the spirit over the world and death; and those who stood around the dying bed of our deceased friend, must have felt an elevation above the things of earth—must have felt the stirring of their immortality within them.

The sins of our departed friend, seemed to form no part of her character; but were stains upon her pure soul, which she hastened to wipe out as foreign and polluting. Each day her heart was laid open before her Maker, and its sins repented of, before slumber settled upon her eyelids. Of course, such a heart was pure, and loved the pure, the beautiful, and the good—and of such is the Kingdom of Heaven.

She had never thought much of Religion, as a separate and distinct thing, from the ordinary transactions of life—but she had found, and become imbued, with the true spirit of practical religion, or she never could have met her trials as she did. She was in the constant exercise and practice of the highest christian virtues: and when that last dread hour came—and she was to bid adieu to all her friends, and close her eyes on the scenes of earth, forever—it was evident that the spirit of God was with her, sustaining her soul in the struggle.

The sweet smile which lingered on her face, after the spirit had taken its flight, was an earnest, that she had drank deep of that fountain of living waters, of which, he who drinketh shall never thirst.—Can we doubt that such a spirit has joined the company of the just made perfect, though no creed had been signed, or public confession made of that faith, which shone out in all her actions? Heaven forbid! that the beginning of a belief, that these things were essential to her soul's salvation, should obtrude itself upon my mind; for it would drive me into the cold and barren regions of scepticism.

No!—those who stood around the dying bed of our friend, and saw the peaceful smile of joy which lighted her features, as the lamp of life was extinguished,—feel an assurance, which nothing can shake, of the happy immortality of her soul.

Death, in that hour, was robbed of his terrors—and we felt it was but the ushering in the spirit to a glorious and happy Eternity—the swallowing up of the mortal, in immortality.

God grant, that all who witnessed that scene, may profit by the lesson taught; and may His Almighty arm sustain the bereaved in the trial which now overshadows them—and in all the trials and sufferings, to which he may call them here below—'till their race on earth is run—and their souls shall wake in the land of the Blessed, to join the spirit of our friend, amid the joys of Heaven. V. T. H.

INTELLIGENCE.

Died, in Philadelphia, on the 6th day of July, John Marshall, chief justice of the supreme court of the United States—in the 80th year of his age.

Every man, when he dies, leaves his character, as a legacy to the public in which he lived and acted. This legacy is rich or poor, according to the elevation, or degredation, of the character which constitutes it, and according to the spirit in which it is received and improved.

In this point of view, the venerable *chief justice*, has not only rendered inestimable benefits to his country, by the active service of his long life—but has left her the wealth which he has been, during that time, acquiring—a wealth which cannot be taken away—even a high and irreproachable character.

In him, we have lost one of the great champions and apostles of the freedom of mankind. He has, during his whole life, devoted himself, body and mind to the establishment, defence, and elucidation of the great principles of human liberty, protected by law. As a soldier in the army of the revolution, he poured out his blood in the establishment of his country's freedom—as the statesman, he defended her rights in her councils—as a judge, he has been a constant fountain, from whence, in all time, "calm or convulsed," has flowed the pure waters of truth and wisdom.

For more than thirty years, he has ministered, as the great high priest, in the temples of his country's justice—and most faithfully has he discharged

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THE WESTERN MESSENGER,

PUBLISHED ON THE FIRST DAY OF EVERY MONTH.

I.—Objects.—To promote a manly, intelligent, and liberal piety, and a faith working by love; to explain and defend the misunderstood and denounced principles of Unitarianism; to be a bond of union for western Unitarians, and a connecting link with their eastern brethren. Also, to aid in diffusing sound views on literature, education, schools, and benevolent enterprises.

II. Reasons.—The Unitarian "sect is everywhere spoken against." Many persons think that they really ought to do and say things contrary to this name. Others, more liberal, ask, "may we know what this new doctrine, whereof thou speakest, is?" But there is no answer. We have no means of reply, explanation or defence. Smitten on the one cheek, we must literally turn the other. The ear of the public is open, and the tongue of the press, so far as Unitarians are concerned, resident. We think the West demands and will support such a work. We believe that there is a spirit here which asks for truth; which is testing received opinions, to determine whether they are consecrated by truth, or consecrated only by time; listening to the apostolic injunction, "*prove all things; hold fast that which is good.*"

III. Manner of conducting.—The work will be conducted by the ministers of Unitarian ministers in the West. It will be published at Cincinnati, under the general superintendence of Rev. E. Peabody. Local topics of interest will be attended to. General intelligence, of a miscellaneous character, will be inserted. New books will be noticed, and diligent observation paid to such matters as particularly concern the social or religious condition of the West.

IV. Conditions.—The Western Messenger is published monthly, at Cincinnati, on paper of a superior quality, and with type entirely new. Each number contains 72 large medium octavo pages, making at the end of the year, two volumes, of 432 pages each. The subscription price is three dollars, payable at the time of subscribing.

Cincinnati, June 1834. T. H. SHREVE & CO.

THE

WESTERN MESSENGER;

DEVOTED TO

RELIGION AND LITERATURE.

No. III.

SEPTEMBER, 1835.

CINCINNATI:
PUBLISHED BY T. H. SHREVE & CO.
BOSTON; JAMES MUNROE & CO.

1835.

Single numbers—Postage, under 100 miles, 4½ cents; over 100 miles, 7½ cents.

THE

WESTERN MESSENGER;

DEVOTED TO RELIGION AND LITERATURE.

VOL. 1. SEPTEMBER, 1835. No. 3.

ART. I.—PRESBYTERIANISM AND CHRISTIANITY.

NATURAL DEPRAVITY.

In our last number, we quoted largely from the most popular standards of faith, to show what the Presbyterian doctrine of depravity is. We shall now state some objections to it. If this doctrine meant only, that there is no man living without sin; no one who does not sin often and flagrantly, against the divine commandments, that in all men, and in every part of the earth, there is wickedness, and that wickedness often sinks into the darkest depravity—that all records are stained with accounts of crimes and vices, we should have no word to say against it. It is what we preach—what we believe—what all believe. The question is not, whether men sin, or are liableto sin. If the Presbyterian doctrine of natural depravity taught only, that man's nature was imperfect, there would be room for difference. Human nature is an imperfect nature, as everything created is, and must be, if the Supreme be the standard of perfection. About these and other points, there is no dispute.

Differences of opinion do not arise. till we reach points of faith that are added to these. The difference is about the origin of sin, and man's state by nature. And as we do not wish to consider a doctrine which is not actually believed, we shall consider the mildest form that it has ever assumed. All are aware that those who receive this doctrine, are by no means agreed among themselves, as to what it is. It has been variously modified in a long series of changes, from the assembly's catechism, down to the doctrine of the Episcopal church.

The last and the mildest form which it seems to have assumed, one condemned by the great body of the orthodox, for an heretical mildness, is that of the New-Haven school.—Any objections against this modification of the doctrine, will bear with greater force against any other form. To save ourselves from the unwelcome task of presenting other men's opinions, in any words except their own, we shall quote their own language.

We quote from the New-Haven Christian Spectator, itself a work of authority; and from an article apparently written with authority, on the differences between the new and the old theology. "What, then, is the real amount of difference?" they ask.—"Not that there is any want of certainty as to what the moral character will be, when they have a moral character, be that time when it may; for both parties alike hold that, that character will be *sinful*, and ONLY SINFUL. Not that Adam's sin has had no influence to secure the occurrence of this result, for both sides are perfectly agreed in this fact. Not that all men, when *sinners* are not justly punishable with eternal death. What then is the difference," it proceeds, "merely this, that some think men sin, as soon as they can sin, and that this is certainly very early, *may* be from birth, and at all events, must be soon after. They do not know so exactly when, as to be *sure* of the precise point of time. Others think that they do know, and that this moment is the exact moment of birth, or when a man becomes a living soul. This is precisely the whole difference—while both agree that men sin infallibly as soon as in the nature of things they can, unless prevented by divine grace." Ch. Spec. 5. 4. That is, all are agreed in the great point, that owing to Adam's sin, all men are born with a corrupt nature, which infallibly results in sin, and in sin only, as soon as man becomes capable of knowing the difference between right and wrong; and this is so early, it says in another part of the article, that it is a proper use of language, to say in general terms, from his birth. The only difference is, whether men are to be at birth, called sinners, on account of their corrupt moral nature, or not till that nature has resulted in action, and the infant committed its first sin. In all other points, as it regards this doctrine, they are agreed.—This they deem a difference of no moment, and it seems to us, that it *is* only a verbal difference. Here is a shrub, whose nature is poisonous. If it touches your hand, it will poison you. Its sap is poisonous, and always poisonous. But one party contends that it ought not to be

called a poisonous shrub, till it has poisoned some one—the other, that it ought to be called a poisonous shrub from the beginning, when it first appears above the earth. It is a dispute about words.

With respect to these differences, we have nothing to do. The only question is, whether the doctrine, in any form, is found in the scriptures. It would seem however, as if they who cannot decide on the nature of the doctrine among themselves—whose creeds clash at every angle, ought to have some charity for those who suppose that this doctrine, like many other opinions, is one inherited from the dark ages, and which has no real authority from the scriptures, but only from long established creeds. That part of the orthodox faith, then, from which we dissent, is this, and we state it in its latest and most softened form, viz: that owing to Adam's sin, the natures of all men are so constituted, as to result in sin, and nothing but sin, always and entirely, till men are prevented from sinning, by the grace of God.

In the language of another high authority, that all remain wholly perverted and hopeless of recovery, without the grace of God;—and that they are dependent on Christ for a *willingness* to do any thing which will save their souls.* That is, men sin as naturally as they think—always sin, when they act at all—and cannot cease to sin, any more than they cease to think, till they are regenerated by the immediate influence of the divine spirit. Till they are thus wrought upon, and changed, their natures produce nothing but sin. For that change in their natures, they are entirely dependent on God; and till he produces that change, they are justly liable to eternal punishment. Now it is not contended, that this divine grace, without which there is no salvation, reaches and changes the hearts of all. Myriads on myriads are past by, and acting out the natures which God gave, go down to everlasting *torment*. What a view does this give of the character of God! To use the most qualified language, He who sees all things from the beginning to the end, creates men with an entire disposition to sin, and a total disinclination to do good; so that it amounts to a moral inability. No one will do good till arrested by the divine hand. Having thus created them, he casts them on the stream of time. They proceed on sinning, as naturally as they breathe, with a greater moral inability to stop sinning, than to cease from breathing. Proceeding according to the natures which God has given them, they

*Dr. Beecher.

float on, and no arm is stretched forth from Heaven to rescue, till the stream, rushing in impetuous progress, turns around a sudden point, and they are cast into the fiery and eternal waves of hell. All this, God has foreseen. He has given these natures. He has created them, so as to be dependent on his interposition, for even a *disposition* to save themselves, and He does not interfere to give it. Modify and soften the doctrine as much as you will, it comes round in the end to this. It represents God as loving sin and evil.—Else why create men with a morally invincible repugnance to all good, and an equally invincible disposition to all evil?—Why, without arresting them, does He suffer them to proceed on, acting out the disposition he has given them through time, and to suffer eternal punishment for it hereafter? But it may be said, that men sin freely, and from choice. But what kind of freedom and choice is that, in which there is an entire disinclination from all good, and an entire disposition to all evil? a disposition so strong, as to produce a moral inability to do good. What kind of moral freedom is that, where men have to violate every principle of their natures, in order to do good. And what kind of a God is that, who has so constituted his creatures, that until he directly interposes to change their natures, they must, in order to be virtuous, violate every principle which he has implanted in their hearts?

God does not arrest and convert all. And we would ask another question. What, according to this doctrine, becomes of young children? Half of the world dies in childhood.—Very few of these are sharers in a miraculous conversion.—What becomes of the rest? We do not speak here of infants before they are moral agents. It is not to be imagined that any human heart believes in their damnation. If any one believes in infant damnation, we would not attempt to argue such a point. There is no argument that could touch the mind, that could believe a thing so utterly horrible and monstrous. We speak not of infants before they are moral agents—but of children, that have become moral agents—though the belief from which we dissent, supposes that they become moral agents so early—at so very early a period, that in general language, you may say from birth—and that for the first sin, they justly deserve eternal punishment. Take then, the young child; it performs its first moral act, acting from the instinct of its nature; that act is a sin. Suppose, as soon as it is done, that a blow should fell it to the earth—that an accident—a sudden disease should arrest its life. What becomes of this child? It is justly doomed to eternal punish-

ment, says this belief. We speak not of infants before they are moral agents, but of young children that know the difference between right and wrong, and are moral agents. What becomes of the millions of such, that die without conversion, ——amiable, affectionate, tenderly obedient, but never converted. What becomes of them? Doomed justly, says this faith, to everlasting punishment. From the threshold of existence—from the meekness and ignorance of earliest childhood,—launched into an eternity of wo—for that one, or ten, or one hundred moral acts—to groan forever beneath the wrath and curse, of whom?—their *Father*. Can an earthly parent imitate the divine? We have nothing, we know of nothing to say against a doctrine like this, but to state it. But we confess, if it be heresy to disbelieve it, our faith is a heresy. We cannot think that such doctrine as this was in the Saviours mind, when he took up little children, and laid his hands on them, and blessed them, nor when he uttered the words that men must become as little children, if they would enter into the kingdom of God.

The only proper authority for such a doctrine, is the scriptures. Can you find it stated there? Not at all. We find men condemned for great wickedness—for great ingratitude towards God, and great disobedience. We find some communities condemned for a universal degradation and depravity. We find men's sins and neglect of duty particularly spoken of, for it is the purpose of the gospel, not to utter praises of human virtues, but to point out men's sins and to save them from committing them. But this is a very different thing from saying that all men are wholly inclined to all evil, and averse from all good, by the constitution of their natures, and that this corrupt state of nature is owing to Adam's sin.

Let us refer to an imperfect illustration of some portions of the epistles. Public attention has of late been strongly turned towards the vice of intemperance. Many addresses have been delivered. It is represented as infecting the city and country like a pestilence—as lying like a nightmare on all the energies of the land,—as a universal plague spot, blackening and corrupting all. No one doubts of the truth of this language, understood as all language is understood, qualified by the subject, the occasion, and the purpose. Now, where will you find in the Bible, more universal and unqualified language in relation to human sin, than you find in these addresses relating to intemperance? And yet, do the authors of these addresses mean to say, that all men are by nature intemperate,

and that this depravity of nature comes from Adam's fall.—Do they even mean, in their most general expressions, to say that all men are intemperate, and are morally unable not to be so? And Paul, in those parts of his epistles often referred to, is speaking not of one vice, but of all. But when he describes it as most general, and most gross, he never utters any thing like this doctrine. We find the great wickedness of man often spoken of, but never find it spoken of as resulting from a depraved nature, inherited from Adam. And not finding this, we are not warranted in believing it.

This corrupt state of nature is attributed to the fall of Adam. Where do we find that Adam's sin had such an effect on our moral natures? All difficulty on such subjects, arises, in nine cases out of ten, from not looking into the scriptures, to see what is there stated. Let us look then at the third chapter of Genseis, and see the history of Adam's sin, and the curse pronounced on him. We have not space to examine this whole chapter, but will quote the curse pronounced on Adam—that our readers may see whether there be any reference to a covenant made between God and Adam, as the representative of his posterity; whether he pronounces a curse on his moral nature, disabling it from all good, and rendering it wholly disposed to all evil,—and whether such a moral curse is to descend to posterity. "And unto Adam he said, because thou hast hearkened unto the voice of thy wife, and hast eaten of the tree of which I commanded thee, saying, thou shalt not eat of it; cursed is the ground for thy sake, in sorrow shalt thou eat of it, all the days of thy life; thorns also, and thistles shall it bring forth to thee; and thou shalt eat the herb of the field; in the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread, till thou return unto the ground, for out of it wast thou taken; for dust thou art, and unto dust shalt thou return." That is—a life of labor to secure a subsistence, and of liability to suffering—and finally life itself to terminate, and the dust to return to the earth from whence it was taken. This is the curse, and all the curse which was pronounced—and on this stem has grown, increasing age by age, the doctrine of natural depravity. As Adam sinned, so all have sinned—all his descendents like him, are required to labor, and are liable to suffer; as Adam died, so have all, possessing the same mortal bodies, died. Through Adam, death was introduced into the world; he was the first fruits of death, as Christ was the first fruit of the resurrection, and of the life. As in Adam all die, so in Christ shall all be made alive. There is not a word said in *this* history, of any primitive and

perfect nature belonging to Adam, which he lost at the fall.—It speaks of the commission of a sin, not of the change and loss of a perfect nature. The history represents Adam as we see man to be now, except more ignorant and more weak than many are now. He was imperfect—he was weak—he was tempted to sin, and yielded to a temptation, not so strong as many resist every day. Did Adam possess a divine perfection of nature, before he was tempted? How happened he then, to yield. If the fall, and loss of primeval rectitude was the consequence of his sin, it is hard to conceive how he should have committed the sin. It would suppose that he yielded as readily to temptation, before the fall, as after. But this matter is too plain, to need more than that attention should be led to it. Adam had at his creation, the same nature that man has now. He was tempted, and resisted feebly, and yielded. And such is man now. Sometimes overcoming, and sometimes yielding, to the trials which are around him.

We reject this doctrine, because it is opposed to what is implied in every precept in the Bible; viz: man's ability to obey the will of God. These precepts are given, not to the good, but particularly to the sinful. And are we to understand, that they to whom these commands were given, were morally and practically unable to obey them? *Man* may *trifle*—human monarchs may command their soldiers to hew down mount Athos, or to bind in iron chains, the rage of the stormy Hellespont, and punish them, because the waves will not obey—but He whose commands are in the Bible—may we ask without irreverence, whether his commands are of this character? To a great mass of men, the unregenerate, this doctrine makes all the preceptive, and also the doctrinal parts of the scriptures utterly vacant of use or meaning.—What have such to do with them? Constituted by their Maker, wholly averse to all good, and inclined to all evil, chained by a moral inability that always has prevented, and will always prevent their doing any good thing; commanded by God to obey, but receiving a nature from Him, that unfits them to obey. What have they to do with these commands? Of what benefit are these commands to the unregenerate, except we answer in the words of the Assembly's Catechism, found in the answer to this question, to inform them of the holy will of God, to convince them of their disability to keep it, and of the sinful pollution of their nature, hearts and lips, and to humble them in a sense of their sin and misery. The laws of God are given, to convince man of his disability to

keep them, and of the sinful pollution of his nature, heart and life, and to humble him in a sense of his sin and misery! Have the laws of God such a purpose? So we read the catechism—but so we read not the word of God. Immense, the difference, the distance, and the unlikeness between these two books. An impassable gulf yawns between.

This doctrine destroys moral obligation. Can reason or justice require one to do what is impossible? This doctrine represents all the original principles of man's nature, as setting him on to do evil—as naturally as a stream runs *down* the declivity. A physical necessity gives direction to the stream —a moral necessity determines man to evil. It is the idlest abuse of language, to say that he possesses moral freedom, who by the constitution of his nature, and the character of the motives that surround him, is always and entirely inclined to evil—dependent for the first willingness or desire to do right, on the interposition of another. You may call this moral freedom; but what kind of *moral freedom* is that which is consistent with *moral inability?* It is like that natural liberty which is consistent with physical bondage—fetters, hand-cuffs and a dungeon. We object to this doctrine, because it destroys moral freedom, to such an extent, that it ceases to be a foundation of moral obligation.

We object to it, because it destroys the moral character of God.

We do not attempt to show that it is inconsistent with benevolence. If we have not been entirely wrong in our preceding remarks, it will be granted.

But it is even more inconsistent with justice. Chain up your slave, and command him to go forth to his task. Are you just? Make man's nature corrupt at the outset, and to make assurance of doing evil, doubly sure, bind that nature with motives, chain on chain, morally impossible to be broken, and then command him to be good. Is God just?

The doctrine represents God as a lover of evil. You are a parent. Were you to make your child's nature as corrupt as possible—were you to place him in the society of the base, the vicious and the vile—were you thus to prepare the way, and encourage the practice of evil—are you to be regarded as a lover of good? And if you were to punish the sins, whose commission you had urged, what should then be said? Now, there is this difference between such an earthly parent, and the divine Being, according to the representations of this doctrine. The earthly parent cannot make the child wholly inclined to evil. And he may place his child among such

temptations, in hope to make him better. But the divine Being creates the nature wholly inclined to evil. He knows the result—and places man in a condition where he will sin, and only sin—vast multitudes as long as they live; and die, only to suffer the penalties of sin. Does not this look as if the seal of divine love was set on sin and suffering?

Among the many objections to this doctrine, we shall examine one more. The doctrine is, that man by *nature* is wholly inclined to do evil—and that by *practice* he sins, and only sins, from the first moment of moral action, till he is regenerated by the interposition of the Almighty, and a willingness and moral ability to do right, is imparted. Multitudes are never converted, and most, not till they have proceeded far in life. Look around then on the unregenerate part of the world, and say; what is the fact? Is this black, malignant disposition to do evil, and nothing but evil, seen? Look into your families: Do you find among its members nothing but a disposition to injure each other? Nothing but falsehood, jealousy and hate? Do you see no emotions which are not wicked? If you see any—even one kind action or feeling, in those members who, in popular language, are termed unregenerate, this doctrine is not true.

Go into your courts of justice, are all there entirely depraved in nature and act? Has justice no place there—innocence no protection? Are judges, and jury, and witnesses all leagued together to work evil and injustice, and nothing else? Restrained to-day from acting out their evil propensities, only that the blow may fall more sharply to-morrow?—What confidence would be reposed in a witness whose disposition and practice was wicked, and only wicked. What in a judge,—what in a jury,—did we believe them entirely depraved,—their inmost hearts blackened with the instinct to sin, as morally irresistible as the tiger's instinct to rend?—What confidence would you place in them, especially when a similar, and irresistible love of seeing and doing evil, in the great body of the community, would sustain them in the perpetration of almost any enormity? Again we ask, what is the fact? Are men born with natures entirely corrupt?—Is there no love of truth? Are there no virtuous resolves—no benevolent impulses felt and followed? As long as the heart swells at a virtuous deed, or feels a remorse for crime, and instead of looking with longing, shudders at a new kind of guilt—there is living evidence, that this doctrine is not true.

There is sin enough in the world—black—disastrous sin

enough—without the truth's being exaggerated. There is no dispute about the existence of sin. But no reasonable man can look abroad, even on the unregenerate part of the world, and think for a moment, that there is nothing there but sin, and the love and practice of sin. He is continually trusting to their kindness, their honesty, their sense of duty.—Whereas, if they were entirely depraved, he would find them heartless, trustless, faithless. Indeed, if this doctrine were true, society could not exist for an hour. Paris, during the French revolution, exhibited a state of society, where there was very great and very general depravity, and the consequence was, that society was shattered and dismembered, as if a volcano had burst up beneath. But even at this time, there was not an entire depravity. Let the love of evil be universal—the depravity entire—and mutual distrust, mutual hatred, the common desire of doing each other all possible injury, would destroy every bond, and the vast fabric of society would crumble from the corner to the key stone.

Try the doctrine. A ruffian sets your house on fire, or defrauds you of your property, or murders your children; will you blame him? Certainly not if you believe this doctrine. The Maker of man gave this ruffian a nature, by which he could only love evil, he has acted out his nature.—He has only done, what God caused him to love to do, and by his nature compelled him to do. Blame not man, the miserable machine. Beware lest you blame Him who made him what he is.

Men believe this doctrine in words, but no one believes it in practice. No man excuses himself or others, for doing wrong, on the score of moral inability. If this doctrine were true, every family, every village, every city, and every government would be a miniature Hell, and what is most horrible of all—a Hell created and established by the Father of man.

Try the doctrine. Is your unregenerate neighbor, your friend, entirely depraved at heart? loving all evil, and hating all good? Take even the worst man. Is there in any living being, a character so monstrous, as to have not one good trait? Through the dark cloud, even, that envelopes the most desperate *pirates*, there flash dimn gleams of virtue. Depraved as they may be, they are not utterly depraved. And far less have we any reason to suppose that their depravity is owing to Adam's sin.

We find men, as a reasonable being would expect to find them—*imperfect*—for every created being must be *imperfect*,

acting for mixed motives, and possessing characters of mingled good and bad. But where is the *perfectly* bad man? He has never yet been seen. It would be a monster, greater than was ever feigned in Eastern fable. We neither see the perfectly bad, any more than we see the perfectly good.

In these remarks, we have not attempted to show that men are good. We are not offering apologies for sin, but attempting to show the want of foundation to a doctrine, which takes off the criminality of sin from man, and transfers it to the Deity. We are discussing a doctrine, which attributes sin to a nature inherently corrupt, and that nature, to a sin which Adam committed thousands of years ago, under the supervision of God.

The doctrine is an important one. On it, the whole Presbyterian system, in all its various modifications, rests. Take it away, and the whole fabric falls.

And what is still more important, in deciding on this doctrine, we are deciding whether man is, or is not, an accountable agent. If the doctrine be not true, then man is accountable; his sins are not Adam's, nor are they to be attributed to the Creator, but they are his own, committed or avoided by his free choice. But this point would lengthen an already too lengthened discussion, and we close our remarks for the present.

If we have viewed the subject in a wrong light, it is our prayer that our readers may see the error, and avoid it. If we have viewed it aright, it is our prayer that the truth may have authority over their minds.

Art. II.—TRUTH.

Should the whole truth be spoken? Or is it not wiser and more judicious to speak only so much of it as the people are prepared to receive? This is a question of the last importance, which every one who pretends to teach, or to preach, must answer; and its answer involves a great responsibility, from which no teacher can escape. Every public speaker, and writer, if he would be guided by a consistent principle, must determine whether he will promulgate the truth, exactly as he feels, and sees it, or whether he will accommodate him-

self to public sentiment, so far as to withhold some truths, and modify the statement of others, according as the ignorance, the prejudices, or the feelings of the community, make it expedient. The teacher who has not settled this question in his own mind, must frequently be in perplexity as to what course to follow, and will be liable to every sort of inconsistency; he will defend a proposition boldly on one day, which on the next, he will labor to explain away, and qualify, so as virtually to deny his own faith in it; he will frequently assert in private, what he is afraid to defend in public; and the character of his instructions will depend upon the state of mind which he happens to be in at the moment.

If considered in the abstract, this question is easy enough to answer. It seems obvious, that if we profess to speak the truth, we should speak the whole truth, and nothing else; and the only way of speaking truth, is to speak it exactly as we ourselves see and feel it. But as a question of every day practice, it is more difficult to be put at rest. The public teacher, in whatever way his instructions are given, feels that his object is not so much to state truth in a bare, undressed form, as to convey the truth to the minds of his hearers or readers; in other words, it is not his object to speak the truth, so much, as to make *the impression of truth* on the minds of others; and if he thinks that their minds will be ultimately brought to the truth, if it is very cautiously and partially stated to them at first, better, than if it is brought out fully and boldly, his love of truth may induce him to throw a temporary veil over it. Besides this, the community which is addressed, is often in such a state of mind, that the statement of a truth to them, may leave the impression of error, instead of truth upon them; existing opinions and feelings may be such, that they will modify or misinterpret the statement, so as essentially to change its meaning. For instance, we have known persons, who, when taught the truth, that man is born innocent, and is by nature pleasing to God, have immediately, involuntarily inferred, as though it were a part of the same proposition, that men need to undergo no change of heart, and that the common morality which results from natural feeling, is all which God requires from them. Now, although there is no real connexion between these two propositions, is it wise to state the first strongly, to men who will immediately infer the second? Or would it not be more judicious. nay, would it not be practically speaking, a more near adhesion to the truth itself, to state the former proposition with qualifications, which do not properly belong it, or in a form which,

although not perfectly correct, is most likely to leave a correct impression? In short, to leave particular examples, should not the teacher, when about to declare any truth, ask himself, how shall I make the *true impression?* By speaking plainly the simple truth, by concealing a part of it, or by accommodating it in some degree to the prejudices of those who are to receive it? And should not his statement of the truth be materially modified by such considerations? As a question of duty, is a man right in teaching even the truth, without a careful regard to the effect which will be actually produced on the minds of those to whom it is addressed? These questions certainly create a difficulty in the mind of a thoughtful man, as to the manner of declaring truth.

There are other difficulties of the same sort. There are some truths for which a community may be wholly unprepared, and which may threaten to produce unmixed evil on the minds of the majority. What is the teacher to do in such a case as this? Shall he at all ventures, utter his convictions, even if he sees plainly that the good will work evil? or does prudence command him to keep silent till a more favorable season? However easy it may be to set aside these difficulties by one sweeping assertion, that the truth must always be spoken, and that plainly, the conscientious teacher, who desires to do good, cannot help regarding them, and sometimes being puzzled by them.

But, notwithstanding these things, and many others of the same sort which might be urged, our own conviction is very full, and very decided, that the truth ought always to be spoken, and written fearlessly, without reserve, and in its true form. We have alluded to the difficulties in the case, to show that we are not ignorant of them; the fact is, we have often felt them very painfully, and have not yet learned to forget them; but if they were all increased two-fold, we should still say with earnestness, let every teacher utter boldly all that he believes; let him present the truth in its own colors, as he sees and feels it. We are persuaded that this is the only course by which the interests of truth can be subserved; it is the only way in which the teacher can secure his greatest happiness and usefulness. We have no right to speak timidly what we feel strongly; we have no right to express our firm convictions with trembling, hesitating lips, as though they were but half-formed speculations. It is a favorite idea with us, that every man who possesses important truth has a *mission to execute*, in making it known to all around him; and he is false to his trust if he withholds anything, or covers up

enough—without the truth's being exaggerated. There is no dispute about the existence of sin. But no reasonable man can look abroad, even on the unregenerate part of the world, and think for a moment, that there is nothing there but sin, and the love and practice of sin. He is continually trusting to their kindness, their honesty, their sense of duty.—Whereas, if they were entirely depraved, he would find them heartless, trustless, faithless. Indeed, if this doctrine were true, society could not exist for an hour. Paris, during the French revolution, exhibited a state of society, where there was very great and very general depravity, and the consequence was, that society was shattered and dismembered, as if a volcano had burst up beneath. But even at this time, there was not an entire depravity. Let the love of evil be universal—the depravity entire—and mutual distrust, mutual hatred, the common desire of doing each other all possible injury, would destroy every bond, and the vast fabric of society would crumble from the corner to the key stone.

Try the doctrine. A ruffian sets your house on fire, or defrauds you of your property, or murders your children; will you blame him? Certainly not if you believe this doctrine. The Maker of man gave this ruffian a nature, by which he could only love evil, he has acted out his nature.—He has only done, what God caused him to love to do, and by his nature compelled him to do. Blame not man, the miserable machine. Beware lest you blame Him who made him what he is.

Men believe this doctrine in words, but no one believes it in practice. No man excuses himself or others, for doing wrong, on the score of moral inability. If this doctrine were true, every family, every village, every city, and every government would be a miniature Hell, and what is most horrible of all—a Hell created and established by the Father of man.

Try the doctrine. Is your unregenerate neighbor, your friend, entirely depraved at heart? loving all evil, and hating all good? Take even the worst man. Is there in any living being, a character so monstrous, as to have not one good trait? Through the dark cloud, even, that envelopes the most desperate *pirates*, there flash dimn gleams of virtue. Depraved as they may be, they are not utterly depraved. And far less have we any reason to suppose that their depravity is owing to Adam's sin.

We find men, as a reasonable being would expect to find them—*imperfect*—for every created being must be *imperfect*,

acting for mixed motives, and possessing characters of mingled good and bad. But where is the *perfectly* bad man? He has never yet been seen. It would be a monster, greater than was ever feigned in Eastern fable. We neither see the perfectly bad, any more than we see the perfectly good.

In these remarks, we have not attempted to show that men are good. We are not offering apologies for sin, but attempting to show the want of foundation to a doctrine, which takes off the criminality of sin from man, and transfers it to the Deity. We are discussing a doctrine, which attributes sin to a nature inherently corrupt, and that nature, to a sin which Adam committed thousands of years ago, under the supervision of God.

The doctrine is an important one. On it, the whole Presbyterian system, in all its various modifications, rests. Take it away, and the whole fabric falls.

And what is still more important, in deciding on this doctrine, we are deciding whether man is, or is not, an accountable agent. If the doctrine be not true, then man is accountable; his sins are not Adam's, nor are they to be attributed to the Creator, but they are his own, committed or avoided by his free choice. But this point would lengthen an already too lengthened discussion, and we close our remarks for the present.

If we have viewed the subject in a wrong light, it is our prayer that our readers may see the error, and avoid it. If we have viewed it aright, it is our prayer that the truth may have authority over their minds.

Art. II.—TRUTH.

Should the whole truth be spoken? Or is it not wiser and more judicious to speak only so much of it as the people are prepared to receive? This is a question of the last importance, which every one who pretends to teach, or to preach, must answer; and its answer involves a great responsibility, from which no teacher can escape. Every public speaker, and writer, if he would be guided by a consistent principle, must determine whether he will promulgate the truth, exactly as he feels, and sees it, or whether he will accommodate him-

self to public sentiment, so far as to withhold some truths, and modify the statement of others, according as the ignorance, the prejudices, or the feelings of the community, make it expedient. The teacher who has not settled this question in his own mind, must frequently be in perplexity as to what course to follow, and will be liable to every sort of inconsistency; he will defend a proposition boldly on one day, which on the next, he will labor to explain away, and qualify, so as virtually to deny his own faith in it; he will frequently assert in private, what he is afraid to defend in public; and the character of his instructions will depend upon the state of mind which he happens to be in at the moment.

If considered in the abstract, this question is easy enough to answer. It seems obvious, that if we profess to speak the truth, we should speak the whole truth, and nothing else; and the only way of speaking truth, is to speak it exactly as we ourselves see and feel it. But as a question of every day practice, it is more difficult to be put at rest. The public teacher, in whatever way his instructions are given, feels that his object is not so much to state truth in a bare, undressed form, as to convey the truth to the minds of his hearers or readers; in other words, it is not his object to speak the truth, so much, as to make *the impression of truth* on the minds of others; and if he thinks that their minds will be ultimately brought to the truth, if it is very cautiously and partially stated to them at first, better, than if it is brought out fully and boldly, his love of truth may induce him to throw a temporary veil over it. Besides this, the community which is addressed, is often in such a state of mind, that the statement of a truth to them, may leave the impression of error, instead of truth upon them; existing opinions and feelings may be such, that they will modify or misinterpret the statement, so as essentially to change its meaning. For instance, we have known persons, who, when taught the truth, that man is born innocent, and is by nature pleasing to God, have immediately, involuntarily inferred, as though it were a part of the same proposition, that men need to undergo no change of heart, and that the common morality which results from natural feeling, is all which God requires from them. Now, although there is no real connexion between these two propositions, is it wise to state the first strongly, to men who will immediately infer the second? Or would it not be more judicious. nay, would it not be practically speaking, a more near adhesion to the truth itself, to state the former proposition with qualifications, which do not properly belong it, or in a form which.

although not perfectly correct, is most likely to leave a correct impression? In short, to leave particular examples, should not the teacher, when about to declare any truth, ask himself, how shall I make the *true impression?* By speaking plainly the simple truth, by concealing a part of it, or by accommodating it in some degree to the prejudices of those who are to receive it? And should not his statement of the truth be materially modified by such considerations? As a question of duty, is a man right in teaching even the truth, without a careful regard to the effect which will be actually produced on the minds of those to whom it is addressed? These questions certainly create a difficulty in the mind of a thoughtful man, as to the manner of declaring truth.

There are other difficulties of the same sort. There are some truths for which a community may be wholly unprepared, and which may threaten to produce unmixed evil on the minds of the majority. What is the teacher to do in such a case as this? Shall he at all ventures, utter his convictions, even if he sees plainly that the good will work evil? or does prudence command him to keep silent till a more favorable season? However easy it may be to set aside these difficulties by one sweeping assertion, that the truth must always be spoken, and that plainly, the conscientious teacher, who desires to do good, cannot help regarding them, and sometimes being puzzled by them.

But, notwithstanding these things, and many others of the same sort which might be urged, our own conviction is very full, and very decided, that the truth ought always to be spoken, and written fearlessly, without reserve, and in its true form. We have alluded to the difficulties in the case, to show that we are not ignorant of them; the fact is, we have often felt them very painfully, and have not yet learned to forget them; but if they were all increased two-fold, we should still say with earnestness, let every teacher utter boldly all that he believes; let him present the truth in its own colors, as he sees and feels it. We are persuaded that this is the only course by which the interests of truth can be subserved; it is the only way in which the teacher can secure his greatest happiness and usefulness. We have no right to speak timidly what we feel strongly; we have no right to express our firm convictions with trembling, hesitating lips, as though they were but half-formed speculations. It is a favorite idea with us, that every man who possesses important truth has a *mission to execute*, in making it known to all around him; and he is false to his trust if he withholds anything, or covers up

any part; it is his duty to declare all that he knows, and to leave the result with God who sent him. All reasoning which prevents him from doing this, is sophistry; the probability is that it is nothing but a plausible excuse for the want of moral courage to speak plainly. In fact, the teacher has no right to deliberate at all in this matter; if he speaks at all, as we have already said, he should speak the whole truth and nothing else.

Such a rule as this presupposes, we are aware, that those who pretend to teach, should give diligent and anxious thought in the formation of their opinions. We have no idea of countenancing what is so often done, the proclaiming notions of an hour, with the authority which properly belongs only to long studied and carefully examined opinions. The lightness with which the responsible office of teacher of the public mind is sometimes assumed, and the carelessness with which it is filled, cannot be too strongly reprehended.—If deliberate caution is needed any where, it is needed in the formation of opinions which are to be brought to act on the community; and no one has a right to perplex others, and put their faith and virtue to peril, by uttering as truth, doctrines which, even in his own mind, are only ingenious speculations. In scientific pursuits, every conjecture may be brought forward; and hypothesis may be defended merely for the sake of exciting thought, and encouraging experiment. But in religion and morals, to which we have particular reference, far greater prudence is essential. Conjectures and speculations should be kept back until they have been studied, and re-studied, before they are offered to the minds of others. We are not sure, indeed, that mere speculations have any place in moral and religious instruction; the faith and holiness of men are too precious, and too easily injured to allow experiments to be tried with them; and the teacher who feels his responsibility as he should, will never be forward to say a word, however ingenious, by which they will be needlessly tried. It is shocking to see with what levity many preachers and writers attack old doctrines in religion, and bring out their own crude, undigested ideas, or rather fancies, before the public eye. They strike at the foundation of men's creeds, as though no great interest were involved; as if it were no evil to have one's religious faith unsettled, and as if an error introduced into one's moral feelings, were of no more importance than a mistake in regard to the classification of a plant. We have sometimes wondered, when we have heard preachers defend boldly, new doctrines, which they were ready to con-

less, in their confidential intercourse, were quite unsettled in their own minds. Such men are far more to be condemned, than those who hold back their honest convictions, in consequence of an overstrained sensibility as to the effect they may produce. They are promoters of disorder and infidelity, to a degree which they themselves would shudder to behold; they mar the beauty of many a religious mind, and give excuse to many a sceptical heart; they are continually working greater ruin than the hand of man can retrieve. In our country, and especially on this side of the mountains, this is a class of persons much to be dreaded. Men are fearfully ready to assume every kind of responsibility, and terribly thoughtless in regard to the consequences of what they do. The demand for laborers is so great, that many stand up and are heard as teachers, who are prepared for the office neither by learning or wisdom, and it is not wonderful, that the pulpit and the press are often made engines of more evil than good, by the licentious freedom of those who occupy them. We hope that the time will come when every one who writes or speaks to the public, will feel that to promulgate an error in religion or morals, voluntarily, is a crime little short of murder, and that to do so carelessly, is a sin to be repented of in sackcloth and ashes. For we cannot have too much caution, if it is united with manliness, and unmixed with personal fear, in the promulgation of new opinions upon these momentous subjects.

But all this does not affect the speaking the truth boldly, when long and careful examination has convinced us that we have found it. Perhaps we may say, that it is impossible to be too cautious in forming opinions, or too fearless in speaking them out when they have been deliberately adopted. And it is to this last that we would now refer a little more particularly. We recently heard a man of considerable eminence as a preacher of the Gospel, say, in relation to a book about to be published in Boston, on the Old Testament, "I am sorry that it is to be published, for although I agree with the author in most of his views, I fear that they will do harm, and that the public is not prepared for them." Another person, in speaking of some peculiar views of his own, which he valued very much, said, that "he did not venture to preach them, because he feared they would not be acceptable to his people. There are several errors involved in these two expressions of fear, which proceeded from the same feeling, and we will occupy one or two pages in pointing them out. "The public are not prepared—my people

are not ready to receive these truths." What *presumption* is here! We would answer to those who use such words, how do you know that you are so far before your age and nation, that it is not safe for you to speak to them boldly? For this conceited fancy, is the true ground of the fear expressed.—He who does not dare to speak his convictions of truth, because he thinks people are unprepared for them, and are unable to understand them, virtually says, "I must deal with these men who are about me, as with babes, feeding them with milk, for they are not yet able, as I am, to bear stronger food. I stand upon an eminence above them, and must look down, or I cannot see them. It will not answer for me to treat them as equals, for my understanding is more enlightened, and my mind is more spiritual than theirs." This is all a mistake. Since the times of the apostles, men have not stood at so great distances apart, as such fancies would indicate.—We hear some men spoken of as having advanced fifty years before their cotemporaries, but we do not believe that such cases are often to be found. It is true, that occasionally some one spirit soars above its age and becomes a "Prophet" of future times, speaking of things that are not understood until many years have gone by; these are the very great men who, while they live, are in the world, not of it. If any one imagines that he is one of this little band of prophets, we do not presume to address him in our feeble words. Only this we will say: that those whose minds have reached farthest forward into future time, who have risen highest into the spiritual regions of thought, and have had least in common with the struggling world about them, have ever been the boldest and plainest in the utterance of truth. Such men feel that they are entrusted with a message which they *must* deliver; the fulness of their souls must be poured out; their tongues must speak all which their hearts feel, and their minds think, whether it is understood or misunderstood; whether it is destined to bring forth fruit at once, or to lie dead in a barren soil for ages. What have they to do with effect, with *results?* They speak boldly, and leave the rest to God. They know that if, from fear or weak misgiving, they hold back their message, they must render an account to the God of truth for the buried talent; and they love the truth too much, and trust too implicitly in its divine power, to wish to throw a veil over it, or to set it off in the meritricious colors of worldly wisdom. Jesus Christ was the great apostle of truth, and his example should be followed by every teacher. He indeed stood above and before his time; he was alone in the world, without

one sympathising mind which could comprehend his doctrines. Yet he put no borrowed dress on Truth; he did not fear to speak wisdom even to the foolish; he declared all which he had heard from the Father, to his ignorant, prejudiced, narrow-minded, superstitious countrymen, although he knew that it would be a sealed book to them, and that many long ages must pass by before the brightness of its pages would be revealed. To this simplicity and boldness in uttering the truth, he fell a martyr. How easy would it have been for him to conciliate his doubting countrymen, and make himself their favored prophet, by accommodating himself to their prejudices, by concealing parts of the truth which they could not learn, by lowering the tone of his moral precepts, so as to come nearer their debased ideas, by whispering in gentle words, the "woe" uttered against hypocrisy and sin. If the thought of acting thus, could have entered his divinely inspired soul, he would have shuddered at the possibility of so great unworthiness. He knew that he was sent not to the generation in which he lived, but to the world; and he was willing to bear the contumely which the ignorance of his countrymen cast upon him, for the sake of the salvation which he wrought out for future ages. How idle is it then, for a religious teacher to withhold what he believes to be truth, because men are not prepared for it! If the great master spoke the whole truth, although there was not one mind to receive it gladly, and although it was so far above the comprehension of the world, that now, at the end of 1800 years, we cannot see its full grandeur, what folly and arrogance it is for us to darken the few rays of truth which reach our minds, lest they may dazzle the eyes of those whom we imagine more ignorant than ourselves!

But to return. We were saying that men do not often stand at great distances from each other as regards the perception of truth. It would better express our meaning, to say, that a man seldom stands alone in this respect. The light of truth generally reaches many minds nearly at the same moment; or if it reaches one before it does those around, they probably are ready to receive and point it out, in order to rejoice together with him in its beams. Men almost always move in masses; those who are the farthest forward can be distinctly seen, and easily followed by the succeeding ranks. We suppose that there is no man living, who is so far in advance of the world, that there are not hundreds and thousands who can understand all that he can say, and discriminate with considerable justness as to its truth or falsehood. And it is

generally the effect of a bold declaration of convictions of truth, that he who makes them, will gather round him a crowd of sympathising spirits, who will eagerly, and understandingly go on with him, step by step, in his most rapid march.—Many men are useless, because they fear to speak boldly, but very few because they cannot find any to understand all which they clearly see themselves. Those who pine in mental solitude, are the obscure thinkers, not the far-reaching and clear thinkers. Let them speak fully all they know, and if they are not understood, it will be not because they are so far before their age, but because their views are either unreal, or they are ignorant of their own aim. Even great men are more commonly the representatives of their age, than the prophets of future times; that is, they represent the grand ideas, they embody in themselves, whatever is greatest and best in their own time, rather than reach forward to the idea of a future epoch; and therefore when they express themselves boldly, they do not so much impart new ideas to their contemporaries, as give greater definiteness and strength to ideas which have already been dimly conceived. They are, therefore, easily understood, and the obligation upon them, to speak boldly, is impatiently strong. Their very mission is to speak strongly what other men feel feebly, and if they accommodate themselves to the half-formed ideas of the majority, they at the same time forfeit their claim to greatness, and spend themselves in vain. If this is true of those who stand at the highest elevation, it is childish, beyond measure, for those who hold more humble stations as teachers, to fear to speak their convictions of truth, because they think that men are not prepared to receive them. It is a presumption which *great* men are never guilty of.

Besides the presumption which is implied in the unwillingness to speak boldly one's convictions of truth, because the public are not ripe for them, there is also a want of confidence in the truth itself betrayed, which is altogether unworthy of any one who professes to value it himself, or offer it to others.

We will, in our next number, speak more fully of this unworthy distrust of truth, which is so common, and of some kindred subjects.

I WOULD NOT LIVE ALWAYS AWAY FROM THAT WORLD.

BY OTWAY CURRY.

"*I would not live alway.*"—JOB.

I would not live always away from that world
Where the bark of life lies at the last;
Where the voyager's sails are forevermore furled,
When the winds and the waves are passed.———
I would not live always away from that shore
Where the stream of life flows when the storms are all o'er.

'Tis sweet in this wildwood to wander, and muse
Of the regions of story and song,
Where diamonds and flowers, and the fadeless hues
Of all things brilliant belong:
But I would not live always away from that shore
Where the stream of life flows when the storms are all o'er.

'Tis sweet to go forth all alone in the wild,
And list to the sound of the breeze,
That comes like the voice of a song-loving child
From the leaves of the ancient trees:
But I would not live always away from that shore
Where the stream of life flows when the storms are all o'er.

'Tis sweet in this wild, when the singing birds soar,
To win the first beams of the sun,
To read in the volume of sacred lore
How the crowns of the skies are won:
But I would not live always away from that shore
Where the stream of life flows when the storms are all o'er.

Oft times in this wild, when the evening's breath
Is scattering the moss leaves gray,
I dream of the waves of the Jordan of death,
And the loved-ones who call me away;
I dream of that morn when the solemn sleep
Of the unknown ages will end,
When the millions untold, of the earth and the deep,
Their waking hosannas will blend:
Oh, I would not live always away from that shore
Where the stream of life flows when the storms are all o'er.

Art. IV.—CHURCH MUSIC.—No. II.

We have said, that the spirit of fashionable criticism has destroyed the music of our *churches*, and substituted for it, certain incomprehensible performances, which have neither the merit of *feeling*, or of *science*. We ask, in what church in the Western country, is this choir music entitled to the name of *scientific?* If any where, it ought to be in Cincinnati. But we presume the choirs in that place will hardly lay claim to this character. There is not one of them in which even *time* is preserved. In the middle of a semibreve, they are all together—but the semibreve has as many separate beginnings, and as many endings, as there are voices; each one feels his way for himself. They are like men groping in pitchy darkness, and holding on to each other's skirts, to avoid separation. The anxiety and confusion of such scenes—the discomfort to the singers, and to the congregation, particularly that portion of them who happen to be afflicted with musical irritability, and notwithstanding that discomfort, the perseverance with which they are repeated Sunday after Sunday, might cause a suspicion that the churches were then and there actually doing penance. It was for this reason, we said, that in abandoning music as a part of *worship*, and retaining a little of it for forms sake, they had sufficiently punished themselves.

I have said nothing of *harmony*, *expression*, or a *proper selection* of *tunes*. They come after *time*; and we suppose they will come, when time shall be no more.

As to the tunes themselves, nothing can be said against them. Most of them, if sung properly, are very beautiful; and some of them possess a richness, dignity, and grandeur, which hardihood itself can scarce disguise. Too much praise cannot be given to the Handel and Haydn society of Boston, for their exertions in behalf of American church music. But we have an observation to make here, which we shall make with as much caution as possible, notwithstanding we believe it to be substantially correct. It is, that the late editions of their "collection," as well as other late publications of church music, have tampered too much with good old tunes, under pretence of *improving* them. Tunes which have commanded the admiration of the whole protestant world, for hundreds of years, must now yield their proportions and change their forms, to suit the taste of a modern amateur; a new note here, says A, would make the harmony

fine—a pause there, instead of a bar, or a bar instead of a pause, says B, would sound better. In short, the ear that has been accustomed from infancy, to hearing the rich and noble harmony of some fine old tune, must now be pained and puzzled by an interpolation, which, without improving it, from its novelty, sounds almost like a discord. No wonder that choirs are slow in taking up the improvement, and that some sing it the old way, and some the new. There is one tune in particular, called *Devizes*, which contains a few notes more in the old edition than in the new; the writer has heard a lusty voice from a choir, harping most sonorously upon these notes, after all the other voices had ceased—a mistake, which, though it would be hardly noticed any where else, is almost sure to provoke a laugh in church.

There is another, and deeper evil attending choir performances, and that is the separation of a small part of the congregation from the rest, taking them away from the observation of their older friends and relatives—and thus removing part of that restraint which becomes a place of worship.—Choirs, as we said, consist, generally, of the younger and gayer part of the congregation—and it cannot be disputed that they almost always indulge in laughing and talking during service. They often forget that they are a part of the congregation. They forget that they came for any purpose but to sing—they forget that to the stranger and children who frequent this part of the church, their manners, closely observed, are a bad example, or a cause of reproach to the church. We have frequently observed the younger members of choirs reading, laughing, talking, assuming negligent postures, or scribbling in the books. The practise of some, of busying themselves with the music books during prayer or sermon, is also bad in itself, and calculated to set a bad example.

All these evils, not to speak of occasional jealousies and bickerings among musicians, exist at present in choirs; whether necessarily or not, is not the question. The question for churches to answer is, whether they have gained anything to the cause of religion by the institution of choirs? If the cause of religion is injured by this institution in the least degree, it is a sufficient reason for abandoning it. If choirs can be so regulated as to avoid the evils we have mentioned, it is very well, so far; but these evils, though each of them should be esteemed small by itself, in the aggregate are of serious moment. To deny their existence, would be to deny the most notorious facts. To laugh at them, is to evince indifference

to religion. To despair of correcting them, is weak and criminal. It is the duty of ministers, elders and communicants, to inquire rigidly into them, and root them out.

It may be said that we magnify these evils too much when we insist on them as being of sufficient consequence to warrant a change in the system of church music. But while we admit the general principle, that it is wrong to attack an institution of acknowledged utility, because of a few slight abuses, we deny that this is an institution of acknowledged utility.—We think the more serious and devotional part of the christian community will agree with us, that the whole system of church music, as now conducted, is radically wrong.—The only defence that can be made of it, is, that the music of choirs is in better taste and more scientific, than that of the whole congregation would be. Admitting this, for argument's sake, is the house of worship the place for cultivating science? Is it to be converted into a musical academy? But we have shown that the music of the choirs is *not* scientific, and we believe, that were the whole congregation to sing, church music would be as free from faults, and infinitely more full of the right kind of effect, than it is at present. A musical spirit would become more general, and children would be taught to cultivate it at school, just as they are taught other branches of education. The effect of this upon our national character, would be civilizing, purifying, and elevating. Music would then perform its proper office in satisfying a great constitutional want of human nature—supplying the place of grosser and less innocent tastes. It would then come into our churches with power to aid, both in the excitement and the expression of religious feeling—both of which we fear that it now not unfrequently retards. C.

SONGS OF THE PAST.

Songs of the Past, whose music, oft, so drearily hath come,
Like bird of love with pinion soft, to bear me to my home,
Oh shed your light on memory's land, where gentle shadows move;
And echo on my soul, again, the voices that I love!

I hear them, faint, yet beautiful; oh would this dream might last!
For seldom hath my spirit drank so deeply of the Past.
Alas, your melody is o'er; the fleeting dream hath gone,
That home my wandering fancy bore, and I am still alone. C.

Art. IV.—THE THREE WITNESSES.

For there are three that bear record in Heaven; the Father, the Word, and the Holy Ghost; and these three are one.

Common version, 1 *John*, *v.* 7.

Of this text, the Eclectic Review, a leading Trinitarian work, says,

"We are unspeakably ashamed that any modern divines should have fought, *pedibus et anguibus*, for the retention of a passage so indisputably spurious."

Of this text, Bishop Lowth, an eminent Trinitarian scholar, says,

"I believe there is no one among us, in the least degree conversant with sacred criticism, and having the use of his understanding, who would be willing to contend for the genuineness of the verse, 1 John, v. 7."

Of this text, Adam Clarke, a learned Methodist, and strong Trinitarian, after minute examination, says,

"In short, it stands on *no authority*, sufficient to authenticate any part of a revelation, professing to have come from God."

Of this text, Griesbach, a Trinitarian, who devoted his life to the examination of the Greek text, says,

"I would undertake to defend six hundred, *universally rejected passages*, by better arguments than are brought to prove 1 John, v. 7."

Of this text, Sir Isaac Newton, Porson, Semler, Michaelis, Professor Stuart, Knapp, Rosenmüller, and a host of other critics, speak in unqualified terms of rejection.

But of this text, the Rev. Mr. Hunt, of Amherst, Massachusetts, at the close of an article of seven pages in the New-York Literary and Theological Review, says,

"I am constrained to admit the genuineness of the passage."

We think this anti-climax will excite our readers' curiosity to know something about this wonderful article. But we have not told all which it accomplishes. Those few authors who have attempted to defend the passage, have usually granted, that with such a weight of evidence against it, its authority was not much in the Trinitarian controversy. For example, in the same number of this very review, I find on page 49, this sentence:—

"Let us suppose the evidence for (qu. *against?*) the disputed part of these verses, to be eighteen probabilities to two;

there are eighteen probabilities or grains of evidence against their genuineness, and only two for it; (and two, perhaps, is a pretty fair statement of the case). Ought the passage to be rejected from the text? I answer boldly, No. It ought to be retained, with a note, stating how the evidence stands."

Now as to the propriety of retaining it, we would ask this question. Shall all the six hundred passages, which rest on as good evidence as this, be *inserted* in our Bibles? Will the critic "answer boldly," yes?—And if not, *why not?* Will he give his reason?

But at any rate, we see that this critic, who may be considered as an advocate *for* the text, since he allows the probabilities against it to be only as ten to one, even this critic will not bring it forward as authority. Not so the Rev. W. Hunt. In virtue of his examination of 7 pp. he regards the text as a "tried character"—"who has stood a thorough examination"—who "will bear to be taken as a guide." He says "a hundred subtle arguments may be brought against" it, but he "is not to be sent out to sea again." He will hear no more on the subject. "I have past evidence of having been fully convinced." He has put the text on the "shelf" for tried principles and characters, "and there on the shelf it shall lie."

There have been many volumes written about this passage during the last hundred years, all which, it seems, are so effectually answered in this seven page article, that the question is put to rest forever. The text is on the "shelf," and "there on the shelf it shall lie." We thought it had been "on the shelf" long ago, in another and more usual sense of the phrase.

But come—let us examine the article—for though it is hard to believe that the labors of such a host of critics, the Goliahs of their day, should have been overthrown by this David, with his fine smooth stones from the brook—yet it may be the case. Fact is often stranger than fiction. The wonders of steamboats and railroads could not have been believed twenty years ago. We must not rashly prejudge this matter.

We will not quarrel with Mr. Hunt for his somewhat one-sided way of stating the present opinions on the subject.—He quotes two, *against;* three, *for*; and two *neutral;*—and then says, "such are the opinions of some of the learned critics on this passage." Perhaps so—though the impression given is, that three sevenths of the critics are in favor of the passage—two-sevenths against it—and two-sevenths neutral—which is not the fact. But we will let this go—and also we

will not stop to ask the claims of his friends, the Bishop of St. Davids, and Messrs. Nolan and Grier, to the title of "learned critics." These are trifles—we pass to graver matters.

Our friend commences his examination, with great show of impartiality, by producing the arguments against the genuineness of the verse before us. And on the whole he concludes, that the evidence against it is such, "as to shield one who doubts respecting it, from suspicion and reproach."

This is vastly charitable, no doubt, and Professor Stuart and the rest, whose orthodoxy he seeks to shield "from suspicion and reproach" for doubting this passage, will doubtless be much obliged to him. But we, "chartered libertines," must venture on a little bolder position. We think the evidence against the verse so great as to reduce us to this dilemma—*either 1 John, v. 7, is no part of the Bible, or we have no means of knowing what does belong to it.*

For how do we know the true text of scripture? If we had the MSS. written by apostolic pen, or a sure tradition that our present text had been taken from those MSS., we should have no difficulty. But as God has not granted this, we must collect the true word by comparing carefully all the MSS., and early translations and quotations, and so tracing the genuine scripture.

Now the text 1 John, v. 7, is contained in but one manuscript, and that a modern one, out of 113—it is found in no translation but the Latin, and in no old copies of that,—it is quoted by no Greek Father, though they quoted everything which was in favor of the Trinity, even the verses before and after this text—it is quoted by no early Latin Father—it was omitted in the earliest printed Greek Testaments—rejected by Luther from his translation—and enclosed in brackets in all the old black letter English Bibles. Now, if this text is part of scripture, what rule remains for telling what is *not* scripture? Surely none. But Mr. Hunt does not see this; the evidence against the passage he thinks just sufficient "to shield one who doubts respecting it from suspicion and reproach."

We pass on to his arguments in its favor. Here, at least, we hoped for something new. But we were disappointed.—The old, oft repeated and oft refuted arguments come forward again—and what is new, we are forced to wish, for his own sake and that of good sense, had never been written.—For his facts are grossly inaccurate, the arguments based on them futile, and the conclusions drawn from these arguments

quibbling and sophistical. We are bound to prove this charge. We proceed to do so. We accuse Mr. Hunt,

1st, Of gross inaccuracy in facts. 2nd, Of shallow and weak arguments. 3d, Of quibbles and sophisms in his conclusions.

I. He is grossly inaccurate in matters of fact. Of this, we produce six examples.

1st. He says, the passage *ev, tn, yn,* "is generally allowed to be genuine."

This bold assertion he makes in the very face of his own quotation from Knapp, who includes it, with the rest of the passage, in brackets. *Every author*, whom we have consulted, who rejects the other part, rejects also these words.

2nd. He says, "no one ever doubted the genuiness of that hymn." (viz. to Ceres.) The first book we opened with respect to this assertion, was Coleridge's "Greek Classic Poets." And the first words we saw were these; "There has been *much diversity of opinion* with respect to the genuineness of that poem."

3d. He says of 1 John, v. 7—"It is found in *all* the printed editions of the Greek Testament." I have before me a copy of Griesbach's Greek Testament in which it is *not* found. Adam Clarke says, "It is *wanting* in the first edition of Erasmus, 1516; in the second edition, 1519.—It is *wanting* in the editions of Aldus, Gerbelius, Cephalius, &c."

4th. He says, "The genuineness of 1 Tim. iii. 16. is now established by incontestible evidence." We have before us the sixth edition of Rosenmüller, 1831, which, after examining the testimony for the word "God" in this verse, follows Griesbach in rejecting it, and inserting in its place the pronouns "who," or "which." The evidence for the passage "now," is just what it was formerly, that is, hardly any evidence at all.

5th. He says, "The passage, (1 John, v. 7,) is quoted or referred to by distinguished Greek writers of the third or fourth century." Of this, he produces *no shadow of evidence*, and there is none to produce. It is a wild assertion.

6th. He says, "The early editors did not even suspect it was spurious." Erasmus, who was one of the earliest editors, suspected it so strongly of being spurious, that he *would not admit it into his two first editions.*

II. Thus inaccurate is Mr. Hunt in matters of fact. The *arguments* by which he attempts to defend the verse are shallow and insufficient. Some of them are based on the above

inaccuracies; of these we take no notice. The following are those on which he mainly depends.

1st. He lays great weight on the fact that the passage is contained in some copies of the Vulgate, or Roman Catholic version. We grant that it is there. But is it not a most insufficient argument for a text, that it is found in some modern copies of a single version, when it is wanting in all other versions, (one of which, the Peshito or Syriac, is thought to go back to the first century), wanting in all Greek manuscripts but one recent one, and all the Fathers? If this is proof, what could we not prove? He says much about the accuracy of the Latin Bible, and the fidelity of Jerome. Protestants tell a different story when the business in hand is to attack the Catholics. Truly has it been said of the Fathers, and their writings; "They are Fathers when *for* us, children when *against* us."

2nd. Another argument on which he lays great weight, is the pretended quotation of Cyprian, a Latin Father of the third century. It has been conclusively shown by Porson, Michaelis and others, that Cyprian did not quote the text, and could not have quoted it. But Mr. Hunt does not let his readers know that Cyprian's testimony has been ever doubted. Until he has refuted the statements of Michaelis on this point, his argument is good for nothing.

3d. And another argument on which he relies, is the assertion of Bishop Middleton, and an anonymous Greek professor, that the Greek article in the eighth verse, necessarily implies something gone before. He says, "Middleton's opinion is law on the subject of the Greek article." It may be law to Mr. Hunt, but it is not so to everybody, as he may see by the following quotation from an article by Professor Stuart in the Biblical Repository, No XIV.

"Enough, I trust, has been said, to show how little is to be thought of positive and confident declarations, in a multitude of cases, respecting the insertion or omission of the article; enough to show, how little claim a great part of Middleton's canons have, to the Universality which he has generally given to them, and to the imperious nature with which he has often invested them. * * * * I have read his book until I despair of getting to the light, so often does he deal in the claro-obscure, and so often utters unguarded assertions, at least such as are incapable of solid defence."

Let Mr. Hunt and his Greek professor also hearken to this advice;

"In the mean time, it is not amiss to give a hint to theologians

and critics, that important conclusions in either of their departments ought not to be built on the presence or absence of the article."

4th. Mr. Hunt has also what he calls his *negative* arguments in favor of the verse. We think he has classed them under the right category. They are indeed negative arguments. But contrary to the usual grammatical rule, his two negatives by no means make an affirmative.

He says that the omission of the passage in all the manuscripts, versions, and Fathers, can be easily accounted for.—For "an omission in one Greek manuscript would account for an omission in all the rest"—and this—"for the omission in many of the versions, and all the Greek Fathers. Thus almost the entire argument against the passage is set aside."

And with it, we repeat, all our evidence for the genuineness of any part of our Bibles. For if a text could be so easily lost by being omitted by a single transcriber, the others may have been lost, and others put in; the manuscripts cease to be independent witnesses; and we have no means of ascertaining the true text of scripture. Mr. Hunt's "negative" argument therefore, proves too much, and so proves nothing.

His other negative argument is whimsical enough.

"Besides, if there are no Greek manuscripts but one, for the verse after the end of the third century, there are no Greek manuscripts against, before that period."

And for a very good reason, because there are no manuscripts *at all*, before that period. If all the manuscripts we have, are against it, we should think it as much as a reasonable man could demand. If Mr. Hunt should ever be ashamed of this article, and wish to deny having written it, and all the people in Amherst who know him, should come into court and swear positively that they saw him writing it, we should expect him to plead that "if there are none who know me, who have testified in my favor—there are none, who don't know me, who have testified against me." So that the amoun of evidence is very much reduced.

Such are the arguments by which he defends the passage. We think we have shown them to be shallow and insufficient. Now let us see how he decides.

III. His mode of drawing his conclusion is quibbling and sophistical.

He reasons that if the arguments for and against the passage are equally balanced, *charity* should incline us to receive it, because if spurious, some one must have interpolated it, and we ought not to suspect any one of such a thing. He

also reasons that the effect on the public mind is bad, if we call a passage, here and there in the Bible, spurious. It weakens its authority.

Now this is sophistry. For it secretly assumes a false position, namely, that no texts have been interpolated, and that no passages are spurious. If you assume this principle, why examine at all, why pretend to look into the authority of any passage? Why not say at once—"I am satisfied with the Bible as it *appears*. I will not inquire whether any part be spurious or not—I will take it all together, for better or worse." This would be the only consistent consequence of such reasoning as Mr. Hunt's.

He reasons also that we should receive the passage as genuine, because the *sentiment* it contains is admitted by all to be true. Suppose it be—shall we put into our Bibles every doubtful or spurious passage which *we think* contains a true sentiment? We might as well make a new one at once. His final reason, however, for deciding in favor of the passage, seems to be this.

"The evidence *against* the passage is all *negative*, simply a want of evidence in its favor, which is always regarded as an inferior kind of evidence; while the evidence in its *favor*, is, the greatest part of it, *positive*."

It is certainly remarkable that the evidence on the negative side of a question, should be negative. If a person should assert a word to be good English, which I thought not, and I could show the word was in *no* dictionary, used by *no* writer of any authority, *never* heard in common conversation; all this, according to Mr. Hunt, is only *negative* evidence; and if he can prove that he once met with it in a newspaper advertisement, and once heard it used by a scavenger in the street; this is *positive* evidence—and must outweigh all on the other side.

So much for Mr. Hunt's candor, his facts, his arguments, his mode of reasoning. We have advisedly used pretty strong language with respect to them. If there be anything which deserves a stern rebuke, it is such an attempt as this, which goes to shake the foundation of the Christian faith, by unsettling the text of scripture. He who undertakes an inquiry of this kind, should do it under a deep sense of responsibility, and remembering those awful words, "If any man shall add unto the words of this Book, God shall add unto him the plagues which are written in this Book." He who defends a doubtful passage by inaccurate facts, weak arguments, and inconclusive reasoning, is in great danger of the condemna-

tion of those, who add to the words of the Book. We would not accuse Mr. Hunt of an *intention* to put a spurious passage into the Book of Life. But the exhibition above made, authorises us in asserting that the article was written under a ruling purpose to find arguments to support a text, important, yea necessary, to the Trinitarian cause. He probably deceived himself into the belief that he was instituting a fair inquiry. But the result shows him to have been under the influence of doctrinal, not critical motives—and not seeking the truth with a single eye. And we are justly censurable for such self-deception, since an humble prayer to the throne of Grace, is a promised condition of God's showing us by his spirit, our real purposes and feelings. Fearing lest we should be under a Unitarian bias in writing this article, our readers will see that we have carefully consulted only *Trinitarian authorities.*

And what can that doctrine be worth which needs such support as this article of Mr. Hunt's. How small must be the evidence for the Trinity in the Bible, when a text like this, is contended for, year after year, in defiance of all criticism, fact, and evidence? The truth is plain, Trinitarians *cannot do without* this text. They feel that they *must* have it in order to make up a plausible scriptural argument for the Trinity. Every such article therefore, as this of Mr. Hunts, is a convincing and sufficient proof of the inherent weakness of the Trinitarian cause. J. F. C.

Louisville, Ky.

Art. V.—THE INFLUENCE OF DISSIPATION ON THE INTELLECT.

Among the evils of dissipation, there is one which is too often passed over; one which it especially concerns every educated young man, who relies for success in life on his education and talent, to consider. I refer to the *tendency of Dissipation to debilitate the mind.*

And, what adds to the danger is, that while it really enfeebles the mind, it does it in so deceptive a way, and is accompanied by such appearances, that what are in truth the evidences of decay, are mistaken by the unthinking, as proofs of genius. It is the tendency of most forms of social dissipa-

tion to foster the power of display. The dissipated meet, not to labor, not to think, not to be improved, but to be amused. There is no demand among them for what is true and important—for what shall require the exercise of the understanding in those who hear, or in him who speaks—but for something that shall dazzle the imagination. Care is to be drowned in laughter, and the knell of the clock tolling forth the midnight hour over a sleeping city, is to be drowned in shouts of merriment. In the riot and in the revel, wit is wanted, and the power of quick association and the rapid transfer of attention. When there is demand, there will be supply. These powers are cultivated; they are sparkling and brilliant—they set the table in a roar—they send in sunshine upon the gravity of the heavy, and the stupid find their lethargy stirred into a strange activity. All turn to admire him who can thus electrify the dullness about him—his versatile, many-colored mind—ever changing, glancing and brilliant—and mistake for a natural and healthy activity, this brilliancy—which, like that of autumnal woods—is often only the brilliancy of decay.

Nothing can be more certain than that the habits of dissipation—nay, those mental habits which make us brilliant and conspicuous in the circle of the dissipated, are those which rapidly enervate the intellect.

The intellect unfolds itself in healthy strength, by the cultivation of two habits—the habit of *attention*, and the habit of directing that attention to what is *true* and *important*.—Now, the discipline of dissipation, is such as to destroy both these habits. What has truth to do with the place of dissipation? Her divine beauty shrinks from the scene of sensual riot. All important truths involve deeply the most important interests of humanity—they have wide relations—the mind that ponders them is awed by its magnitude. There is a solemn grandeur about them, that exiles them from the circles of the dissipated. And the mind that does not dwell upon them, and embrace and love them, becomes barren. It may sparkle with paradoxes—it may have that wit whose rays are reflected from the brim of the wine cup—but truth and strength it cannot have.

And it is even more fatal to the habit of *attention*. It is the very purpose of dissipation to be rid of the toil of thought.—Continued attention to any thing, would throw silence over the place of festivity. The dissipated youth, whatever his talents, or education, insensibly cultivates those habits which suit him for his companions. His mind flits from subject to subject, never resting on any, till he sees it unfold before him in

quibbling and sophistical. We are bound to prove this charge. We proceed to do so. We accuse Mr. Hunt,

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"The evidence *against* the passage is all *negative*, simply a want of evidence in its favor, which is always regarded as an inferior kind of evidence; while the evidence in its *favor*, is, the greatest part of it, *positive*."

It is certainly remarkable that the evidence on the negative side of a question, should be negative. If a person should assert a word to be good English, which I thought not, and I could show the word was in *no* dictionary, used by *no* writer of any authority, *never* heard in common conversation; all this, according to Mr. Hunt, is only *negative* evidence; and if he can prove that he once met with it in a newspaper advertisement, and once heard it used by a scavenger in the street; this is *positive* evidence—and must outweigh all on the other side.

So much for Mr. Hunt's candor, his facts, his arguments, his mode of reasoning. We have advisedly used pretty strong language with respect to them. If there be anything which deserves a stern rebuke, it is such an attempt as this, which goes to shake the foundation of the Christian faith, by unsettling the text of scripture. He who undertakes an inquiry of this kind, should do it under a deep sense of responsibility, and remembering those awful words, "If any man shall add unto the words of this Book, God shall add unto him the plagues which are written in this Book." He who defends a doubtful passage by inaccurate facts, weak arguments, and inconclusive reasoning, is in great danger of the condemna-

and critics, that important conclusions in either of their departments ought not to be built on the presence or absence of the article."

4th. Mr. Hunt has also what he calls his *negative* arguments in favor of the verse. We think he has classed them under the right category. They are indeed negative arguments. But contrary to the usual grammatical rule, his two negatives by no means make an affirmative.

He says that the omission of the passage in all the manuscripts, versions, and Fathers, can be easily accounted for.—For "an omission in one Greek manuscript would account for an omission in all the rest"—and this—"for the omission in many of the versions, and all the Greek Fathers. Thus almost the entire argument against the passage is set aside."

And with it, we repeat, all our evidence for the genuineness of any part of our Bibles. For if a text could be so easily lost by being omitted by a single transcriber, the others may have been lost, and others put in; the manuscripts cease to be independent witnesses; and we have no means of ascertaining the true text of scripture. Mr. Hunt's "negative" argument therefore, proves too much, and so proves nothing.

His other negative argument is whimsical enough.

"Besides, if there are no Greek manuscripts but one, for the verse after the end of the third century, there are no Greek manuscripts against, before that period."

And for a very good reason, because there are no manuscripts *at all*, before that period. If all the manuscripts we have, are against it, we should think it as much as a reasonable man could demand. If Mr. Hunt should ever be ashamed of this article, and wish to deny having written it, and all the people in Amherst who know him, should come into court and swear positively that they saw him writing it, we should expect him to plead that "if there are none who know me, who have testified in my favor—there are none, who don't know me, who have testified against me." So that the amoun of evidence is very much reduced.

Such are the arguments by which he defends the passage. We think we have shown them to be shallow and insufficient. Now let us see how he decides.

III. His mode of drawing his conclusion is quibbling and sophistical.

He reasons that if the arguments for and against the passage are equally balanced, *charity* should incline us to receive it, because if spurious, some one must have interpolated it, and we ought not to suspect any one of such a thing. He

also reasons that the effect on the public mind is bad, if we call a passage, here and there in the Bible, spurious. It weakens its authority.

Now this is sophistry. For it secretly assumes a false position, namely, that no texts have been interpolated, and that no passages are spurious. If you assume this principle, why examine at all, why pretend to look into the authority of any passage? Why not say at once—"I am satisfied with the Bible as it *appears*. I will not inquire whether any part be spurious or not—I will take it all together, for better or worse." This would be the only consistent consequence of such reasoning as Mr. Hunt's.

He reasons also that we should receive the passage as genuine, because the *sentiment* it contains is admitted by all to be true. Suppose it be—shall we put into our Bibles every doubtful or spurious passage which *we think* contains a true sentiment? We might as well make a new one at once. His final reason, however, for deciding in favor of the passage, seems to be this.

"The evidence *against* the passage is all *negative*, simply a want of evidence in its favor, which is always regarded as an inferior kind of evidence; while the evidence in its *favor*, is, the greatest part of it, *positive*."

It is certainly remarkable that the evidence on the negative side of a question, should be negative. If a person should assert a word to be good English, which I thought not, and I could show the word was in *no* dictionary, used by *no* writer of any authority, *never* heard in common conversation; all this, according to Mr. Hunt, is only *negative* evidence; and if he can prove that he once met with it in a newspaper advertisement, and once heard it used by a scavenger in the street; this is *positive* evidence—and must outweigh all on the other side.

So much for Mr. Hunt's candor, his facts, his arguments, his mode of reasoning. We have advisedly used pretty strong language with respect to them. If there be anything which deserves a stern rebuke, it is such an attempt as this, which goes to shake the foundation of the Christian faith, by unsettling the text of scripture. He who undertakes an inquiry of this kind, should do it under a deep sense of responsibility, and remembering those awful words, "If any man shall add unto the words of this Book, God shall add unto him the plagues which are written in this Book." He who defends a doubtful passage by inaccurate facts, weak arguments, and inconclusive reasoning, is in great danger of the condemna-

tion of those, who add to the words of the Book. We would not accuse Mr. Hunt of an *intention* to put a spurious passage into the Book of Life. But the exhibition above made, authorises us in asserting that the article was written under a ruling purpose to find arguments to support a text, important, yea necessary, to the Trinitarian cause. He probably deceived himself into the belief that he was instituting a fair inquiry. But the result shows him to have been under the influence of doctrinal, not critical motives—and not seeking the truth with a single eye. And we are justly censurable for such self-deception, since an humble prayer to the throne of Grace, is a promised condition of God's showing us by his spirit, our real purposes and feelings. Fearing lest we should be under a Unitarian bias in writing this article, our readers will see that we have carefully consulted only *Trinitarian authorities.*

And what can that doctrine be worth which needs such support as this article of Mr. Hunt's. How small must be the evidence for the Trinity in the Bible, when a text like this, is contended for, year after year, in defiance of all criticism, fact, and evidence? The truth is plain, Trinitarians *cannot do without* this text. They feel that they *must* have it in order to make up a plausible scriptural argument for the Trinity. Every such article therefore, as this of Mr. Hunts, is a convincing and sufficient proof of the inherent weakness of the Trinitarian cause. J. F. C.

Louisville, Ky.

Art. V.—THE INFLUENCE OF DISSIPATION ON THE INTELLECT.

Among the evils of dissipation, there is one which is too often passed over; one which it especially concerns every educated young man, who relies for success in life on his education and talent, to consider. I refer to the *tendency of Dissipation to debilitate the mind.*

And, what adds to the danger is, that while it really enfeebles the mind, it does it in so deceptive a way, and is accompanied by such appearances, that what are in truth the evidences of decay, are mistaken by the unthinking, as proofs of genius. It is the tendency of most forms of social dissipa-

tion to foster the power of display. The dissipated meet, not to labor, not to think, not to be improved, but to be amused. There is no demand among them for what is true and important—for what shall require the exercise of the understanding in those who hear, or in him who speaks—but for something that shall dazzle the imagination. Care is to be drowned in laughter, and the knell of the clock tolling forth the midnight hour over a sleeping city, is to be drowned in shouts of merriment. In the riot and in the revel, wit is wanted, and the power of quick association and the rapid transfer of attention. When there is demand, there will be supply. These powers are cultivated; they are sparkling and brilliant—they set the table in a roar—they send in sunshine upon the gravity of the heavy, and the stupid find their lethargy stirred into a strange activity. All turn to admire him who can thus electrify the dullness about him—his versatile, many-colored mind—ever changing, glancing and brilliant—and mistake for a natural and healthy activity, this brilliancy—which, like that of autumnal woods—is often only the brilliancy of decay.

Nothing can be more certain than that the habits of dissipation—nay, those mental habits which make us brilliant and conspicuous in the circle of the dissipated, are those which rapidly enervate the intellect.

The intellect unfolds itself in healthy strength, by the cultivation of two habits—the habit of *attention*, and the habit of directing that attention to what is *true* and *important*.—Now, the discipline of dissipation, is such as to destroy both these habits. What has truth to do with the place of dissipation? Her divine beauty shrinks from the scene of sensual riot. All important truths involve deeply the most important interests of humanity—they have wide relations—the mind that ponders them is awed by its magnitude. There is a solemn grandeur about them, that exiles them from the circles of the dissipated. And the mind that does not dwell upon them, and embrace and love them, becomes barren. It may sparkle with paradoxes—it may have that wit whose rays are reflected from the brim of the wine cup—but truth and strength it cannot have.

And it is even more fatal to the habit of *attention*. It is the very purpose of dissipation to be rid of the toil of thought.—Continued attention to any thing, would throw silence over the place of festivity. The dissipated youth, whatever his talents, or education, insensibly cultivates those habits which suit him for his companions. His mind flits from subject to subject, never resting on any, till he sees it unfold before him in

its full proportions. His aim is to startle—to dazzle—to strike with a perpetual stage effect. And this requires a habit precisely the reverse of continued attention, viz: the habit of rapidly transferring the attention from one subject to another without waiting to consider any. And this is but another phrase to designate *volatility.* The natural point of dissipation then is, a mind *barren* and *volatile.*

I dwell on this view of the subject, because the brilliancy that we sometimes see accompanying dissipated habits in their early stages, is delusive. But in general we have the dissipation without the brilliancy. This last dying twinkling of the mind goes out. The time of improvement is wasted. The mind labors at a disadvantage in the torpid fulness of a dissipated body, and finally ceases to struggle at all.

Its purity and spirituality and magnanimity disappear—it loses its vigor—it loses all ambition for better things—it becomes of the earth, earthy.

Is not this a true description? Does not dissipation thus degrade and dwarf the intellect—make it groveling in its views and inefficient in its efforts? Do not the latter years of dissipated life discover the perpetual indications of a growing mental imbecility, and show that the mind, no less than the heart, is deadened by the miasma that steams up from the scenes of a sensual riot?

The world has often had to mourn over those who have been thus lost to themselves—to usefulness, and to society.—It has seen their minds dawning in brightness, their rising splendors giving promise of a glorious day. And it has seen vapors and clouds, black as those that in the Apocalypse rose from the bottomless pit, obscuring them ere noon—their light going out in darkness. And if sometimes brief flashes of intellect appear, they are only enough to show what was, and what might have been. Occasionally the dissipated may discover the signs of former power. They may rouse themselves to efforts which show that something of their former strength remains. But those efforts cannot be continued.—That healthy mental power which would have made them easy and common, has oozed away. Their intellectual efforts are unnatural—convulsive—spasmodic—the writhings and tossing of a sick man in the frenzy of the fever—a moment exhibiting unnatural strength, to sink the next to prostrate weakness.

One of the most strange inconsistencies in human conduct is, that these brief displays of power, which are not and cannot be sustained, are often more attractive to the young; and

men themselves are often more vain of them, than of a life filled with such efforts from end to end—vainer of being supposed capable of having done much, than of having actually done it.

But, wo to the youth who dreams that the reputation of having talents capable of great efforts, can ever stand in the place of accomplishing them. If he really have such power, they only enlarge the sphere of duty. His vanity may be flattered, but his conscience will never be satisfied with the thought that he might have been, what he is not. The world may admire, but will not trust him who has been faithless to himself. And before the tribunal of God, the demand will be: Where are the fruits of the powers that were given?—And condemnation will be in proportion as the powers and opportunities abused, have been great.

There is always something most melancholy in the ruins of the mind. The fallen tower may be rebuilt—the temple which storm and time and violence have defaced, may be restored—disease may undermine the human frame, and still the spirit survive the wreck unharmed;—but when the spirit itself decays—when it is not the eye that is quenched, nor the ear dulled, but the faculties within, that have become dead—when dissipation has touched the spirit, and the bright image of God, the soul created for eternity, has become imbrued in the flesh; its glory gone—its faculties benumbed—its light extinguished, save a few warming gleams appearing like sparks amid the ashes of a conflagration; here is a ruin over which the angels of heaven might weep; the ruin of an immortal nature. This is death; the death of the living soul; buried up in the sepulchre of the flesh, and to be raised from thence only to appear before the bar of God. Inspiration has foretold the words of doom: *The drunkard shall not inherit the kingdom of God.*

Art. VI.—LETTERS ON THE DEITY OF CHRIST.—NO. III.

To the Rev. Nathaniel West, Pastor of the Presbyterian Society in Meadville, Pa.

Rev. and Dear Sir:—I have in my preceding letter endeavored to show, that the disciples, who must have known their Master better than any one else, never thought him to be the supreme God, but merely his Messenger. Satisfactory as the proof which I have alleged in support of this, appears to me to be, yet it is far less conclusive, than that which we derive from a general view of the intercourse between our Saviour and his disciples. When we see them live with him on the footing of the most perfect familiarity;—when we hear them questioning him with the utmost freedom on every subject;—when we hear Peter reproving him, and John and James requesting that they may be next in authority under him, we then feel, that it is impossible that these disciples believed him to be the Supreme God of the universe. They never address him by any higher title than those of Rabbi, Master, Teacher or Lord; and even when they see him control the powers of nature, and hushing the tempest with a word, they only ask in astonishment, "what manner of *man* is this, that even the winds and the sea obey him?" (a)

But perhaps it will be said, that at least one of the disciples, namely Thomas, recognized Jesus as God. As it is my wish to examine every proof which is brought forward in support of the doctrine of the proper Deity of our Saviour, I shall now proceed to the consideration of the passage on which this supposed recognition of Thomas is thought to be founded. It is found, John xx. 26, 28, and reads thus. "And after eight days again his disciples were within, and Thomas with them. Then came Jesus, the doors being shut, and stood in the midst, and said, Peace be unto you. Then saith he to Thomas, Reach hither thy finger, and behold my hands; and reach hither thy hand, and thrust it into my side; and be not faithless, but believing. Thomas answered and said unto him, My Lord and my God."

Concerning the true construction of these words of Thomas, there exists a difference of opinion. Some, and if I mistake not, even some of the Trinitarian critics, consider these words as a mere exclamation of surprise, as if Thomas had

a Matt. viii. 27.

said, My Lord and my God, how great is thy power. Others, on the contrary, and among them some of the ablest Unitarian writers, have considered them as a *confession.* Let us suppose it to be the latter, and inquire what must then be its true import.

Most Trinitarians suppose, that Thomas here acknowledges Jesus to be the Supreme God. But it appears to me, that every attending circumstance negatives such a supposition. Thomas, but the moment previous, so far from believing Jesus to be the Supreme God, had been unwilling to believe, that God had raised him from the dead, unless he should be convinced, by the evidence of his own senses, that he really was alive. The appearance of Jesus removed his unbelief on this point; but there was evidently nothing in the faith that his Master had been restored to life, which could lead Thomas to conclude, that he must be the Supreme God; and we have no right to attribute to this apostle such an extravagant mode of reasoning. The attendant circumstances are all irreconcilable with such a supposition. We do not find, that Thomas and his fellow apostles fell prostrate in mute awe and adoration, as they certainly would have done, had they all at once found themselves in the visible presence of the Being whom they believed to be the Supreme Ruler of the Universe. On the contrary, we are told, that during forty days they converse with Jesus; (a) they eat and drink with him; (b) and even the moment previous to his ascension, they question him with the utmost freedom, concerning the re-establishment of the kingdom of Israel. (c) Now it is utterly impossible that any men could act so who believed themselves to be in the immediate and visible presence of God.

But how are we then to understand these words of Thomas? If they are a confession, which I acknowledge is not clear to me, we must then consider that Thomas, convinced by the resurrection of Jesus, that God had really sent him, now acknowledges him as his Lord and Divine teacher, and applies to him the title *God*, in that qualified and subordinate sense, in which it was applied among the Jews, to those to whom the word of God came. (d)

I have thus endeavored to prove, that the disciples and the believing Jews, believed on Jesus, not as God, but as the Christ or Messiah; I shall now proceed to establish,—and I hope to do so most conclusively,—that it was in the latter, and

a Acts 1, 3. b Acts x. 41. c Acts 1, 6. d John x. 35.

not in the former character, that he was rejected by the Jews and their rulers.

I have before shown, that, on sundry occasions, Jesus announced himself as being the expected Christ or Messiah. It appears from what we read, John vii. 40, 42, and in other places, that the question, whether he was, or was not the Christ, was much agitated among the Jews, and we are told subsequently, John ix, 22, that the Jewish rulers had already agreed, "that if any man did confess that he (Jesus) was Christ, he should be put out of the synagogue." Here then we have it stated with precision in what character they reject him. They refuse to acknowledge him as the Christ, and to deter the people from receiving him as such, they decree the punishment of exclusion from the Synagogue, against all who should do so. At John xi. 47, 50, we find, if I mistake not, the reason of this conduct of the Jewish rulers. In the minds of the Jews, the idea of the Christ or Messiah was constantly connected with that of a temporal king; and hence the rulers feared, that the recognition of Jesus as the Christ, which they considered as equivalent to declaring him king of the Jews, would lead to a war with the Romans, in which the latter would take away "their place and nation." It was this fear which led Caiaphas to give the cold-blooded advice, that Jesus ought to be put to death.

But it is the trial of our Saviour before the Jewish council, which puts the subject of our present inquiry in the clearest light. The rulers had determined to put Jesus to death, but they find it necessary to have at least some decent pretext for doing so. Hence they sought for false witnesses, who might testify something that could justify his execution. (a) Now this was totally unnecessary, if Jesus had ever announced himself to the Jews, as the Supreme God. Evidence, that he had claimed to be such, would have made him most clearly amenable to the Jewish law; and the absence of such evidence at his trial, is most conclusive proof that he never made such claim. What is the evidence which is alledged against him by these witnesses? It is, that he should have said, that he could destroy the temple, and rebuild it in three days; but this even the Jewish council appear to have deemed insufficient, to justify a sentence of death. At last however the high priest falls on a plan which answers their purpose. He adjures Jesus in the most solemn manner, to tell him whether he "be the Christ, the Son of God;" (b) and the moment

a Matt. xxvi. 59. b Matt. xxvi. 63.

Jesus has answered this question affirmatively, they declare him guilty of blasphemy, and condemn him to death.

Here then we have the most explicit proof, that it was not because he claimed to be God, but because he claimed to be the Christ, that the Jewish Council condemned him; and every step in the cruel and bloody scene which follows, shows, that it was as the Christ that he was rejected. Immediately after his condemnation by the council, they blindfold him, and then strike him, and in derision of his prophetic pretensions, ask him, who it is that strikes him. (a) When they carry him before Pilate, the Roman governor, the accusation they bring against him, is, that he perverts the nation, "forbidding to give tribute unto Cæsar, saying, *that he himself is Christ, a king.*" (b) When Pilate, fully convinced of his innocence, wishes to save him, it is as the Christ that the multitude reject him, and demand his death. (c) It is as the Christ, that the cruel soldiery mock him, by clothing him with a royal robe, and crowning him with a crown of thorns. (d) It is as the Christ, the king of Israel, that he is crucified; (e) and the brutal multitude, and the unfeeling priests insulted him during his last agonies, by exclaiming; "He saved others, cannot he save himself? Let *Christ, the king of Israel* descend now from the cross, that we may see and believe."

I have thus endeavored to prove, that it was not as God, but as the Christ, the Son of God, that our Saviour was believed on by his disciples, and rejected by the Jews and their rulers; and here, therefore, the examination which I proposed in the beginning, is completed. But, as there are some christians, (and if I may judge from a fact which has just fallen under my observation, the members of the Episcopal church in this country are of the number;) (f) who hold, that the doctrine of the proper Deity of our Saviour was not known to the apostles during his residence on earth, but was supernaturally revealed to them on the day of Pentecost, I shall devote a few moments to the examination of that opinion.

That the *assertion*, that this revelation was *made* at that time, is entirely gratuitous, and is unsupported by the narration we have of the events of that day, I think even you, Sir, will admit. In the relation which Luke has left us, there is not a single word, which ingenuity can torture into even an allusion to such a revelation; and the assertion is evidently got up to get over a difficulty. Happily for those who with

a Matt. xxvi. 68. Mark xix. 65. b Luke xxiii. 2. c Matt. xxvii. 22. d Matt. xxvii. 27, 29. e John xix. 19. f See Tract No. 34, published for the episcopal female tract society of Philadelphia.

me believe in the doctrine of the simple unity of God, the sacred historian has furnished us with the most positive circumstantial evidence, that no such revelation was made to the apostles on that day.

From the manner in which the human mind is constituted, any unexpected discovery we make, on a subject in which we feel a deep interest, will, for a time at least, be constantly present to our mind. If this be the case with the common occurrences of life, what must not have been the effect, if it had been suddenly revealed to the apostles, that their late Master, with whom they had lived in such close intimacy, was not, as they had supposed, a messenger of God, but the Great Jehovah himself? Would not this discovery have, for days and weeks, completely absorbed every faculty of their mind, so as not to leave them the power to think or to talk on any other subject? Would they not, on every occasion, have imparted to others the wonderful discovery, that that Jesus whom they had believed to be the Messiah, and whom the Jews had crucified, was the Supreme Ruler of the universe?—Surely such would naturally have been their conduct. Now it so happens, that Peter has to address a large audience, within probably less than one hour after this wonderful revelation is supposed to have been made to him, and when of course his mind must be entirely filled with it;—it so happens that his late Master is the subject of his discourse;—and now let us hear how he speaks of him to the assembled multitude.

"Ye men of Israel, hear these words; Jesus of Nazareth, a man approved of God among you by miracles, and wonders and signs, (which God did by him in the midst of you, as ye yourselves also know) him, being delivered by the determinate counsel and foreknowledge of God, ye have taken, and by wicked hands have crucified and slain. Whom God has raised up, having loosed the pains of death, because it was not possible that he should be holden of it. This Jesus hath God raised up, whereof we all are witnesses. Therefore, being by the right hand of God exalted, and having received of the Father the promise of the Holy Ghost, he has shed forth this, which ye see and hear. For David is not ascended into the heavens; but he saith himself; the Lord said unto my Lord, sit thou on my right hand, until I make thy foes thy footstool. Therefore let all the house of Israel know assuredly, that God has made that same Jesus whom ye have crucified, both Lord and Christ." Acts II, 22, 24, 32, 36.

In this discourse Peter calls his late Master by the name of Jesus of Nazareth,—he calls him *a man*, approved of God by

the miracles which God did by him; he tells the Jews, that after they had killed that Jesus, God had again raised him from the dead, in accordance with a former prophecy of David; that Jesus, having been by the power of God exalted, and having obtained from God the promise of the Holy Spirit, had poured out on the apostles those spiritual gifts of which the Jews had witnessed the effects; and that, in accordance with another prophecy of David, that God would set Jesus at his right hand, (that is, place him next in authority to himself,) God *had made that same Jesus whom they had crucified*, both Lord and Christ.

Such is the discourse of Peter, and now Sir, permit me to ask; is this the language of a man to whom it has been revealed but a few moments previously, that the Master of whom he speaks is the Supreme Lord of the Universe? Is it possible, that Peter could express himself in this manner, if he believed Jesus to be the Supreme God? This appears to me to be impossible. To me the language of Peter is that of a Unitarian, who considers God and the Lord Jesus, to be two perfectly distinct Beings, of whom the latter is dependent on the former for his exaltation, his power and his existence. It is language such as I familiarly meet with in the writings and social worship of Unitarians, but such as I never heard from any Trinitarian pulpit, during nearly fifty years that I worshipped with Trinitarian congregations.

If the doctrine of the proper Deity of our Saviour was not revealed on the day of Pentecost, we would look for it in vain at a subsequent day. I shall therefore close this long examination, by a couple of general remarks.

The first is, that if the apostles had been believers in the Trinity, in the doctrine of the proper Deity of Jesus, these doctrines would have, in their teachings, occupied the same prominent place they do in those of the orthodox of the present day. Among the latter, those articles of faith stand out in bold relief from all others, and a belief in them, is pretty generally held to be absolutely necessary to salvation. But in the writings of the apostles they occupy no such station.—It is not even pretended that these doctrines are there expressly taught in any one place; and the proof texts by which they are now attempted to be supported, are gleaned from accidental expressions, dropped by the apostles in some of their epistles, *in the discussion of totally different matters*. And yet, these apostles had also their *prominent* doctrine, but that was entirely different, and one which appears to be nearly lost sight

THE OHIO.

Flow on thou glorious river,
Thy mountain shores between,
To where the Mexic's stormy waves
Dash on Savannah's green.
Flow on between the forests,
That bend above thy side,
And 'neath the sky and stars, that lie
Mirrored within thy tide.

High in the distant mountains,
Thy first small fountains gush,
And down the steep, through the ravine,
In shallow rills they rush;
'Till in the level valley,
To which the hills descend,
Converging from the summits, meet
The thousand rills, and blend.—
And soon the narrow mountain stream,
O'er which a child might leap,
Holds on its course, with a giants force,
In a channel broad and deep.

High up among the mountains,
The fisher boy is seen,
Alone and lounging in the shade,
Along the margin green;
And not a sound disturbs him, save
A squirrel or a bird,
Or on the Autumn leaves, the noise
"Of dropping nuts is heard."—
But here, the city crowds upon
The freedom of thy wave,
And many a happy village bank,
Thy flowing waters lave.
Upon thy tranquil bosom, floats
An empires burdened keels,
And every tributary stream,
An empires wealth reveals.

Flow on thou mighty river!
High road of nations, flow!
And thou *shalt* flow, when all the woods
Upon thy sides, are low.

Yes, thou shalt flow eternally,
Though on thy peopled shores,
The rising town and dawning state
Should sink to rise no more.
Though on the hills were heard no more
A human step or sound,—
Though they were a dead empires mound,
Still onward shall thy current be,
Thou image of eternity,
Wellsville, O. Onward, and onward to the sea. Y.

Art. VII.—FORMATION OF THE MORAL CHARACTER.

"I would not give a farthing" said a sordid and profligate wretch who had amassed an immense fortune by villainy and plunder: "I would not give a farthing for virtue, but for a good moral character I would give twenty thousand pounds."

It has always been the lot of virtue, to have her excellence acknowledged by the corrupt as well as the good: but there is a class of men, and that not a very small one, who like the rich villain, would buy the *advantages* of virtue at a high price, while they care nothing for the thing itself; who seek—not goodness, but only the *reputation* of goodness; and *that* only so far as they may make it serve some consideration of gain, policy or convenience, or some sordid and selfish interest.

For such, if any such glance over these pages, the following remarks on the moral character are not intended; and we will save them the trouble of perusing a dry essay, on a dry subject, by informing them in the outset that they will find in it nothing to their taste;—nothing which to *them* will be either agreeable or useful.

We would hold up moral excellence as a thing to be loved in, and of itself: and, as Aristotle says, temperance should be practised—*entirely for its own sake.* We do not believe in Dr. Paley's "virtue," nor in the utilitarian philosophy. Either there is something good in moral excellence *per se*, prior to all considerations of utility, and without any regard to its *effects* on human condition, or we are adrift without star or compass, on a wide and dark ocean, and our whole existence as moral beings, is little better than a long blunder.

The former of these doctrines is the only one which can rescue our nature from the most hopeless degradation, or which can render it any thing but folly to lay down rules and precepts for the guidance of moral conduct. We do not, however, propose to prove the proposition here, though we hope it may be corroborated by such views as may be offered in the treatment of our subject.

The precise point of time when an individual acquires the first distinctive features of a moral character, it is unnecessary and perhaps impossible to determine. It may be different in different cases, but it is sufficient for our present purpose to know that every one acquires some kind of moral character, the moment he is capable of a moral action. Every intelligent human being sustains some sort of moral character in the view of the world; and all the rest of mankind assert their common right of passing judgment upon its merits or its defects. Hence, nothing is more usual in common life, than to hear the sentence of approval or of disapprobation pronounced upon the respective characters of individuals. One who has never stepped out of the vale of humble life, by a kind and benevolent disposition, or by amiable and engaging manners, sheds peace and content, and happiness through the domestic circle; and endears himself to all with whom he has intercourse; while another, in the same situation, and sustaining precisely the same relations, becomes an object of general aversion and disgust. The same distinction of character obtains in public life. Here also, one is esteemed and another is despised; one is beloved and another hated. The influence and example of one, render him a public benefactor while he lives, and even when he has "shuffled off this mortal coil," give him a prolonged existence in the memory and the affections of mankind. Another is hunted through life like a ravening beast, and is pursued with curses, even beyond the grave.

Now a question arises, whether destinies so different, are really subject to our own control, or whether they are bound to us as by some inscrutable and overruling fatality. Are the different characters which different men sustain in the view of the world, the result of their own voluntary actions, or do they receive them as the unforeseen and unavoidable allotments of Providence; in the same way as they do the complexion of the skin, the features of the countenance, and the form and figure of the body? We are aware that there are those whose sentiments tally exactly with the latter supposi-

tion: but with all due deference to metaphysical theologians, it is a supposition which, in our humble opinion, is inconsistent with the freedom of moral action, and which tends to destroy all sense of accountability, both to God and to man. Taking it for granted then, that all men are free responsible agents, that they form their own characters, and that, at least in this respect, they are themselves the masters of their own destinies; we proceed to enquire into the best means of attaining moral excellence, and the nature of the difficulties which lie in the way of that attainment.

And in the first place we remark that a great part of the work of forming the moral character is completed in early life. There are freshness and strength in the influence of early prejudices and associations, which are seldom found in riper years: yet youth is the very season in which this influence is most liable to perversion and abuse. The passions are then strong, inconstant, and impatient of control. The understanding is not yet strengthened by exercise, nor the judgment matured by experience. The heart yields to the suggestions of every adviser, and the mind is seldom disposed to calculate the consequences of a given course of action.—He who thus enters upon the world, full of the confidence of virtue, and perhaps feeling within him the stirrings of an ingenuous spirit,—who has neither learned from failure, the folly of self despair, nor from experience, the fickleness of the most virtuous emotions, will be liable to fall an easy and unsuspecting prey to the treachery of evil passion. Imagine such a person, and under such circumstances, to be as perfect a pattern of youthful innocence and good nature, as humanity ever affords; take him in the midst of his youth and promise, endowed with fine feelings and tender susceptibilities, adorned with all those qualities which can give grace and sweetness to the morning of life, and wholly unconscious of any secret foe that may be lurking within him,—take him, we say, thus excellent, amiable and engaging, to the prison of some condemned malefactor; tell him of the wretch who languishes there for some horrible act of midnight assassination; depict the circumstances, and explain the nature of his crime; and exhibit him standing a condemned criminal at the bar of his country; then unbar the dungeon, and shew the hoary wretch, laden with the consciousness of guilt; tortured with the sting of remorse; and looking forward to his own ignominious and dreadful end; and when the little auditor becomes breathless, and shudders at the tale, tell him *that* guilt, and that remorse, and that end may yet be *his*, and how would his

whole soul revolt at so shocking, so horrible a picture of his own future self! But alas! for poor human nature! That detestable villain, that practised veteran in iniquity, was once as innocent a being, as pure, as lovely as he whose bosom had throbbed with mingled pity and indignation, as he listened to the sad story of guilt and woe.

Nor let it be supposed that this is a mere picture of the imagination. It is a living reality. It has its prototype in thousands of cases that fall within the ordinary range of human life. Such is the "facilis descensus Averni;"—the lamentable downward tendency from innocence and virtue, and an honest name, to vice, and guilt, and infamy. How then are we to secure ourselves from becoming the victims of temptation? How are we to shut out the influence of evil passions, and to present to the world in our own examples, patterns of virtue and of moral worth? To these enquiries, we answer:—

First, We must fix upon *a high standard of moral excellence.* That high aims are necessary to the accomplishment of important ends, is a proposition which has become trite, to a proverb. In the training of the intellect to scientific attainments,—in the various arts of practical life, and in all our common business with the world, the principle which it comprehends, is universally recognised. Where is the instance of an eminent artist, orator, or scholar, who has not become such by having first determined upon no common attainment? The same principle holds equally true, we think, with regard to morals. We need but a slight acquaintance with our own hearts and with the world, to be convinced that the elements of depravity are within and around us; and that amidst our own groveling passions the conflicting interests of mankind, and the temptations which beset us on every hand, we must fix upon as a common standard, if we would be successful in the practice of virtue. But worthy aims alone, are not all that is essential for the formation of a worthy character. Good resolutions, however essential they may be for the accomplishment of the objects which they are intended to secure, must yet be of little avail, unless they are followed up by a strict and constant adherence to proper and fixed principles of action. In the cultivation of morals, something more is necessary, than a cold, calculating, mechanical determination on the object as a mere matter of interest, or of representation. Moral excellence is not to be made a thing of barter.—It must be loved and cherished for its own inherent beauty

and fitness. It must be regarded with something of that enthusiastic veneration which was paid by Socrates and Plato to the *To Kalon* of the ancients. It must be seen to harmonise with the general course and constitution of nature, and it must be pursued as the "supreme good."

We believe that there exists, naturally, in every human breast, such a thing as a taste for virtue; and that like any other taste, such as that of the sculptor, the poet, or the painter, it a subject of discipline, and is susceptible of wonderful improvement. For, on what other supposition can we account for those common acts of civility, those interchanges of affection, and all those multiplied courtesies which spring from our social nature, and which render our connexion in life, a blessing both to others and to ourselves. How else can we account for those offices of good will, gratitude, and kindness, which are voluntarily interchanged between man and man; even among those who make pretensions to no higher morality than that which is suggested by the laws of nature, and their relations with mankind? Why is it that when vice is depicted in its odious deformity, men naturally turn away with loathing and disgust; and that when virtue is exhibited in her attractive loveliness, they approach to meet the goddess, and to pay at her feet their cordial and unhesitating homage? Now this taste for virtue, this capacity of perceiving and admiring what is morally good, must be diligently and carefully cultivated. Every impure thought we must dismiss; every clamorous passion we must silence: all the gentle and kindly emotions we must invite and improve: all the ameliorating and harmonising tendencies which we may find within us, we must cherish and confirm; and the influence of every thought and association which would tend even in the slightest degree to shock the most refined and sensitive delicacy, should be effectually excluded. Thus is the moral taste to be rendered delicate and discriminating: thus is it to be applied to the forming and perfecting of the whole moral man. As the taste of the sculptor fashions the shapeless block into a form of just and beautiful symmetry, complete in every part, and showing by its perfect grace of feature, and its exact harmony of proportions, that it has been devised by a skilful genius, and executed by the hand of a master.

But again; it will do much toward acquiring excellence of character, to contemplate the nature of our relations and obligations to mankind. Man is a social creature; and prone as he is to forget those duties which are reciprocal between society and himself, his moral character is determined in a great

measure, by the influence of the social connections. To give this influence its appropriate effect, we must consider the objects for which society was established, and the various dependencies upon each other, of its several parts. We must cherish and strengthen all those feelings which give importance to the general good; remembering too, that the general good of the whole, is made up of the particular private good of individuals. The legitimate effect of such a culture, is to render us kind, condescending, and humane to all; and while it secures for us a place in the respect and good will of our fellow-men, advances us also in the moral dignity of our nature.

The human character never assumes a more malign and unnatural aspect than when it is under the influence of the malevolent affections. How we came by these affections, we shall leave to be fought out, by Dr. Taylor and Dr. Woods, and other pleasant and useful gladiators, who have shed ink and indignation in the "science divine." What concerns our present purpose, is to know that we possess them, and that they are at war with our own happiness and reputation, and with the best interests of society. We are not, however, to suppose that they are not subjects of regulation and control. We must remember that we are creatures of reason, as well as of passion; and that the most perverse propensity of our nature is, for the present at least, effectually subdued the moment that a motive is presented of sufficient power to overcome it. An example may serve as an illustration of this point. A man is malignantly and undeservedly injured; he is thrown into a passion; and in the fury of the moment, he resolves to take the power of redress into his own hands, and to punish the offender to the full desert of his crime. Now, in this situation, let him pause, and consider for a moment the nobleness of the spirit of forgiveness, and the meanness of the spirit of revenge. Let him reflect that the passion which he is cherishing, is the enemy of his own peace; and that its gratification, if universally permitted, would overthrow the whole social system, and break up all the institutions of society—and if these considerations do not alter his purpose, and soften and tranquilize his feelings, it is because he has shamefully abused his own moral nature. The same mode of treatment is applicable in a greater or less degree to all those unkind feelings and vicious propensities which tend to degrade man below his proper level. And thus we think, without any disrespect to the superior efficacy of religious principle, that reason has an important office to perform in directing and

regulating the passions, and preventing them from running into hurtful and forbidden excesses.

Another requisite to the formation of a good character, is an uniform and implicit obedience to the dictates of an enlightened, uncorrupted conscience. This faculty has been mercifully imparted by our Creator, to all men; and, as it was originally given, may be considered as a safe guide for our whole moral conduct. Hence we speculate much about "the liberty of conscience," and indignantly repel any attempt which may be made by others, to shackle its freedom. But we are prone to forget that we *ourselves* may, in innumerable instances, violate its dictates, and that every such violation is an unwarrantable breach of the whole order of nature. For, notwithstanding all its seeming anomalies, and irregularities, the great system of nature is linked together by indissoluble connections, and is moving onward in uninterrupted harmony to the accomplishment of one grand and benevolent result,—*the universal good.* Now, conscience, we consider to be nothing more nor less, than that faculty of the mind which points out the conformity, or non-conformity of moral actions to this established course of things. In the formation of the character, therefore, its intimations, supposing it not to have been corrupted by any evil propensity, are to be constantly and sacredly regarded.

Among the most efficacious means for the cultivation of virtuous sentiment and feeling, is the influence of *good example.*

Men are formed for each other. They are drawn toward each other by a feeling of natural relationship, and are held together by an infinite variety of ties. No one of them, however, can exist in this social capacity without exciting upon the feelings, habits, and characters of those around him, a moral influence of incalculable power; and we know of nothing which excites in us warmer gratitude to God, or which more reconciles us to humanity, than when we see some solitary individual of the species, striving for the mastery over his evil passions, giving law to his unhallowed lusts,—and by his own uprightness of conduct, and purity of principles, recommending to others the precepts and the practice of virtue.

Such examples, however, it must be confessed, are rare:—yet their influence, wherever they may be found, is to be preferred above all price: for it is incomparably more precious than treasures of gold and silver.

But even here, there is danger of error. Human nature,

even in its purest forms, is a strange commixture of good and evil qualities, and in adopting a *standard*, there is need of great discrimination and a careful study of the human heart. If, in our common intercourse with the world, we take the pains to analyze the several characters with which we may become acquainted, we shall find that almost every individual has some peculiar excellencies, which are worthy of imitation.—All these, in whomsoever, or in whatever degree they may be found, we must cull from the common mass, and suppose them to be united in a single character: and this character must be to us in morals, what Cicero's imaginary orator was to him in eloquence. Thus must we rise from one degree of excellence to another, compassing and refining every attainment, and aiming at nothing short of the perfection of the whole moral man.

Finally, in the formation of a good character, we must use reflection, and the results of experience. No one can expect to attain to any high degree of moral excellence, who is not in the habit of retracing the course which he has pursued, and of carefully examining the operations of his own feelings.—"Let not sleep," says Pythagoras, "fall upon thine eyes, till thou hast thrice reviewed the transactions of the past day.—Where have I turned aside from the path of rectitude? What have I been doing? What have I left undone which I ought to have done? Thus begin, and proceed: and in the conclusion, at the evil which thou hast done, be troubled: but for the good, rejoice." This is true philosophy. Nature invites the mind to retirement, not less than she does the body to repose. Sleep refreshes the body, but meditation invigorates the mind. The chamber—hushed and lone, as if a spirit dwelt there,—and the world shut out, with all its busy scheming and its hollow joys—*this* is the place where the soul thrives: where it looks in upon itself, breathes a pure and a free air, imbibes its food, gathers its energies, and fits itself for the sublime life it must ever live.

It is thus that we are enabled to hold silent communion with the heart, and to remove that veil which by our own self-conceit, or by the flattery of others, may have been drawn over our imperfections, or our vices. It is there that we look upon the world and the mysterious relations which we sustain to it, in the sober light of reality. It is there that we are blind to the gaudy allurements of temptation, and deaf to the insidious eloquence of the passions. It is there,—by comparing our present feelings, with those which are past,—by marking the steps where we have deviated from the path

of duty, and by noting the progress which we may have made in virtue,—by listening to the secret language of conscience, and by yielding to the guidance of our better inclinations, that we are enabled to form a just estimate of our own character; to detect our most secret imperfections, and to train ourselves up for the accomplishment of the great and legitimate ends of moral and rational existence. E.

Art. VIII.—GRIEF AND JOY.—AN ALLEGORY.

It is better to go to the house of mourning, than to go to the house of feasting.—*Ecclesiastes*, 7, 2.

They stood together on a hill that overlooked the world; the two brothers—from the same heaven—the angel of joy and the angel of grief. And he, whose mild benignity was shadowed with sadness, said to his radiant brother: "Hard is the lot which our Father hath given me. Man shrinks from me. I enter into his dwelling, and the windows are darkened, and fear and sadness are there. I speak of immortality, and men shrink from hearing that they are immortal. I would lead them by warning and by hope to their great destiny, and they repel me. I am commissioned to lead them to happiness —but it is by the necessary discipline of pain. My heart bleeds to exercise this severe ministry—and the more, that man will see only the pain, and not the purpose. By trial, I call men to God—and still I am repelled. By death, I open the portals of heaven—and yet they whom I love, fear me—I come and go, in shadow and fear—men recognize not the blessings I bring—or if they do, they flee again from my coming, and will not feel that I too am sent by the spirit of love. Happy art thou, my brother—whose coming is hailed—men long for thy approach—and where you enter, the dark night is as the day."

"Mourn not, my brother," said the radiant spirit at his side, "Rather is it for me to mourn. Both have the same ministry, to make men good and grateful, and obedient to God—and therefore are we sent, companions of each other. And many there are, who are grateful for thy coming. They look back to the hours when you were with them, and humbly acknowl-

edge that then, for the first time, were the delusions of the senses dissolved—and they made to see God and eternity. They are grateful that you should have drawn back the veil from eternity—and say, 'it is good for me that I have been afflicted.' I too enter the dwellings of men—and where I come sunshine and smiles appear. But often when I have left, how few say, 'it is good for me that the angel of joy has visited me.' How few say, 'there did I learn of our Father, and was grateful;' I leave the dwellings of men—and it is with a sad heart. For how little of our Father's business have I accomplished. I come to man, and give him pleasures, to make him grateful and good—he receives the pleasures, but forgets the purpose—I come to raise his affections to heaven, and I leave him bound more to the earth. And when my labor is fruitless, thou dost enter, my brother, and lead him 'whom I have made more a child of earth,' to heaven. 'It is so,' said the more melancholy angel; 'it was wrong to repine, for we are doing the work of God, and fruitless though our labor seem to us, he shall make it fruitful. And as we have gone, so let us go, hand in hand, over the world—'bringing to each one the discipline of joy or grief, proportioned to his need.' And since then, they have always gone together, hand in hand, with one object. As the morning and the night go over the world together. When morning breaks, the night is departing—one disappearing in the other. So do their ministering spirits proceed together; with different words and in different tones, speaking of God and heaven, and leading man to his true good. And where the angel of joy is, grief is never far away; and grief is never present, but we know that his brighter companion is near at hand.

Art. IX.—LETTER ON MOBS.

Truly we have fallen upon perilous times. Mob-law, mob-justice, mob-vengeance from one end of the Union to the other. In the West, in the East, in the old States and the new, the same spirit of licentious freedom is busy. What a series of disgraceful riots has the last year witnessed! In Massachusetts a convent destroyed.—In Philadelphia the property and lives

of the free blacks assailed.—In New-York the same outrage. —In Mississippi, deliberate murder of the gamblers at one place, and blood-thirsty vengeance upon abolitionists at another.—In Baltimore the most terrible outrages; the city given up to the mob, that a few swindlers, if the best plea be admitted, might be punished. The minute history of these awful events would bring to light horrors hardly surpassed in the French revolution. There is a spirit among us, as lawless and as reckless of consequences, as ever animated the Parisian mob. At this moment, there is no security, in any one city of the Union, against the summary violence of mobs; nothing is wanting now, but what is deemed just cause of offence, and all law is at once cast down. To what are we coming? The only safety of our government is in the good sense and morality, and peaceful disposition of the people; in these is our only strength; our laws were not made to compel, but to guide, and independently of the active co-operation of the multitude, our government is more weak than any other in the world. I know not what to think, or to anticipate. With all the hope for the best, natural to a young mind, the prospect seems to me fearful. I am ready to leave gloomy foreboding to the old and querulous, but even my best hopes are often checked by trembling and fear. As long as the laws are superior in a land, and the people consent to submit their grievances to legal redress, even the most violent popular commotion may be regarded, as a temporary and comparatively trifling evil, which will soon be corrected. But in our cities, the law is as nothing, when brought into competition with the will of the rabble, and a man's life is no more secured from popular vengeance, by being placed under protection of the law, to wait for a fair trial, than if absolute anarchy prevailed. Let the anger of the mob, that is to say, of some eight or ten hundred hot-headed men, be aroused against an individual, by any real or fancied wrong, and the strong arm of the law is as feeble as an infant child's. I am at this time in Washington, and I assure you, that if the law were my only protection, I could not sleep soundly for an hour. If it were not for the certainty, that the mob have no cause or pretence of complaint against me, nor my father's house, I should tremble hourly, as if I were among a horde of pirates. And this is the feeling of everybody.

I am speaking strongly, and I cannot help it. The state of things everywhere, justifies my language. You have without doubt, heard of the recent proceedings in Baltimore. That city is now re-baptised with its old name of "Mob-town;"

Dear Ione! Dear Ione! the smiling stars, they say,
Hold myriads of destinies, depending on each ray;
But thou, love, art the cynosure, within whose sphere, must be
The revelation of my life—my will—my destiny.
For Oh, I feel that it is thine, and it is thine alone,
To mingle with my very mind, and make each thought thine own;
To bid me up the steep ascent, to grasp Ambition's crown,
Or bring me with my shatter'd hopes, all broken-hearted, down.

O Ione! O Ione! my heart may broken be,
But I'll not reck a broken heart, if broken 'tis for thee.
And, O! I would not, for the rule of monarch proud and high,
E'er cause a blush to light thy cheek, or tear to dim thine eye.
For me then, suffer not regret to mar thy spirit's mirth,
And heed not, if my pathway be in dreariness and dearth;
And though the sky above *my* course, be dark and tempest-riven,
Be *thine* an ever glorious day—an ever smiling heaven.

Dear Ione! Dear Ione! it may be I will find,
In scenes of mirth and revelry, a solace for my mind;
Some spell to stifle memory—some Lethe for the soul—
Some charm to bid the thought be still, and hold it in control:
But if nor scenes of giddy mirth, nor revelry, nor wine,
Unfetter my bound soul from thee, that is so wholly thine—
Why, then I'll quaff the flowing bowl, 'till madden'd into glee,
And in each brimming bumper drink—*a health and joy to thee.*

This does not seem to us so good as the former piece, but as it has been much admired, we suppose the defect is in our taste, and not in the piece itself. Still we are willing, and happy, to give it a certain quantum of praise, especially the third and fourth stanzas, which we think are the best, and which express very poetically, the passion of a devoted lover.

Mr. Thomas has written several other pieces, which we are not able, at present, to lay our hands upon;—but the two, above extracted, we think are the best, and they certainly show a good deal of talent for the divine art.

The piece below is from the pen of Nathaniel Wright, Esq. an eminent lawyer of our city, and it shows conclusively, that the drudgery of a laborious and romance destroying profession, has not killed by its withering contact, all the flowers of poetry, which bloom in the sunshine of his soul.

THE MOUNTAIN STORM.

Give me the scene of uproar wild,
The mountain cliffs, in rudeness piled,
Their summits bald amid the sky,
Where the clouds pause that journey by,

Meanwhile, this city also, is visited by the mob-spirit. There are hundreds at this minute, whose hands are burning for blood, and I fear we shall not get through the week, without some violence. About ten days ago, a black boy attempted to murder his mistress, and would have succeeded, had not his own mother caught the upraised axe. He had been excited to this, by reading abolitionist tracts, and attending a debating society, where the subject of immediate emancipation was discussed. He had nothing whatever to complain of, in regard to his treatment by his mistress. Of course there was considerable excitement, and the boy was lodged in jail, to save him from the fury of the mob. There he awaits his trial, and, by the law of Maryland, his life is undoubtedly forfeited. But the mob are very impatient, and a slight provocation will induce them to be the executors. While this excitement was at its height, an abolitionist emissary was apprehended in the district, circulating tracts &c. among the blacks. It was with the greatest difficulty that he was got to the jail, and, for a long time, it was thought that the mob would force the doors and hang *him*: they had actually provided tar and feathers and ropes, to torture and put him to death. He is not yet safe; I should not be surprised, at any minute, to hear of the jail's being forced, and summary vengeance taken. The whole city is full of excitement; but there is yet hope that we shall escape bloodshed. I have just been out, and found a mob collected about the principal hotel, in search of a black man, who is charged with having circulated abolition tracts, and having said some bitter things against a mechanic. Their design is to hang him. To-night, it is said, that they intend attacking gambling houses, and brothels, and the jail. But I trust, at least I hope, not. Enough and too much of particulars; it matters little what particular development is made of this demoniac spirit; it takes one turn to-day, another to-morrow. While it exists, the fire-side is not a place of safety, and even good men may well tremble for their lives; for how easy is it to become obnoxious to the mob!

I intended, when I began, to have alluded more to the general subject, which the insubordination of the people offers, than to special cases,—but I pass it by now. When one stands in the midst of an excitement, he can hardly write calmly. The general subject suggests nothing but gloom, and the details nothing but bitterness. Better days must come. Something is wanting in our government, "something is rotten in the State," and perhaps these commotions may be introductory to its amendment. Perhaps our laws are not bloody

enough, perhaps we want despotic power vested somewhere, to be used in emergency, perhaps we want a paid army, whose interests would be separate from those of the people; —but something we must have, or we cannot endure long, as a great nation. And at last, an encouraging hope comes to my mind,—that all this anarchy is preparatory to a better morality than has yet existed; perhaps we may become more quiet, in consequence of these outbursts of public feeling. Before I had written the thought, the hope had gone.

One word in regard to the cause of the excitement here. It is against the blacks, chiefly, in consequence of abolitionist schemes. Can no voice be made to reach the mistaken leaders of these projects? Can they not learn that they are injuring both whites and blacks, and the cause of liberty? I have lived both at the north and south, and know the state of public feeling in both sections, and am fully convinced that the efforts of anti-slavery-men are doing unmixed evil in the latter, and producing an unjust state of public sentiment in the former. As to the effect on the north itself, the northerners must be left to judge. But knowing as I do, the excited, boiling feelings, universal at the south, I would make any degree of effort, to induce emancipators to be still. Their zeal is wholly without knowledge; they know nothing of the true difficulties of the case, or they would not speak and act as they do. If all the non-slave-holding States should unite in one voice, and rise up as one man, they could do nothing to help the slaves of the south. It is utterly impossible to induce the southeners to hear or think of such interference, without anger. Even in Virginia, where slavery is not loved, where they would gladly get rid of it, there is a feeling of resentment throughout her borders, against "northern incendiaries," as they are here termed. The wise and good of that State are now remonstrating publicly with the north, and calling upon them to join, in hushing the voice of those who will soon work disunion, but the multitude cannot wait to remonstrate, and are full of bitterness. We would say to these erring philanthropists, "for God's sake, desist; for liberty's sake, for your country's sake! You may work disunion, for the southern States at this hour, almost desire it, and *do not* fear it. You may make, nay, are making the bondage of the slave tenfold more severe than it ever was before. You are exciting the most deadly feeling of hostility against the free blacks, and may bring about them, general massacre throughout the south. But you can do no good by your most earnest efforts. If you are true christians, and true philanthropists, be silent now, and

NOTES ON PROOF TEXTS.—No. II.

John x. 30. I and my Father are one.

We wish that any of our readers who have heard these words adduced as proof of Christ's equality with the Father, would turn to the passage, and read it in its connection. The Jews accuse him of making himself God;—and what the Jews accused him of making himself, Trinitarians believe him to have been. His answer shows both the accusation and the belief, to be groundless. "Jesus answered them, Is it not written in your law, I said, ye are gods? If he called them gods, to whom the word of God came, and the scripture cannot be broken, say ye of him, whom the Father hath sanctified, and sent into the world, Thou blasphemest; because I said, I am the Son of God?" As if he had said, You own scriptures call even those to whom the word of God came, gods; I am surely not inferior to them, yet I did not call myself God, but only the Son of God,—so little reason is there for charging me with making myself God.

But what is meant when he says, "I and my Father are one." What was this unity? Let scripture interpret scripture.

John x. 30. I and my Father are *one.*	1 Cor. iii. 6, 8. I have planted, Apollas watered; but God giveth the increase. Now he that planteth, and he that watereth, are *one.* Gal. iii, 28. For ye (all christians) are all *one* in Christ Jesus. John xvii. 21, 23. Christ prays for his disciples—"That they all may be *one*; as thou, Father art in me, and I in thee, that they also may be *one* in us.—And the glory which thou gavest me, I have given them; that they may be *one*, even as we are *one;* I in them, and thou in me, that they may be made perfect in *one.*

Thus it appears, that the disciples might be *one* with each other, *one* with Christ, and *one* with God, in the same sense

Art. X.—WESTERN POETRY.—No. III.

In our last number, we took notice of some of the poetical productions of F. W. Thomas, Esq. We propose at present, to give our readers some of the thoughts of men who move but little in the pure literary department,—and whose occupations are thought to carry a poetry repressing spirit with them. But it will be seen, we think, that even the most unpoetical occupations cannot always, and at all times, keep down the beautiful thoughts which come in sweetness upon the soul,—though perhaps like Angels visits, few and far between. The following piece is from the pen of Lewis F. Thomas, Esq., by profession a lawyer, by occupation, editor of a daily paper.

WOMAN.

O Woman! unto thee my thoughts aye tend—
  To thee—the fairest feature of creation;
Ever the falsest foe, and firmest friend—
  Our greatest grief—our sweetest consolation;
Tyrant and slave together, in thee blend,
  And still thou art our proudest exultation:
I loathe, yet love thee, from my inmost soul,
And spurning thee, I bow to thy control.

Thou epitome of antithesis!
  Thou Pandora! fair messenger of woe!
Full fraught with evils, yet bespeaking bliss,
  Thy heart's the casket whence those evils flow;
Thy lips the lid;—let feeling urge amiss,
  Or rouse thy passion to a fervent glow,
'Tis open'd, and unnumber'd mischiefs flee—
But Hope, the Syren, stays and lures to thee.

Dear Woman! as a mother, thou art loved,
  From life's beginning to its closing scene,
With a deep love, unshrinking and unmoved,
  Through all the good or ills that intervene:
As sister—friend—thou in the heart art grooved,
  And it will break ere aught can come between:
Thou art the Halcyon of our youthful years,
Blending thy vision with our hopes and fears.

O, I do know how soothing 'tis, to feel
  A mother's hand passed o'er my aching head;
To see a sister bend o'er me, or kneel,
  "A min'string angel" by my restless bed;

With anxious look, enquiring of my weal:
  The very flutter of her gown—her tread—
Came like sweet music, calming me to rest;
And I have wept to think I was so blest.

Though man hath basely squander'd a fair fame,
  Though he hath acted sin's most damning part,
The mother still thro' crime, reproach and shame,
  Will keep him garner'd in her heart of heart;
The sister's love still cherishes his name,
  Though he hath riven affection's ties apart;
And O, through each vicissitude of life,
How fondly to the husband, clings the wife.

O Woman! ingrate man in vain may try
  To pay the myriad debts that are thy due;
E'en though he drain his heart's exchequer dry,
  And make his very soul a bankrupt too,
Thy drafts upon his love, unhonor'd lie;
  His utmost reach of years are all too few,
To cancel half the gifts that thou hast given—
His every joy on earth—his hope in heaven.

The fourth verse of the above, is very beautiful, and speaks a spirit worthy a brother and a son. Of the the three first verses, we cannot speak so highly, though parts are very good. The two last have a great deal of the spirit of poetic feeling in them,—and the whole piece together, is certainly what would not be expected to emerge from the dust and parchment—the John Doe and Richard *Roeism* of a lawyers office.

The following piece is from the same pen, written two or three years later.

TO IONE.

Oh Ione! oh Ione! my heart's long lov'd *ideal*,
The cherish'd idol of my soul, all beautiful and real;
Oh, thou hast been through days of gloom and many months of care,
The theme of one enduring thought—my hope and my despair.
Though like a moth, I have been lur'd from genial air and skies,
To flit awhile beneath the light that shone from other eyes,
Yet hath their fire ne'er scath'd me, and thine have shed the ray,
The holy sunshine of the soul, that lit my being's day.

Fair Ione! fair Ione! I've sought in learned lore,
The works of high Philosophy, that sages taught of yore;
I've read of deeds of daring, for lady-love and fame,
And mark'd the bright and lofty course that wins an honor'd name;
I've drunk at the Pierian fount that gushes forth in song,
And heard the poet's lay of love, in music float along;
But lore of Sage, and deed of fame, and lay of Poesy—
I've left them all, to roam alone, sweet girl, and muse on thee.

Dear Ione! Dear Ione! the smiling stars, they say,
Hold myriads of destinies, depending on each ray;
But thou, love, art the cynosure, within whose sphere, must be
The revelation of my life—my will—my destiny.
For Oh, I feel that it is thine, and it is thine alone,
To mingle with my very mind, and make each thought thine own;
To bid me up the steep ascent, to grasp Ambition's crown,
Or bring me with my shatter'd hopes, all broken-hearted, down.

O Ione! O Ione! my heart may broken be,
But I'll not reck a broken heart, if broken 'tis for thee.
And, O! I would not, for the rule of monarch proud and high,
E'er cause a blush to light thy cheek, or tear to dim thine eye.
For me then, suffer not regret to mar thy spirit's mirth,
And heed not, if my pathway be in dreariness and dearth;
And though the sky above *my* course, be dark and tempest-riven,
Be *thine* an ever glorious day—an ever smiling heaven.

Dear Ione! Dear Ione! it may be I will find,
In scenes of mirth and revelry, a solace for my mind;
Some spell to stifle memory—some Lethe for the soul—
Some charm to bid the thought be still, and hold it in control:
But if nor scenes of giddy mirth, nor revelry, nor wine,
Unfetter my bound soul from thee, that is so wholly thine—
Why, then I'll quaff the flowing bowl, 'till madden'd into glee,
And in each brimming bumper drink—*a health and joy to thee.*

This does not seem to us so good as the former piece, but as it has been much admired, we suppose the defect is in our taste, and not in the piece itself. Still we are willing, and happy, to give it a certain quantum of praise, especially the third and fourth stanzas, which we think are the best, and which express very poetically, the passion of a devoted lover.

Mr. Thomas has written several other pieces, which we are not able, at present, to lay our hands upon;—but the two, above extracted, we think are the best, and they certainly show a good deal of talent for the divine art.

The piece below is from the pen of Nathaniel Wright, Esq. an eminent lawyer of our city, and it shows conclusively, that the drudgery of a laborious and romance destroying profession, has not killed by its withering contact, all the flowers of poetry, which bloom in the sunshine of his soul.

THE MOUNTAIN STORM.

Give me the scene of uproar wild,
The mountain cliffs, in rudeness piled,
Their summits bald amid the sky,
Where the clouds pause that journey by,

Where lightnings gambol round their heads,
As the hoarse storm its curtain spreads—
  Man, the poor insect of a day!
Just springs from earth to pass away,
Flits from the scene as light and fast,
As the lake's shadow in the blast.
But mark yon hills! Their cliffs have stood,
Unmoved, since round them dashed the flood.
  Skirting the horizon's verge afar,
And neighbors of the evening star,
In varied form of peak and ridge,
Or woody dell, or naked ledge,
They rear their heads above the cloud,
Or veil them in a green-wood shroud;—
Approaching here, till field and cot
Distinctly mark the cultured spot—
Retiring there—and soaring high,
And softening till they melt in sky.
  How sweet, by morning's early light,
To stand upon their starry height,
When through the night, the welcome rain
Has left its freshness on the plain;
An ocean vast, the dawn will greet,
Of fleecy clouds beneath your feet—
With here and there, a lonely head
Emerging through their billowy bed:
All else, so lost, so still, and fair—
You almost ask if earth be there!
And wish the swallow's wing, to try
The magic flood, and bathe in sky.—
But grander far the sable cloud,
Fraught with heaven's fire, and thunder loud;
Its fleecy van of silver sheen,
But all the rear a midnight scene;
The bursting bolt, in vengeance hurled,
That rends the air, and shakes the world;
The pensile flash, whose vivid form
Crosses the darkness of the storm;
Descending now with anger red,
Scathes the bleak mountain's distant head,
Or plays in gambols round the sky,
A solemn sport to mortal eye!
  At length, the advancing torrents mark
The distant summits, veiled, and dark;—
Hill, after hill, as fast it nears,
Is shaded, dimmed, and disappears;
And mingle now along the plain,
The flash—the peal—and dashing rain.—
  The cloud has passed.—Descending day,
Beams forth again its brightest ray;—
The youthful flocks forget to feed,
Through joy's excess, and race the mead;

The songsters strain their little throats,
Put forth their loudest, merriest notes,
And scarce that day does Phœbus part
From saddened eye, or sorrowing heart.—
O, what were life's dull, transient hour,
Without its sunshine, and its shower—
Its day of gloom, and doubts dark dream,
And hope's succeeding, brightening beam.

The above was first published in 1829, in the "Western Souvenir." It started into life, in all its beauty and excellence, in the midst of Blackstone and Coke, and a host of other worthies, the ghosts of whose faces, we should have thought, would have looked astounded, at the sacrilege our friend committed in their presence. Reader, was it ever thy fortune, or misfortune, we know not which to call it, to see an old black letter volume, ancient enough in appearance, to have served for a reference book to Noah, in the settlement of his legal quandaries? Did you ever observe one of the beautiful vignettes which always grace the first page,—one of the most ancient, demure, antideluvian visages you ever saw, surmounted by a wig, large as a full grown sheepskin? Did you ever observe all this? Well. Call to your mind that visage, and that wig, and the atmosphere of wisdom which seemed to proceed from that sheep-skin,—and then imagine, if your imagination is strong enough,—the look which that visage might be supposed to give, when hearing that one who had tasted all the sweets of Fearne on contingent remainders, had taken to writing poetry, and good poetry too! Think of it! Why the very wig, sir, would curl with indignation and astonishment, at the suggestion. But so it is, alas for the weakness of human nature, the wisest of us will commit foolish acts.

We know not that Mr. Wright has ever committed any other offence, against the taste of the ancient worthies of his profession. But he has shown a soul and imagination capable of committing heinous and dark crimes, in the way of writing good poetry, and if he do'nt look to it, we shall expect some day to hear of his exit, brought about by the indignant descent of the black letter folio's from their shelves, upon his devoted head, for having dared, in their presence, have a thought untinged with the, "for that whereas heretofore to wit," of legal technicalities.

NOTES ON PROOF TEXTS.—No. II.

John x. 30. I and my Father are one.

We wish that any of our readers who have heard these words adduced as proof of Christ's equality with the Father, would turn to the passage, and read it in its connection. The Jews accuse him of making himself God;—and what the Jews accused him of making himself, Trinitarians believe him to have been. His answer shows both the accusation and the belief, to be groundless. "Jesus answered them, Is it not written in your law, I said, ye are gods? If he called them gods, to whom the word of God came, and the scripture cannot be broken, say ye of him, whom the Father hath sanctified, and sent into the world, Thou blasphemest; because I said, I am the Son of God?" As if he had said, You own scriptures call even those to whom the word of God came, gods; I am surely not inferior to them, yet I did not call myself God, but only the Son of God,—so little reason is there for charging me with making myself God.

But what is meant when he says, "I and my Father are one." What was this unity? Let scripture interpret scripture.

John x. 30. I and my Father are *one.*	1 Cor. iii. 6, 8. I have planted, Apollas watered; but God giveth the increase. Now he that planteth, and he that watereth, are *one.* Gal. iii, 28. For ye (all christians) are all *one* in Christ Jesus. John xvii. 21, 23. Christ prays for his disciples—"That they all may be *one*; as thou, Father art in me, and I in thee, that they also may be *one* in us.—And the glory which thou gavest me, I have given them; that they may be *one*, even as we are *one;* I in them, and thou in me, that they may be made perfect in *one.*

Thus it appears, that the disciples might be *one* with each other, *one* with Christ, and *one* with God, in the same sense

in which Christ was one with the Father. What becomes then, of the doctrine of the Trinity? If what we have quoted above, proves Christ to have been equal with God, it proves also, that the disciples were equal with God, for their unity was the same. On the other hand, the argument is equally conclusive, if the disciples were not equal with God, Christ was not.

There may be unity, without equality. Paul and Apollos are said to be *one*. But they were not one in person, nor were they equal. Their unity was the unity of purpose, and feeling, and effort. In much the same same sense (and it may explain the meaning of this unity with God, better than any words of ours,) Paul in writing to the Corinthians, 1 Cor. iii. 9, says: "We are laborers together with God."

CRITICAL NOTICES.

THE OUTLAW, AND OTHER POEMS. BY CHARLES A. JONES.—*Cincinnati: Published by Josiah Drake*, 1835.

IN the little volume before us, we have the first, and an essential requisite too, of a saleable and popular book, viz. a goodly outside. We say first requisite, not metaphorically, but literally. For oftentimes has the *gentle* reader, so softly and sweetly addressed in prefaces and marginal notes,—been beguiled into reading that, in a pleasant and inviting dress, which under another form would have remained upon the publishers shelves, unhonored and unread, though perhaps, not unwept.

The volume before us, is very neatly got up, well printed, and on good paper. In all these respects, it does credit to the taste of Mr. Drake, and the skill of those in his employ. In regard then, to the first requisite of a good book, we can commend this as worthy of all patronage. Nor will our commendation end here. We can say with truth and pleasure, that the contents of this volume have both interested and entertained us.—There are some pieces and passages which evince a fine poetic taste and temperament, and show what the writer *can* do, and this makes us regret the more, that he should have published anything, which needed the apology made in his preface.

A wise mechanic who wishes to convince the public that he is worthy of their patronage, does not, to prove it, bring forward the crude attempts at

mechanical execution, which employed the hours of his early apprenticeship.

Why should the poet or author, who wishes to convince the public that he is able to instruct and entertain them, bring forward the green attempts of his boyhood, to accomplish his object?

To be sure he tells them, they were written at an early age, and cannot therefore be expected to be free from fault; but what satisfaction is that, to one who has bought the book for the purpose of entertainment, and finds himself disappointed? What would be thought of the mechanic, who sent to his employer a poor and clumsy piece of furniture, and by way of apology, should tell him, he made it during the first month of his apprenticeship, and it could not therefore be expected to be any better? Would not such conduct be a good reason for afterwards refusing to employ him? Now we take it to be the object of the man who writes for money, or for fame, to sell his production, or in other words, to get customers for the furniture of his mind. Let him beware then, how he exposes the clumsy and awkward productions of his apprenticeship for sale, for let him be assured, that however young and inexperienced he may have been when they were made, the public will not be good natured enough to buy, still less to read them, on that account.

How often is it the case, that an author establishes a reputation for good or evil, in the community, by his first production, which years will not destroy. Should he not then, be particular in starting, to have all fair and bright before him, and not load himself with a damning character in the literary world, which may hang like a mill-stone round his neck and retard his progress, perhaps forever? We do not mean that Mr. Jones has done all this yet, for there is not so much in the book before us that is censurable, and to be condemned, as that which is common place and tame. Now we venture to say, from some specimens Mr. Jones has given us in this volume, of his poetic power, that there need not have been one line that was flat and unprofitable. Why is it then that there is so much there that might as well, nay much better, have been left out? Mr. Jones tells us in his preface, the reason. They were written at a very early age; and rather than undergo the intellectual labor of coining ideas, now that his mind is capable of it, he chooses the easier, though more ignoble part, of amusing the public ear with the sound of the jingling words, his boyhood delighted in. This should not be, and we recommend Mr. Jones to reflect upon it; a word to the wise, is sufficient. To show that we are correct in our estimation of Mr. Jones' ability, we need only speak of the "Wandering Jew," which has received so much well deserved commendation heretofore,—to some passages in the "Outlaw," and to the following piece, which we extract, because we think it breathes a great deal of the true spirit of poetry.

Oh! let me not die in the early spring,
When the flowers are blooming, the birds on the wing—
When Nature is clothed in her mantle of green,
And the light of her smile is the joy of each scene—
When the stern king of winter has finished his reign,
And the brook and the river are freed from his chain,

This is charitable—perhaps it may be true—but to most men, that which the editor took for inspiration, would seem mere mystification. There was a charm in Coleridge's magnificent flow of language, in his voice, manner and character, which carried his hearers away—and we must allow something to the affectionate reverence with which a young and ardent friend, and relative, would naturally regard the spiritual and gifted poet. How lovely and venerable, how pure was Coleridge—when were ever genius, religion, and the gift of utterance so miraculously blended! how much of his mind and meaning must his mere *readers* lose! "Mr. Coleridge's affectionate disciples learned their lessons of philosophy and criticism from his own mouth.—He was to them as an old master of the Academy, or Lyceum. The more time he took, the better pleased were such visiters; for they came expressly to listen, and had ample proof how truly he had declared, that whatever difficulties he might feel, with pen in hand, in the expression of his meaning, he never found the smallest hitch or impediment in the utterance of his most subtle reasonings by word of mouth. How many a time and oft have I felt his abstrusest thoughts steal rhythmically on my soul, when chanted forth by him! Nay, how often have I fancied I heard rise up in answer to his gentle touch, an interpreting music of my own, as from the passive strings of some wind-smitten lyre!"

Let our reader peruse the whole of Henry N. Coleridge's preface, which is beautifully written, before he goes into the Table Talk. It is due to a man who has his every day conversation thus reported, that he should not be *judged* by it without great charity; you must anchor your faith, not only when reading this book, but the writings of Coleridge, upon the truth of what the editor says. "He was *always* ratiocinating in his own mind, and therefore sometimes seemed incoherent to the partial observer."

We have not made many extracts, first, because many have atready been made by the papers throughout the country. Second, because the book has been sometime before the public, and lastly, because no scattered extracts could represent the book. We close these observations, with the remark, that the book itself is far, exceedingly far from representing the *mind* of Coleridge in all its depths, and fertility—it represents even his habits of speech, imperfectly. It ought, therefore, to be read charitably, and with a patient reference to the more elaborate of his productions. C.

CORRESPONDENCE.

EDUCATION;

DESCRIPTION OF MR. ALCOTT'S SCHOOL.

[We consider ourselves as pledged to the cause of education in the West. Intelligence on this subject we solicit—every thing of interest shall be promptly attended to. In particular, we would enforce the doctrine, that *moral*, no less than *intellectual* culture, forms an essential element of education—so essential, that without it, intellectual education can hardly be proved of any real value. What good does it, to teach a boy to write, if you only produce a skilful forger by the operation? "Knowledge is power;" but why impart it, if you thus make a villain powerful? We wish to hammer much on this nail—some powerful sledges are already thundering upon it—by and by, we trust it will be driven in. At present we would communicate to our readers an interesting account of a school in Boston, the *express purpose* of which, is a moral and spiritual influence. Intellectual culture is a wholly subordinate object. The children are mostly five or six years of age. The account is extracted from a private letter.]

"I shall send you my last weeks' work—a journal that I kept in Mr. Alcott's school—I have felt so much interest in this singular school, that I resolved to give a week to it, that I might understand the principle and practice of Mr. A. And I think I have comprehended it. I will describe the school room to you, for that is a part of the plan. It is a large, pleasant, cheerful room—square and high—with a large Gothic window looking out upon the common. Opposite this window is a book-case, surmounted by a bust of Plato, who is indeed the presiding "*genius loci*." Mr. A. is a thorough spiritualist, in speculation and practice, and is completely faithful to his principle. In the centre of this piece of furniture is fixed a cast in *Alto Relievo* of our Saviour, and His spirit is interfused throughout the instruction. His words are almost daily read, paraphrased, and explained—referred to constantly, and his instructions come so naturally into this school discipline, that the young beings will surely be christians before they know it.—There are children in the school of almost every denomination, even to Free Inquirers. The Secretary of that Society brought his two boys to Mr. A. who told him he could not be aware of the nature of his school—that he should make christians of his children if he could,—but the man insisted on leaving them. There are Unitarians, Calvinists, Baptists, Swedenborgians, Episcopalians, Methodists, Universalists, and Free Inquirers. Mr. A. now wants to have a Catholic and a Quaker, and he will be satisfied that all are represented there, and will contrive to speak to the condition of all.

From a corner, looks out Socrates, whose method (*Erotecratic*, asking questions) is practised with great success.

In opposite corners are fixed on pedestals, Shakspeare and Milton. A statue of silence, with finger on its lip, is opposite Plato, and before the window and opposite the entrance, is a small statue of a rising spirit, an aspiring soul, with arms stretched out and up toward heaven, and mantle falling downward. Behind this, the clock; a portrait of Dr. Channing hangs on the wall, and two fine old landscapes. In summer, a stand of flowers occupies the place of the stove. The children sit in small chairs—the floor is carpeted—a desk, bookshelf, and black tablet for drawing stand round the room. A high black tablet there also is, on which is drawn————the human mind! There is an analysis of this sort once a week. The elements are furnished by the consciousness of the scholars, and as fast as one is obtained it is written down in its place. These of course are carefully sifted in the Socratic sieve, and the genuine ones preserved. This remains before their eyes all the time on the tablet. In this way they advance slowly and surely in the knowledge of themselves—for Mr. A. took care to make them understand at first, that that was the object of the school. The influence of this discipline, is striking and real,—T—— I thought a wonderful example of it, but now that I am acquainted with the scholars, I see that he is less influenced than most of them. He is surrounded with the elastic medium of his own thoughts, and really looses a great part of what is going on, he is so under the influence of the shaping spirit of the imagination.—No man can serve two masters—nor boy either. Mr. A. is very liberal, and respects the original constitution of the mind. 'To him that hath, shall be given,' is his motto; and he lets T—— read Arabian Nights, German stories, &c.—for, said he to me, he *understands* them better than the other children, and I am much more willing he should read them than they. A lady came to place her children there—who was charmed with the idea of the moral instruction, and told Mr. A. that she was so desirous of cultivating truth in her children, that she never allowed them to read novels; for she considered novels as wicked deviations from truth. Mr. A. endeavored to make her understand that a spiritual truth might be best conveyed by fiction, and as he doubted whether he had succeeded, he doubted whether he ought to take the children.

To wake up their consciences, to give them faith in their own spiritual natures, to quicken their moral sense, to give them an understanding of their own mental capacities, and to teach them the English language exactly and thoroughly is his aim and object. Other things are taught of course; arithmetic is placed lowest of any thing; much lower than spelling, which, accompanied with the definition of the words, forms an intellectual exercise of a pretty high character; for no word escapes till its history, uses, and every shade of meaning has been discussed. Drawing is taught, of which I am the professor; E. P. teaches Latin, Astronomy, and various other things.

The great medium of instruction is reading; the Bible, Pilgrims Progress, Paradise Lost, and the Fairy Queen, are the books most read.

But the wisest part of this system is the manner, or rather the spirit in which the punishment is managed. At first, the novelty of being treated like rational beings made them all behave perfectly well; but at last when offences come, the matter was made the subject of discussion, and the offender being treated in the Socratic method, was so far enlightened as to perceive that his fault was a moral evil, dangerous to the health of the spirit, and was fairly desirous to get rid of the fault, rather than the punishment; and thus they are taught to desire punishment as help,—to be willing to suffer for the sake of learning. Some of those children really see, that what is worth having, is worth struggling for, and must be toiled for; and that the highest good must be suffered for. In other schools, the faults of the children hinder instruction; here they advance it. Mr. A. labors hard to break up the association of being good and happy—thinks it the root of moral weakness—means to teach them to be good at any rate."

WESTERN SKETCHES, SCENERY, &c.

IN LETTERS FROM ILLINOIS.

Fort Clark—Peoria, Illinois, May 18, 1835.

My Dear Brother:—Here I am, thus far forward on my journey, without accident or adventure. I shall be detained here until Thursday morning, much against my inclination, as the stage goes out only twice a week, Monday and Thursday. We arrived here yesterday evening; and I have found enough to occupy and interest me, in admiring the beauty of this charming situation.

When we waived our adieu, I ascended to the top of the boat, and as you and P. threaded your way among the crowd, and were finally lost to my reluctant gaze, I felt that the tie was severed, which had been twining for three years around my heart; yet I lingered to gaze on each retreating scene, which we had frequented together, to take what seemed to be my last look of each house and hill in St. Louis, until the winding river shut from my view the last signs of the city, where I had spent so many happy hours, and left so many kind friends.

At Alton I stopped for a short time, and mailed you a note. The Illinois is at this season a very beautiful stream. The first fresh bloom of foliage closes it in with the usual luxuriance of western vegetation; and the clear waters fill up the channel to the edges of the velvet prairies, which come down to its brink. One, too, is not oppressed with the idea, that this luxuriance of life is but the harbinger of death and disease. One can, at this season, venture to enjoy a moonlight night, without the penalty of a morning ague. I ensconced myself in my berth—

> "Let fall the silken curtains to the floor,
> And o'er a fair leaved book began to pore"—

while the verging panorama of forest-beauty swept past my open window. It was the "Crayon Miscellany" of Irving, which a passenger had just brought from Cincinnati. It is a charming work—one which gives a just and poetical view of the Great West, yet without exaggeration or attempts at the marvellous, and with much of that quiet humor which pervades the History of New-York. Tonish figures as a conspicuous character—the marplot and the scaramouch of the sylvan drama. Read it.

At Pekin, ten miles below Peoria, the boat was detained for some hours; and two young men, with myself, becoming tired of the delay, took the yawl, and as a fine breeze was setting up stream, we spread our pocket-handkerchiefs, and dashed on at a fine rate; just above the town there is a bayon or bight, which we unfortunately mistook for the channel of the river, and ran up three miles before we discovered our mistake, by bringing up among the willows at the head of it.

Just at this time we were consoled by hearing the escape of the steam of the ascending boat, miles off to our left. One of the youths, being a "true Yankee sailor" from Boston, it was proposed that we should rig a sail, and run up the river the rest of our voyage. So said—so done. We pulled down to the Chinese city, bought half a dozen yards of domestic, rigged a square sail, and ran up in an hour and a half, cheering the way with songs and stories, and exciting more wonder than a steam-boat.

To-day my nautical friend and myself procured a very fine sail boat, which they have here, and wound about the mazes of this beautiful lake, which is just above the town. This would be the very place for me to settle in, if there was not such a thing as a living to earn. I went up to dine with Mr. —— on the bluff, an elevation of about forty or fifty feet above the first prairie. The view from this point is beautiful in the extreme. Beneath your feet, and stretching to the river, is a gently undulating prairie, which extends south and north to the verge of the horizon—the broad lake expands from just below the town, and fine bold promontories, jutting out from the opposite shore, give to the landscape an air of strength which is generally wanting in western scenery.

Chicago, May 31.

We had some amusing adventures on the way from Peoria to Otaway. We stopped to dine at an old log pen, which we discovered to be the postoffice.—The laws of the postoffice department prescribe that the mail shall be opened in a private apartment, and that no one shall be present but the postmaster or his sworn deputy. Here the whole eastern mail was dumped out upon a floor, the cracks of which were an inch or two in width; and as the postmaster had gone to his diggings at Galena, a clodhopper, who could not read writing without spelling the words, commenced the task of assorting the letters. The passengers found that we should be detained seven hours, instead of the seven minutes allowed, and so we all appointed ourselves deputies, and performed the task, and paid ourselves for our trouble by opening the newspapers and reading them. All which proceedings our friend took in good part. Col. —— found a letter addressed to him at Chicago, and took it out, and paid for

it without question. The stage driver said that he went down into the cellar and found there a number of letters and newspapers, which had on them the mould of time and decay. I shall never wonder again at the miscarriage of letters. The wonder is, that they arrive safe so often.

Toward twelve o'clock at night, and a night of Cimmerian darkness it was, we arrived at the top of a hill, with an outward angle and inward curve. Col H., who is an old stager in these parts, advised us to get out of the stage, which we all did, with the exception of an old codger who had been paying too great devotion to a flask of whiskey which he carried. About half way down the hill, the leader bolted, and whirled the carriage out of the track, and turned it over on to its top. The driver described the arc of a circle, the reins forming the radii of it, and landed without much harm in the soft bed of the stream at the bottom of the hill. I ran down to the stage, and saw through the gloom, a dark figure stretched motionless on some stones, and the white hat of the passenger who had remained in the stage, which convinced me it was him. "Are you alive?" No answer! I ran up to where the other passengers were collected, and exclaimed,—"The man is killed!" We assembled and raised the corpse, and discovered it to be—the United States Mail!—and peering into the coach, soon found the man, finishing his bottle, and soliloquising—"Next time, it will get broke—I had better save it."

CATHOLICISM IN THE WEST.

——— *June* ———

To the Editor of the "Western Messenger."

Sir:—I take the liberty of writing to you, because I am in want of information, which I think you will be able to give me. My reason for subscribing to your proposed journal, was the desire to learn from some responsible authority, the real condition of the western States, in regard to religion and morals, and I hope you will permit me sometimes to ask questions about it. What I want to know now is, the truth about the Catholic influence among you. They tell us here, at least from some pulpits, that the West is fast becoming the Pope's heritage, and that it will soon be all under his thumb. Some preachers talk more vehemently against the "man of sin," as they call him, than against sin itself; indeed it seems to me, that many are resolving the whole christian character into a cordial hatred of Catholics. This sort of feeling prevails mostly among the working classes here, but every body is more or less infected. The Convent can never be rebuilt in this State, or any part of New-England, and the nuns are now making arrangements to go away to Canada. Now, sir, I hate illiberality, but yet do not wish to have my eyes shut, if there is *really* this dreadful evil coming upon us, which I hear of, and shall be very much indebted to you if you will tell me what the real danger is. You will do a great deal of good, by giving us something upon which we can *rely*; we feel, a good many of us, suspi-

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THE WESTERN MESSENGER.

PUBLISHED ON THE FIRST DAY OF EVERY MON

I.—Objects.—To promote a manly, intelligent, and liberal piety, both working by love; to explain and defend the misunderstood a neglected principles of Unitarianism; to be a bond of union for western Christians, and a connecting link with their eastern brethren. Also, to obtaining sound views on literature, education, schools, and benevolent prises.

II. Reasons.—The Unitarian "sect is everywhere spoken against." persons think that they verily ought to do and say things contrary t name. Others, more liberal, ask, "may we know what this new do whereof thou speakest, is?" But there is no answer. We have no of reply, explanation or defence. Smitten on the one cheek, we mus ally turn the other. The ear of the public is open, and the tongue, press, so far as Unitarians are concerned, is silent. We think the We mands and will support such a work. We believe that there is a spir which asks for light; which is testing received opinions, to det whether they are consecrated by truth, or consecrated only by time, ing to the apostolic injunction, "*prove all things; hold fast that which is*

III. Method of conducting.—The work will be conducted by the ation of Unitarian ministers in the West. It will be published at Cin under the special superintendence of Rev. E. Peabody. Local topics terest will be attended to. General intelligence, of a miscellaneous ter, will be inserted. New books will be noticed, and diligent atten paid to such matters as particularly concern the social or religious w of the West.

IV. Conditions.—The Western Messenger is published monthly Cincinnati, on paper of a superior quality, and with type uniformly Each number consists 72 large medium octavo pages, making at the the year, two volumes, of 430 pages each. The subscription price is dollars, payable at the time of subscribing.

Cincinnati, June 1835. T. H. SHREVE &

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THE

WESTERN MESSENGER;

DEVOTED TO

RELIGION AND LITERATURE.

N°. IV.

OCTOBER, 1835.

CINCINNATI:

PUBLISHED BY T. H. SHREVE & CO.
BOSTON; JAMES MONROE & CO.

1835.

Three cents—Postage, under 100 miles, 3¾ cents; over 100 miles, 7½ cents.

THE

WESTERN MESSENGER;

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Vol. 1. OCTOBER, 1835. No. 4.

Art. I.—PRESBYTERIANISM AND CHRISTIANITY.—No. 3.

'THE ATONEMENT.'

The popular doctrine on the above subject, is said, by its advocates, to embrace the only procedure by which the Divine justice and veracity can stand unimpeached; or, to express it in the language of some distinguished writers—"That, according to the principles of moral government, obedience, either antecedent or subsequent to transgression, cannot avoid the penalty of law; and that pardon, upon condition of repentance merely, would destroy the efficacy of moral government."

"That an Atonement has been made for sin, by Jesus Christ, with reference to which, God can maintain the influence of his law, and forgive sin, upon condition of repentance towards God, and faith towards our Lord Jesus Christ."—*Sermons by Dr. Beecher, page* 218.

Again. Another writer states the following:—"The violation of God's law is never forgiven, without a full recognition, both on the part of God and men, of the indispensable *requirements* of *justice*. In addition to repentance towards God, the Gospel requires faith in our Lord Jesus Christ. This is an act, emphatically expressive of the great obligation of man—the deep demerit of his sin, and the terrible degree of misery he has justly incurred," &c. "In the death of Christ, the believer discovers a display of the justice of God; so important and indefeasible it appears in his sight, that mercy could not be extended to sinners without a suitable *substitute* for sin."

"If repentance is the only condition required, on the part of any being, in order to the sinner's forgiveness, it must be considered either as full equivalent to full obedience, or an atonement for sin—if not, the claims of Justice, as to the time spent in wickedness, are totally set aside." "Besides, how can even the Divine *Veracity*, be raised above suspicion, if God, in the very act of justifying the ungodly, be not unequivocally declared to be *just?*"

"God has threatened, that tribulation and anguish shall fall upon every soul of man that doeth evil." Rom. 2. 9.: and in the death of Christ, the believer discovers a striking pledge of the *Veracity* of God: He sees that his perfections must engage him to execute every purpose declared to mankind." —*Spirit of Theological Journals, for March*, 1830.

In replying to the foregoing, it must, however, be premised, that what these writers term, "the Evangelical system"—"the system of the Gospel"—and "the Atonement,"—are merely, *their own views of them.* What are really such, is the question at issue.

1. The first thing that obviously presents itself in the statements of these writers, is, the want of a clear and definite sense of the word, "*Justice.*" It is most likely that persons, entertaining opposite views on this subject—if they were to define their sense of this term—would be found to differ widely; and consequently, differing in the whole of their conclusions respecting it. And as this is a point, which must be decided altogether upon *scripture* testimony, we ought to begin by examining scripture for a correct definition, by ascertaining *the sense in which it is* THERE *used;* instead of laying down an *abstract* definition of the term, which, however clear and satisfactory to some persons, is not alike so to all, and which, consequently, may be met by others, which claim an equal semblance of truth.

What then is the scripture sense of the term, *Justice?*—When the inhabitants of the Old World sinned, it was *they* who were punished. When those of Sodom and Gomorrah sinned, *they* also, were punished; but we find that, upon the intercession of the Patriarch, Abraham, the Divine compassion was such, that it was promised to him. "If but ten righteous persons were found in it," the whole city should be spared, "*for their sakes;*" yet there is no more ground to conclude, that God would have been *unjust* in not inflicting the merited punishment, than that those ten persons were to have borne the punishment due to the *spared* inhabitants, if they had been spared.

In the account we have given us, Exod. 32, of the Jewish people relapsing into idolatry, during the delay of Moses in the mount, we are told that the Divine displeasure was great, and signal destruction was intimated; but, upon the intercession of Moses, it is said, "the Lord repented of the evil which he thought to do unto his people." And in the sequel, we find the punishment was mitigated; yet, in this case, there appears no transfer of punishment; for it was expressly declared to Moses, "*whosoever hath sinned* against me, HIM will I blot out of my book."

When, upon the farther disobedience of the same people, they were threatened with utter destruction, Moses again interceded, and again the Divine Being was propitious. His language on this occasion was very striking. Num. 14, 17. "And now I beseech thee," &c.—pleading the long-suffering—the mercy and forgiveness of God—and the Divine Being graciously recognized his own previous declarations. "I have pardoned according to thy word." Thus, under the height of provocation and transgression, the divine mercy was extended, without any intimation that it was *inconsistent* with *Justice.* Some, indeed, were signally and awfully *punished;* but this does not affect the case of those who were *pardoned.*

Thus we see, that God *has*, in fact, both executed his judgments in punishing sin; and extended his mercy in the forgiveness of it, as he saw fit. Nor is there any more reason to conclude, that he exceeded the limits of justice in the former case, than that he violated them in the latter.

What idea had David of Divine Justice? We are told in the 21st chapter of 1st Chro.—that, when David had transgressed so that the Divine judgments were denounced,—and he was left to choose of three modes, by which it should be inflicted, he said, "Let me now fall into the hand of God, for, *great are his mercies.*" Did he apprehend any defect of Justice, or injustice on the part of God, when he said this?—His language, on another occasion, was—"Thou wast a God *that forgavest them*, though thou *tookest vengeance* of their inventions."

The recapitulation, which Nehemiah makes of the divine dealings with the Jews, in his 9th chap., and which is very similar to that in the 106th Psalm, is strikingly illustrative of God's administration. When *his* multiplied favors are recited, and *their* ingratitude and disobedience, that "they dealt proudly," &c., he says: "But thou art a God ready to pardon, gracious and merciful, slow to anger, and of great kindness, and forsookest them not," &c. "Yea, when they had made a mol-

ten calf, and had wrought great provocations, yet thou, in thy manifold mercies, forsookest them not," &c.; and after again reciting successive instances of rebellion, disobedience, &c., and the visitations of divine displeasure, in delivering them into the power of their enemies, and the severe chastisements which was inflicted upon them, he sums up thus:—"Nevertheless, for thy *great mercies* sake, thou didst not utterly consume them, nor forsake them, *for thou art a gracious and merciful God.*" Can we suppose that the Divine Justice was violated, in this dispensation of long-suffering mercy?

Again. When the wickedness of the Ninevites had become very great, the Prophet, Jonah, was sent with a *peremptory* denunciation of destruction, "Yet forty days, and Ninevah *shall be* overthrown." Yet, upon the humiliation and repentance of the people, we are told that, "God saw their works, that they turned from their evil ways, and God repented of the evil that he said He would do unto them, *and he did it not.*" And although this dispensation of the Divine Being towards them, excited in the mind of Jonah vexation and chagrin, yet it did not excite *surprise*, as though it had been contrary to the usual tenor of the Divine procedure; it was rather anticipated by him; "was not this my saying," said he, "when I was yet in mine own country; *for I knew* that thou wert a gracious God, and merciful; slow to anger, and of great kindness, and *repentest thee of the evil.*" And the Divine Being condescended to justify his own conduct towards this people, in a manner that deserves particular attention, viz: by an appeal to the principle of compassion, in the breast of Jonah, and transferring that principle to his own character as *Creator*—(a relation that must be antecedent to every other, although so little attended to, or rather, almost wholly lost sight of in modern systems of self-assumed orthodoxes, while the gospel revelation responds to this glorious manifestation, and reiterates—"*a faithful Creator.*") "Thou hadst pity for the gourd, for which thou hast not labored, neither madest it to grow," &c.; "and Should I not spare Ninevah," &c.

If we turn from *facts* and *transactions*, to *declarations only*, of the inspired writers, respecting the divine dealings to men, we shall find such as the following:—"Unto Thee, O Lord, belongest *mercy;* for thou renderest to every man according to his works:" Ps. 62, 12. Here *mercy* is *connected* with *distributive justice*, not *opposed* to it.—Again. "If I regard iniquity in my heart, the Lord will not hear me; but, verily, God hath heard me—he hath attended to the voice of my

prayer. Blessed be God, who hath not turned away my prayer, nor his *mercy* from me." Here it may be remarked, that, if the first part of this description related to a *sinless* character, there would have been no need of the application of mercy. Ps. 88, 38.

Speaking of the repeated apostacies of the Jewish people, the Psalmist says: "But He, being full of compassion, forgave their iniquity, and destroyed them not; yea, many a time turned he his anger away, and did not stir up all his wrath. For he remembered that they were but flesh, a wind that passeth away, and cometh not again." Again, Ps. 89: "I will sing of *Mercy* and *Judgment*—*Mercy* shall be built up forever—thy *faithfulness* shalt thou establish, in the very heavens." "*Justice* and *Judgment* are the habitation of thy throne—*Mercy* and *Truth* go before thy face." Ps. 103. "The Lord executeth righteousness and judgment for all that are oppressed." "The Lord is merciful and gracious, slow to anger, and plenteous in mercy." Ps. 106, 1. "O give thanks unto the Lord, for he is good; for his mercy endureth forever." And, "Who keepest *truth* forever." In Ps. 146, 17: "It is declared that the Lord is *righteous* in *all his ways*, and *holy* in *all* his works." Yet, in the same Psalm we are told, "that the Lord is gracious and full of compassion, slow to anger, and of *great mercy*."—That "the Lord is good to all, and his tender mercies are over all his works." Here, then, it is observable, that *Justice*, *Judgment*, *Righteousness*, *Holiness*, *and Faithfulness*, are not mentioned in *contrariety* to *Mercy*, but in combination with it—as being, each of them, respectively different modes of carrying on the same grand dispensation; varying, as the relative characters and circumstances of men, render either the one or the other most suitable and efficacious.

In the Prophecies of Isaiah, chap. 30, 18, after describing the calamities denounced upon the Jews, for disobedience, it is added—"and therefore will the Lord wait, that he may be gracious unto you; and therefore will be exalted, that he may have mercy upon you: for the Lord is a God of Judgment; blessed are all they who wait for him." This corresponds with the above. In considering the above quoted *facts*, *transactions*, and declarations, attentively, several observations present themselves. 1. That *Justice*, as attributed to the Divine Being, is not the *unconditional* infliction of punishment —either when *positively denounced* or implied—upon the offender.

2. Nor is it the infliction of severity, *unmitigated*, or untempered with compassion and mercy, when in repentance

and contrition, the sinners confessed their guilt: in two instances, we find pardon was granted upon the intercession of Moses.

3. Neither is there any mention made of a *substitute* being provided, to satify the claims of Justice, in the cases where forgiveness was dispensed; or the least intimation of such a procedure.

4. Nor are we at liberty to suppose that justice was not administered in those cases, since the inspired declarations, relating to them, expressly state, that his *Justice*, *Judgment*, *Faithfulness*, *Truth*, *Compassion*, and *Mercy*, were *unitedly* dispensed in his dealings, as well to the Jews, as to all men generally.

When the fact, then, is both so strikingly exhibited, and so expressly declared, that forgiveness and pardon *are* dispensed, in connection with the administration of justice, under the moral government of God, without reference to any substitute, lest the claims of justice should be "totally set aside." There appears to be no alternative but the admission, that such a procedure *is not* inconsistent with the Divine character and attributes.

2. What is the *Scripture* sense of the terms, *Veracity*, *Truth*, *&c.?*

Besides the positive denunciations, threatenings, &c. against disobedience, already mentioned, and which it has been seen in the sequel of those occurrences, *were not* LITERALLY *fulfilled*, I shall now consider some others, which are often cited as being more partiularly connected with the Divine *Veracity*.

1. "The soul that sinneth, it shall die." Exod. 18, 4.

In the first place: if this denunciation be taken in its *un*conditional construction, no soul that sinneth, can possibly be saved; since no reserve whatever is made; no substitute, whatever, is alluded to; but the connection is inseparable, between the *soul that sinneth*, and the *threatened death;* and to substitute *any one person* in the place of the sinner; or he who committeth sin, would, even upon this supposition, evidently come short of a fulfilment of such a construction. It follows, therefore, that this language is *conditional*. What these conditions are, remains to be examined. But, to gain a right understanding of this sentence, we must view it in its connection.

"The soul that sinneth, *it* shall die." It is obvious, that the threatened punishment—of death for sin—is expressly restricted to the individual, *who should commit it*. "The soul that sinneth, *it*," and not another, "shall die." "The son shall not bear the iniquity of the father, nor the father that of the

son." Thus, the *object* of punishment is restricted, and identified with, the *transgressor*, or committer of sin.

Punishment by substitution, therefore, is expressly discountenanced, by the authority of God himself. But again: Although it is declared that, "the soul that sinneth, it shall die," yet, in the very next verse, it is added: "But, if the wicked turn from his wickedness, and do that which is lawful and right, he shall surely live, *he shall not die;* all his transgressions shall not be mentioned to him," &c.; and, on the contrary, as to the righteous. It is therefore clear, that this sentence was not intended to express an irrevocable denunciation against the sinner; but, that it does admit of the extension of pardon, upon repentance and reformation of conduct.

And, what is still more confirmatory of this sense of this passage, is, 1. that this conduct of the Divine Being, is held up for the express purpose of exhibiting the equity of his administration, in contrast to the perverted notions and maxims of the Jews, who pretended that punishment *was* of a *transferable* nature.

2. That the *moral influence*, deducible from such a mode of procedure, is *strongly urged* upon the *Jews:* "Repent, and turn yourselves from all your transgressions, so iniquity shall not be your ruin."

The same principle of the Divine Administration, is strikingly exhibited and illustrated in the 33d chap. of Ez., sanctioned and verified by the most solemn declarations and assurances of the Most High: "As I live, saith the Lord, I have no pleasure in the death of the wicked; but that the wicked *turn* from his wickedness, and live; turn ye, turn ye, from your evil ways; for *why* will ye die, O house of Israel?" Can any language be more explicit than this, and the subjoined?—"When I say unto the wicked, '*Thou shalt surely die*;' if he *turn from his sin*, and *do that* which is *lawful* and *right*, *he shall surely live—he shall not die.*" "When I say unto the righteous, that *he shall surely live;* if he trust to his own righteousness, and *commit iniquity;* all his righteousness shall not be remembered, but for his iniquity that he hath committed, he shall die for it." See, also, Jer. 18, 5—11.

To the preceding conclusions, which appear to result so forcibly from the former quotations, and which are also applicable to these last, may now be added another, viz:—That as Justice and Equity, as attributed to the Divine Being, are not the apportioning, or inflicting, a certain degree of suffering, for offences committed without regard to the individual or in-

dividuals, who committed the offence or offences; or that punishment has no reference to sin, *apart* from the sinner; but, on the contrary, that it is the *being* that *commits sin*, who is, *alone*, the object of punishment—so *Veracity*, as attributed to the Divine Being, does not apply, *unconditionally*, to the denunciation against sin; but both threatenings and promises, are always made subject to a change, from bad to good, or from good to bad; and that *pardon*, (forgiveness,) is as assuredly connected with repentance and amendment, as executed punishment, *is*, with continued disobedience. On the other hand, he who *relaxes* from *righteousness*, or *declines* from *obedience*, will as certainly *forego*, or *lose* his *reward;* as he who, by a faithful perseverance, *continues* in well doing, and holds fast his integrity and righteousness, shall assuredly obtain that promised reward.

It is plain, therefore, that *characters*, and not *persons*, are to be understood as connected, both with the denunciation *against sin*, and with the *promised reward* to the righteous; and that it is as much conditional in the one case, as in the other. As long as the wicked continue in his wickedness, the threatened punishment is but *suspended;* and, if the character remains unchanged, will assuredly be inflicted; but it is equally embraced in the Divine declaration, and equally consequent upon a change of character—that punishment *shall be remitted.*

In reference to the passage quoted from Rom. 2, 9,—if we take it in its connection,—it will be found to exhibit the same view of the Divine administration, which we have seen illustrated before. The apostle Paul, after describing at large, the great degeneracy into which the Gentiles were sunk, and their gross wickedness, declares, that "the judgment of God is according to truth against them who commit such things;" and then queries with the sinner on the folly and ingratitude of his conduct, in continuing impenitent. "Thinkest thou this, O man—that thou shalt escape the judgment of God"? Or despisest thou the riches of his goodness, and forbearance, and long-suffering, not knowing that the goodness of God leadest thee to *repentance.*" Here, notwithstanding the judgment denounced, the riches of divine goodness and forbearance, and long-suffering, are urged as motives to repentence: which, if the denunciation was meant to be irrevocable and unconditional, would be altogether without meaning. But the Apostle follows up the denunciation, on the express ground of the sinner's not availing himself of that long-suffering mercy; but, by hardness and impenitence, accumulating "wrath against

the day of wrath, and revelation of the righteous judgment of God;" which will be to render to every man according to his deeds;" as assuredly to them who, by patient continuance in well doing, seek for glory, honor, and immortality—eternal life—as to them who are contentious, and do not obey the truth, but obey unrighteousness—indignation, and wrath—tribulation and anguish, upon every soul of man, that doeth evil."

The punishment, then, which is here threatened, is against *continued* impenitence—against such as have slighted, or despised, the riches of God's long-suffering mercy; and it expressly admits the possibility of its being averted by repentance and amendment, corresponding with the language in Ezekiel.

The *Veracity* of God, therefore, is not impeached, by not executing his threatenings against sin, if repented of and forsaken: because he has himself, expressly declared, that in so doing, his ways *are equal*—i. e., according to equity; and that *his desire is, that the sinner should turn from his ways and live;* and that he does not wish to execute his threatenings upon the sinner.

In all that we have seen thus far, no allusion or reference is made to sin being punished in a substitute; or to the principle of a transfer of guilt and consequent punishment—except *to reprobate it.* On the contrary, punishment by substitution would afford *no* pledge of the divine veracity—much less, a "*striking*" one; for, in that case, his declared purpose to mankind—that "tribulation and anguish, shall fall upon *every soul* of *man* that *doeth evil*"—would not be fulfilled. For, as it has been observed before, if this language is to be taken in its strict *unconditional* sense, there could be no hope of escape or salvation, for any one of the human race. Even the sense of a transfer of guilt, and a consequent infliction of punishment upon a substitute, is, itself, a *condition;* and would, therefore, be as absolute a failure of the execution of the original denunciation upon the sinner, as any other condition.

The teachings of Jesus Christ are to the same effect. He exhorts us to "be merciful, *as* our Father in Heaven *is* merciful." To pray for forgiveness, *as* we forgive others. That if we forgive—our heavenly Father will also forgive us; but if we forgive not—"neither will our Father forgive us." In his parables—of the prodigal son—of the creditor, and his two debtors—of the servant, who owed his Lord 10,000 talents—there is no allusion to a transfer of punishment to a substitute, or any like compensation being made, to satisfy justice, or to preserve the Divine veracity; but quite the contrary. While

the prodigal son "was yet a great way off, the father saw him, and had compassion, and ran, and fell on his neck, and kissed him." No sooner did the penitent, in self-abasement, confess his guilt, than paternal pity exclaims—"bring forth the best robe, and put it on him, and put rings on his hands, and shoes on his feet, and bring hither the fattest calf, and kill it, and let us eat and be merry." We shall seek in vain, in the fatted calf, for a simile of vicarious suffering or punishment, for we are expressly told that it was killed *for joy*, because the father had received his long lost son, safe and sound.

Will it be said, that, because this exhibition of mercy is not accompanied with a previous compensation, made to offended Justice—because no mention is made of appeasing inexorable wrath—that, therefore, it is not in accordance with scriptural representations of gospel salvation, or consistent with the Divine character? Was it not our Lord himself, who thus portrayed the Divine character? and is it not in perfect accordance with his other parables? In that of the two Debtors, who, "when they had *nothing to pay*, the Creditor *frankly forgave* them." And of the Debtor, who owed 10,000 talents, his Lord was moved with compassion, and *forgave* him;" and the reason assigned by himself, is—"I *forgave* thee all that debt, *because thou desiredest* me."

The system, therefore, which is built on an assumption of justice, contrary to the uniform tenor of the Divine administration, and contrary to the declarations and representations of his own revealed will, *must be false*. "God is his own interpreter." There can be no *relaxation* of his *Justice*, or *impeachment* of his *Veracity*, in the measures of his administration; because compassion and mercy are essentially incorporated with them; and it must be evident to every attentive observer, that they originate from the same source—pure and unchanging good will; and that they are equally directed to one ultimate end—the correction of the sinner, and the destruction of sin. Justice, mercy, severity, forbearance, and the like, do not constitute the ultimate design—they are but means, or measures, adapted to accomplish the objects which the great, all-wise, and benevolent Designer had in view, and which he has been pleased to reveal to us—namely, the purposes of his love—of the good pleasure of his goodness —"*God is love*"—and if *love*, then that love is *perfect* love—*unchanging* love—*inextinguishable* love—*universal* love. In fact, a *moral intention* must be either good, or evil; benevolent or malevolent; promotive of happiness, or adverse to it: for, to suppose that the Divine Being had *no intention*, no design,

when he made man, would be, both to deny his moral attributes, as well as contrary to his express declarations, which unequivocally assert that, "*for his pleasure* all things are, and were created." As, then, the designs and purposes of the Deity, originated in his *Love*, in his own pure benignity, the good-pleasure which he hath purposed in himself—his absolute perfection, his self-existence, his independence, his immutability, his omnipotence, his consummate wisdom, his omniscience —absolutely forbid the supposition, that such designs can be ultimately frustrated.

Such being the plain, the express, and therefore, the genuine testimony and declarations of revelation—we are not at liberty to suppose, either that a change can take place, in the Divine mind, or that any created being can, in any way, or by any means whatever, produce a change in him, from his original purpose, intention, and design. There is no possibility of escape from these premises, as I conceive, if we believe the Divine testimony. It is to no purpose, that Revelation assures us that there is but *One Being*, to whom *self-existence* and *independence* can be ascribed, if we admit the existence of a Power, that had not its origin in him, or that can produce *ultimate* results, independently of him, and subversive of his intentions —or that revelation assures us that He is *immutable*, if we admit that his original intentions have, from whatever cause, undergone *a change;* that his purposes, towards a great proportion of his creatures, will not turn out to be what he originally intended.

Can we believe that "his understanding is infinite'—that he is "the *all*-mighty," and "the only wise God,"—that wisdom and might are his, in their proper and perfect sense—and, at the same time, admit that consequences may take place, which either elude his penetration, baffle his wisdom, limit his power, or at least, oblige him to change his purposes, and render them inefficient to accomplish what was originally his good-pleasure?

The statement that, "if repentance is the only condition required, on the part of the sinner, in order to his forgiveness, that it must be considered as a full equivalent to full obedience, or an atonement for sin—and if not, the claims of Justice, as to the time spent in wickedness, are totally set aside" —is not correct; because, although God has declared that repentance shall avert threatened punishment, it does not therefore follow, nor has he anywhere taught us that "it must be considered a full *equivalent* to full obedience, or an *atonement for* sin," if, by that term, be meant a *compensation*, or sub-

stitute; for we have seen that no such idea is alluded to, as that of any thing being considered a *substitute* for *obedience*—but, as the consequences of a deviation from rectitude extend beyond the present commission of sin—pervade the whole character—and deprave the moral capacities—so, although repentance is accompanied with that change in the mind, with which forgiveness is promised, yet the repentant has only begun that course—*a faithful continuance* in which, is indispensable to the full assurance of that promise. The evils which sin has produced—the moral injuries which the sinner has sustained, by its deteriorating and degrading influence—those efforts must be painfully great, and perseveringly lasting, which can *repair;* though even time itself can never wholly remove many of the consequences of his former transgressions. "It is altogether an illusion," as a judicious writer has observed, "to suppose that the moment our disobedience stops, an equality in point of welfare and happiness, is obtained with those who have not so disobeyed the dictates of conscience." "The recollection of former disobedience will continue, and must produce an increasing self-abhorrence in proportion to such an one's progression in persevering duty; and *this* will always inflict pain and shame." But, even after all, the change that repentance can produce—as we are expressly taught in the New Testament, that different degrees of attainment, shall be differently rewarded—it follows, that "he who mispends *any part* of his time, allotted him to improve it, must be considered as making so much deduction from that blessedness, to which he might have attained, by the proper and faithful employment of the whole." "Repentance can do a great deal; blessed be God that it can; but not all the torrents that ever streamed from the eye of penitence, or all the importunity that prayer can pour; or all the exertions that repentance can make; are able to recall the months that are past, and the years that are no more. *Departed time*, is *for ever* gone; and that proficiency in morals, to which it might have given birth, is forever lost."

It is, therefore, far from being true, that *all* the evil of sin is so averted by repentence, as that, "there can be nothing very odious in its nature, or very dreadful in its consequences."

Equally groundless is the assertion, "that there is nothing in this view of things, to impress the importance of obedience, and the evil of transgression;" for punishment or misery will continue to be as much the inseparable consequence of sin, upon this view, as upon any other.

If there is any error in these statements, they are open to

correction; if not, it must be obvious, that the *popular* doctrine is a superstructure *totally devoid* of a *foundation in the Scriptures.* It is altogether assumption to infer what the conduct of the Divine Being will be from any *arbitrary* sense affixed to certain expressions, or terms: the only safeway is to take *corresponding* passages, and observe *from fact*, what *has been the mode* of his proceeding, and in what manner they have been realized and acted upon. As to the word "Atonement," when exhibited in its native form—*At-one-ment*—it does not necessarily convey the sense which is generally *forced* upon it. The two first syllables require no explanation, and the third, *ment*, merely signifies an act done; therefore, the whole word signifies the act of uniting, or making *one*, persons, or things, that before were separated. Whenever an *At-one-ment* takes place between two parties, the means by which it may have been brought about, will of course, vary according to the relative state of the parties at variance, and the causes which have separated them; and it does not necessarily include, or imply *a transfer of guilt*, a *substitute for a defaulter*, or a *compensation to satify* the *claims* of *justice;* but like its corresponding term, *Reconciliation*, it merely expresses a state of *agreement* and *re-union*, brought about between two parties, who before were at variance. M.

Art. II.—FORMATION OF THE MORAL CHARACTER.

(CONCLUDED.)

By far the most important and interesting view which can be taken of the Moral Character, is that which considers man as an *accountable*, and an *immortal* being. Were our actions subject to no inspection, but that of the world; were the great object of our existence accomplished, when we had secured the good will and approbation of our fellow men; and were no voice ever to break upon the slumbers of the grave; there would still, be numberless and powerful incentives, to an unspotted and virtuous life. We might still, by a careful cultivation of the heart, have the pleasure of knowing that our influence and example would not be wholly lost to the world. We might still enjoy a prospective existence in the memory of others, and derive a substantial and an honor-

able satisfaction from the consciousness of our own integrity. But, when we consider that this life is not the measure of our being,—that we are candidates for another, and an immortal state of existence,—that all our feelings,—thoughts and actions, are to be subjected to a higher and a surer tribunal, than either the decisions of conscience, or the opinions of the world, —how new, how interesting, and how grand, appear the scenes to which we stand related! And above all, when we consider that the characters which we are forming, we are forming not for time alone—that they will go before us into a future state, and will determine with respect to that state, the final adjudications of the court of Heaven,—what dignity and solemnity attach to our very existence! Could we look into the secret recesses of the soul, could we take an accurate survey of its complicate and mysterious mechanism,—could we define and trace out the connections and dependencies of all its thoughts and feelings, and determine the whole and exact bearing of each, upon the character, and the life, and the future destiny, we should tremble at our responsibilities, and exclaim in the language of the poet—

> "Great God! on what a slender thread,
> Hang everlasting things!"

When viewed in this light, the term Moral Character signifies something very different from what is understood in its ordinary acceptation. It means nothing more nor less than holiness of heart; or perfect conformity to the whole moral law. It is not, however, our present intention, to enter into a disquisition on the best means of cultivating religious feeling; but to consider *the excellence of the Christian Religion in its adaptation to the moral constitution of man, and to the perfection of his nature.*

Among every people, and in every stage of civilization, the depravity of human passion has stood in direct opposition to the general welfare. But every age has also furnished those who have had a regard for the best interests of mankind; who have apprehended the nature of the evil, and have adopted various remedies with various success.

The statesman and the philanthropist have spent days and nights of study, and of toil, in rearing and perfecting their respective systems; and after having given them to the world, have waited long and patiently to behold the fruit of their labors; but have died without the sight. The moralist and the legislator have united in the same honorable cause the arts of persuasion with the force of power: but they have almost universally found that mankind are unwilling, either to

practise the precepts of the one, or to obey the injunctions of the other.

In short, the testimony of universal experience has been,—first, that laws and government are essential to the well-being of humanity; and secondly,—that the most complete human systems are inadequate to the perfect accomplishment of the ends for which they were established. Human authority is at best, limited and imperfect. It extends only to those flagrant acts of injustice and of crime, which are open to the inspection of the senses, and which are obviously at war with the claims and the interests of society. It may subdue to obedience, but it cannot win to love. It may torture the body, but it cannot purify the heart. It may overtake the robber, and strip him of his plunder: but it cannot persuade him either to respect the rights of his neighbor, or to obey the laws of his country. It may arrest the assassin when his villainy is done, and hold him up to the world as an example of public justice:—but, while he was planning the bloody scheme, it could not have made its voice heard in the still and secret chambers of the soul; arming the heart against temptation, and seconding the reproofs, and the admonitions of conscience.

With the culture of the moral character,—with the thoughts, feelings, and desires of the *inner man*, the authority of human law, has nothing to do. They are beyond its jurisdiction. They pass only under the eye of Omniscience; and they wait their award till the decisions of the final day.

From these considerations, it is evident, that, for the guidance of the moral conduct, there is need of a higher and better system of moral principles, than human ingenuity has yet been able to devise. Such a system is found in the Christian Revelation. It bears the marks of its having come from Heaven; and its effects shew it to be worthy of its origin.

We shall now proceed to consider its influence on the moral feelings; and its claims upon our attention as the only sure and safe guide to excellence, in whatever ennobles and dignifies humanity. And in the first place, we remark, that *the scenes to which it introduces the mind*, are of all others, the most favorable to the proper culture of the moral character. No position is more consistent with reason, or is better established, both by observation and experience, than that intellect and morals influence each other. No man's mind can be intimately conversant with scenes of beauty, or of grandeur, without producing a corresponding refinement, and elevation of sentiment and feeling. But where, throughout the whole

universe of matter and of mind, can there be found themes so full of dignity and sublimity,—so incomprehensibly glorious and great, as those which revelation has unfolded? Where, a fountain so pure,—so exhaustless? Where a field so rich, so ample, and so grand? What can be better calculated to enlarge and elevate the mind, than the contemplation of those subjects which "angels desire to look into,"—but which the intellect of the loftiest seraph cannot comprehend? To him who gives himself up to the influence of the principles of religion, who engages closely and devoutly in the contemplation of its sublime and interesting truths,—intellectual excellence, and moral purity, advance hand in hand. While he constantly finds new subjects for the employment of his mental faculties,—while he sees new fields of thought and of knowledge rising before him, and stretching out into a glorious and a boundless realm,—he feels a wholesome and a heavenly influence operating upon the affections, and the life, enlightening and purifying the soul, and gradually conforming it to those great and unalterable principles which regulate the moral government of God.

The whole design and effect of religion, is to inculcate pure and disinterested virtue. By religion, however, we do not mean either bigotry or superstition. Nor yet do we use the term to signify that ideal, bloodless thing which some men call "the *Religion of Nature.*" We designate by it, that real and substantial excellence, whose "fruits are love, joy, peace, long suffering, gentleness, goodness, and faith:" in short, all those amiable qualities, those social and manly virtues which commend themselves to our consciences, and our understandings; which render man estimable in the view of man, and lovely in the eye of Heaven. *This* is the religion of the Bible; and it need not here be told, that its whole and only effect, is to call into life, and bring forward to maturity, every species of moral excellence, of which our nature is susceptible.

And we make no hesitation in affirming, that amid all the generations which have come and gone, and amid the countless varieties and modifications of character which they have presented,—there has been not a single virtuous emotion, not a single feeling of tenderness, of kindness, of charity, generosity, or affection, which may not be found in the Bible, inculcated and enforced both by precept and example.

The sages of antiquity, who knew nothing of Revelation, and the theorists of modern times, who have rejected it, have plied their sagacity, and have put their ingenuity, and their philosophy to torture, in order to institute, or to select *a per-*

fect character. Both attempts have been equally futile. The best models which they have selected for the imitation of their own, and of future ages, have, notwithstanding their peculiar excellencies, been degraded by crimes and vices, equally repugnant to the feelings of humanity, and to the convictions of reason.

As it respects those characters which were of their own devising, and in which they had the power to combine every real, and every imaginary perfection—let the polytheism of the ancients, with all its motley fantasy of mystery and sensuality, of extravagance and vice, bear witness. The heathen mythology is already becoming obsolete, even as a subject of classical allusion, and we believe the time is not far distant, when it will need only be named, to be despised. But this great desideratum of morals which has mocked the ingenuity of the modern deist, and baffled the wisdom of the ancient sage,—is most kindly and happily supplied in the Christian Revelation. The character of Christ as it is delineated in the New Testament, is the only faultless pattern that has ever been given to mankind. Nay, more: It comprises every positive excellence. All the amiable and active virtues are there combined; and, besides being freed from those irrational excesses, by which poor weak humanity so often transmutes even its virtues into vices, are most beautifully illustrated, and most happily adapted to our moral constitution, by his own pure and perfect example. The spirit which He exemplified during the whole course of His pilgrimage on the earth, was what Dr. Payson called "the perfection of reason;" and, we might also add,—the perfection of virtue. Compared with His pure principles and holy life, what were the boasted morals of Cicero, and of Seneca, of Plato, and of Epictetus? Where, in all the annals of ancient, or of modern times, shall we find such an example of pure, disinterested, godlike virtue? Where, that meekness under insult; that resignation in affliction; that patience under suffering; and that calm, steady, and holy superiority to temptation, to danger, and to death?

With such an example before us, to what may we not attain in all that is great and noble in our nature? With such an example before us, why should not our "path be like that of the just, which shineth brighter and brighter unto the perfect day?" With such an example before us, why should we not look upon it, and admire it,—till, to use the beautiful language of the Apostle, "we ourselves are changed into the same image from glory to glory, even as by the spirit of the Lord?

Could we see any individual completely and habitually under the influence of religion, we should find in him a perfect pattern of all that is excellent and praise-worthy. His character would deserve and command universal esteem. The good would always meet him with a smile; and would stretch toward him the willing hand of friendship and of love. The bad would retire at his approach, or under an affected indifference or contempt, would pay in the secrecy of the heart a prompt, though perhaps a reluctant, tribute of homage. In every circle where he moved, his presence would create a sensation of his superior dignity and worth. From his eye would beam Kindness, Compassion, Benevolence, and Love. On his brow, would sit Magnanimity, Benignity, Peace, and immortal Hope. In friendship, he would be disinterested, generous, and faithful. In affection, warm, tender, and constant. In health, he would be a minister of consolation to affliction and distress. In sickness, he would be an example of patience, and of resignation. In affluence, he would look upon wealth only as the means of doing good: and he would employ it in diffusing light, and joy, and happiness around him. In poverty, he would be contented with his lot; and would consider obscurity and the want of this world's comforts, only as the most salutary means for the promotion of virtue and of faith. Within his pure breast, no mean or interested motive, no selfish or grovelling passion finds a harbor or a resting-place. Nor yet with all this excellence of moral character, does he consider himself "as having already attained, or were already perfect." In all his intercourse with mankind, and in all the changes and trials of life, he is continually elevating his affections and his aims. He longs to rise from the baser interests and the petty cares of this world,—to sit in a more cloudless realm, and to breathe the air of a purer and a better clime. Under the influence of that hope, which "fastens itself on heaven," and of that faith which "entereth within the vail," all these diviner tendencies of the soul are animated, and strengthened, and pointed upward toward that world of light, where He who is the sum and essence of all perfection, has fixed His glorious and eternal abode.

But some one will say, "if this be the effect of religion, on the moral character, there is certainly but little of it in the world. Your man of religion is altogether a thing of romance. You may picture him to us in the imagination, but you cannot set him before us as a living reality." In this objection, we are compelled to say with shame, there is too much truth. Yet we contend that so far as religion is permitted to have an

influence, its sole and legitimate effect is of the nature we have described. In the precepts which it inculcates, and in the laws which it enjoins, in the spotless character which it offers for our imitation, and in the immeasurable prospects which it spreads out before us in the future world,—are comprehended all the materials for the construction of the moral edifice; and we may, if we *will*, fashion them after a better than Roman model, and rear them into a more than Corinthian beauty.

We do not wish, however, to retract any of the sentiments which we have heretofore advanced. We would not maintain that by other means than those of a religious nature, the moral character may not be greatly corrected, and improved. A rational, discriminating, and practical philosophy, may undoubtedly effect much in the work of moral, as well as mental cultivation. But philosophy alone never will, and never can transform men into those pure and perfect beings, "in whose breasts" we are told, "vice never finds a habitation." We would hardly venture to say that Socrates was not "fitted to live, to reason, and to die." But we are not afraid to say, that if he was, it was *not his philosophy* alone that made him so. This is the effect of religion; and of religion alone. It is this which confers upon the character of man a worthy and substantial dignity. It is this which invigorates every sentiment which connects him with his species; at the same time, that it transfers his supreme affections to the great and unfailing source of goodness and of love. It places before him a heaven congenial to the purified soul, and fits him for its spiritual and holy communion. It unveils to his view, the uncreated glories of the Divinity; and excites within him a restless and inexplicable longing for the fellowship of that happy world, where love inspires the songs of the blessed, and binds together in peace and ever-during, ever-growing joy, the assembly of the just.

It fits the soul for the delights of that divine assembly. It stands by it like a ministering spirit in the dying hour, and attends it to its everlasting home, in the celestial mansions. There, it will be freed from all its error and imperfection. There, it will have shaken from itself its chains of clay, and will bloom with a new life—a life vernal and immortal, under its native skies.

No storm of trouble or of temptation will ever beat on that peaceful and distant shore, and no cloud will ever rise to darken its hope, or dim its vision there. All that is excellent and beautiful in mind, all its glorious and divine faculties, its pure

and warm desires, its fond attachments, its sweet and serene affections, will spring into a new existence, and will grow and ripen and refine forever under the sweet sun-shine of Eternal Love.

"They who sow in tears, shall reap in joy;" and the virtues here implanted in a cold and shallow soil, and reared amidst sorrow and decay and care, will there flourish in immortal bloom and beauty, like the trees of the celestial Paradise which grow along the river of Life.

The *employments* too of the soul, as the ages circle away, will be ever developing, and adding new perfection to whatever it has well begun on earth; now gazing with a rapt and unclouded vision, on the ever-unfolding glories of the Eternal Mind: now, standing up as a king and a priest before Him, and swelling high the choral song which peals around the skies: now, bending its willing wing on an errand of love, to some bright world which sparkles afar: and, amidst all its sacred and delightful employments, perpetually growing in knowledge and in happiness, and forever, gradually, but steadily advancing on, towards the perfection of God. E.

Art. III.—VIEW FROM THE HORIZON.

"It doth not yet appear what we shall be."—*I. John*, 3. 2.

Our present powers and capacities, admitting them to be resumed after death in what is now their full vigor, may nevertheless be as incipient and as feeble, with respect to the scenes and objects with which we may then be surrounded, as they were in the infancy of this our being, with respect to the objects and scenes of this material world.

It was necessary to the right use, and vigorous exercise of our present faculties upon the objects and in the circumstances around us, that we first learned their nature and tendencies; that a development of correct conception, and of persevering energy should *precede*, and then that our sphere of influence should extend conjointly with the acquisition of our knowledge, and our capacity for making its practical application; and thus also the maturity of our present mental and moral existence was *gradually* attained. May not analogy

lead us to suppose a similar process to be necessary in the unfolding of our future being, whatever may be the nature of its endowments, or of the corresponding connections in which we may then be placed?

Here, in the infancy and childhood of our present existence, our capacities and energies are drawn out, fostered and disciplined preparatory to their advantageous employment in manhood, when the artificial contrivances of education for that purpose are laid aside, and so in the efforts which the progressive mind exerts, and the advantages which it successively makes in the acquisition of knowledge, and the cultivation of benevolent affections, the great, the *essential gain* is in the augmentation of its mental ability, and the extension and purity of its moral capacity; while the objects and relations which were the means of this development, may, with its death, be altogether withdrawn, and a *new* world presented to our view.

To what objects then, ought our principal and habitual aims to be directed? What is that treasure and those acquisitions of which we cannot be deprived? Let us enquire.—We may pass over the accumulation of wealth, and the attainment of worldly distinctions of whatever name, as being too obviously of an unsubstantial and temporary nature, and confine our attention to those of the moral and intellectual kind.

The *amount of good* which we may have been permitted to accomplish in this life, must forever be a source of permanent satisfaction and delight. But when it is considered how much of its success may have been aided by, and dependent upon, what perhaps were *adventitious* circumstances not within the control of human agency; also from the same causes how many well meant purposes and endeavors have been rendered nugatory; and again, how many of the most strikingly and extensively beneficial events have resulted from individuals, or bodies of men, who were obviously actuated by motives of applause, of ambition, of avarice, or some other of the inferior principles of human action—we cannot consider the *actual amount* of benefits conferred on society either private or public, to be that *treasure* of good men which will admit of universal application. To answer this description it must be entirely independent upon the external vicissitudes of times and seasons, and altogether free from the control of disappointment and defeat. An all-disposing and over-ruling providence superintends and finally adjusts all the purposes and results of human volitions, and *that* may appear

for a while to have sprung from pure patriotism or philanthrophy, or religion, which, alas! was the dictate of motives altogether foreign to either of them.

With respect to the pursuit and possession of truth, the case appears parallel.

It is not of *first rate* importance what are the views and sentiments which we entertain *as* truth, since we *may* err, and then our supposed gain will prove loss; while that which alone remains permanent, is the *love of truth*, or the *true devotedness of mind* with which we *sought for and retained it*. Correct views of the divine character, dispensations and government, are of incalculable value and importance, as they are so intimately connected with the right disposition and flow of the affections towards God, as their supreme object, as well as towards our fellow-men, and with a corresponding conduct.—But it is not any opinions, or perceptions, it is not any peculiar views or doctrines that will constitute a person a true christian; it is by carrying into our daily habitual practice the teachings and injunctions of Christ, as they relate to God, to society and to ourselves, and training up, purifying and maturing our springs of action, until our motives are rendered permanently pure, pious and virtuous.

The great end of all gospel means, is the formation and establishment of *Character;* Intellectual, Devotional and Moral; of which the true standard and pure model in a human form, is the beloved Son of God, our Saviour Jesus Christ, "who is the image of the invisible God,"—"the brightness of his glory." To recite passages, would be to transcribe a great part of the New Testament; the following, however, are some of the more prominent, as they relate to the grand transforming principle of benevolence. 1 Thess. 3, 12, 13: "And the Lord make you to increase and abound in *love*, one towards another, even as we do towards you; *to the end*, he may establish your hearts *unblameable in holiness* before God, even our Father." Ep. 3, 14—20. "That Christ may dwell in your hearts, by faith, that ye being rooted and grounded in *love*," &c., may be able to comprehend—and *to know the love of Christ*, that ye might be filled with all the fulness of God." Again, Ep. 4. After pointing out what is to be discarded, and what cherished, he exhorts, in chap. 5, to "be followers of God, as dear children," and to "walk in love, as Christ also hath loved us, and given himself for us." And in Phill. chap. 2: "Let this same mind be in you, which was also in Christ Jesus," and "work out your own salvation,"—"that ye may be blameless and harmless, the sons of God without rebuke,"

so fixed and *determinate*, as neither to be baffled by difficulties nor *distracted* by an attention to minor evils, suffer not your operations to be enfeebled by any "entangling alliances," and, with the smile of Heaven on your exertions, you have nothing to fear."

By attending to this exhortation, especially while our Temperance Societies are, as at present, but an experiment, at which men look with a sort of suspicion, we shall do a vast deal to secure the ultimate success of our efforts.

Although we have already quoted more than a fair proportion of the little pamphlet before us, we ask yet further indulgence. The Temperance reformation, if it goes on, must be the result, in a great degree, of the example of *Individuals.* This is not felt among us as it should be, and our last quotation is to this point.

"The influence of a man's daily walk and conversation, is acting *constantly* and *in spite of himself.* We can no more escape from it, and from its responsibilities, than we can from the sustaining pressure of the super-incumbent and surrounding atmosphere. It is always flowing from us; in *all* places, and at *all* times, and *alike* constantly whether it be good or bad. The steaming and putrid sources of contagion can no more hold back their pestilential emanations, than can the pure fountain of light and heat arrest the outgoings of its own vivifying beams.

This influence is as inseparably connected with the humblest as with the most exalted individual. Besides, there is this most interesting consideration; such is the arrangement of the social system, the members of the human family are so bound together, they are connected by such various ties, and such multiform relations, that almost every individual exerts a more powerful influence on certain other individuals than does any one else. And however trifling the direct and immediate results of this influence may sometimes seem, no one can, even in a given instance, fix the boundaries or limit the extent of its possible agency. It *may* perish in its beginnings, and it may, also, go forth with a constantly widening range, and a constantly accumulating power of action. A single word may transmit its undying and inextinguishable influence through thousands and tens of thousands of human bosoms, carrying along with it, like a benignant star, purity and light; or darkening and staining the hearts through which it passes, with wretchedness and sin.

These and similar considerations may help us to feel more sensibly the immense responsibility which is perpetually upon us. And they are of most emphatic interest to us, as *Young Men*, and in relation to the subject of temperance. Youth is the season of confidence and trust, when the first permanent friendships are established, and the first lasting form and pressure are given to the character. There are but few, probably, who have passed through this period of life, who have not been placed in such connexion with some one associate as has put his destiny, to a certain extent, into their keeping.

Is it possible to give to this subject a more serious and imposing aspect than really belongs to it? What must be the sensations of that man, who beholds some bosom friend, the companion of his early and

The same may be said of literature and science, in reference to our attainments in them. Our highest advancements may be mere crudities—our clearest conceptions but faint glimmerings, when compared with the illuminations and attainments of a more advanced state of being. Yet, habits of investigation, of close and correct reasoning, of clear and discriminative judgment—belong, essentially, to the developed principle of thought—constitute, in part, its character, and must remain coeval with its own duration.

There are, indeed, branches of science which must ever retain their real value and importance; "their demonstrated truths," as expressed by an intelligent writer, "are eternal and unchangable, and are applicable to all worlds, wherever they may exist, and in every period of duration, so long as the material fabric of the universe remains."

Without, however, specifying those departments of science which are of this permanent nature, I merely wish to elucidate this general principle: that the amount of knowledge acquired in any, or all, is small, compared with an enlarged comprehension, and a well organized capacity of thought and reflection. M.

Art. IV.—MR. BARTLETT'S ADDRESS.

"The Laws of Sobriety," and "The Temperance Reform," an address delivered before the Young Men's Temperance Society in Lowell, (Ms.) March 8th 1835, by Elisha Bartlett, M. D.

There are some subjects which are greatly agitating the christian community, upon which we shall, if possible, maintain a strict neutrality. But the Temperance Reform is not one of these. About this indeed, we have no choice. It is impossible for us to be silent, or to avoid taking a decided stand. Temperance and morality are so nearly synonymous, that we might as well pretend to neglect the last, as the first, and still preserve our right to the title of a *religious* magazine. We shall, therefore, feel it our duty, at an early day, and frequently, to express ourselves fully upon this subject. Which much as has been done, we fear that it is too little thought of, and that its real importance is not sufficiently felt on this side of the mountains. In many of the Atlantic cities, publications and

addresses, in every variety of form, exhibiting the evils of Intemperance, and devising or insisting upon the means of its prevention, engross much of the attention of the religious part of the community; but, with us, comparatively little is said or done; and yet, certainly, not because there is not need of it.

The amount of ardent spirits consumed in the West is immense, and although we can perhaps trace the cause of this to the hardships incurred in a new country, and the consequent imagined want of stimulating drink among the settlers, we cannot conceal the ruin which the wolf in lamb's clothing is scattering about him. It will be impossible for any great improvement to be effected among us, either in religion or morality, or education, until this arch-enemy of them all is checked in his progress. We have no intention at present, however, to enter into a labored discussion, and had therefore better defer whatever we have to say till another time.

Our object now is to notice the little pamphlet, the name of which stands at the head of this article, with the purpose of calling attention to the principle on which the Temperance Reformation should be conducted.

The lecturer speaks of the general laws of Temperance. He regards everything which prevents the most perfect development and the freest action of the body, or which abridges the term of its existence, as an infringement of those laws, and therefore wrong. This he illustrates in several ways. He comes then to the main topic of his address, "The relation which these Laws of Temperance, taken as a whole, as a complete, perfect, integral code, instituted by the Creator, and imposed upon the creature man, for his government and good, bear to *the Temperance cause or Reformation*, so called technically, I might almost say, in the advancement of which, we, as a Society, profess to be engaged." His aim is to show that the object of the Temperance Society, is *not* to enforce the general laws of Temperance, but only one of their many applications; not to ask a pledge from men to refrain from all things hurtful to the body, but merely, to refrain from the use of ardent spirits. As this view of the subject seems to us the correct one, and one which the warmth of the friends of Temperance is making them disregard, we shall quote some of our author's remarks, in proof of it.

"What was the great evil which these men set themselves earnestly at work to diminish, and finally, with the blessing of God, to subdue? Was it, or was it not, an evil arising from an ignorance or disregard of the *Laws of Temperance*, as I have stated them, and showing itself in

injury done to the health of body and mind, through an indulgence in *gluttony*, and in the use of stimulating articles of various kinds, including brandy, table beer, cider, opium, tobacco and coffee?

Nobody in his senses will contend that *this* was *the evil*, against whose existence they arrayed themselves. They saw that a *great public calamity*, had overspread the whole land, that a PLAGUE had come upon our people, more terrible than all the plagues of Egypt; and like the wailing in that same land, when "the Lord smote all the first-born from the first-born of Pharaoh that sat on his throne, unto the first-born of the captive that was in the dungeon," "they heard a great cry, such as there was none like it." They saw idleness and pauperism increasing with fearful rapidity in a new country; rich in fertility and full of resources. They saw our court houses thronged with culprits, and our county jails and state prisons crowded with miserable tenants. They saw strange fires burning on the altars of God. They saw *age* with his white locks and his tottering form, *manhood* in his fullest strength, *youth* in his freshest bloom, *beauty* in her sweetest charms, stricken down, together, by a spoiler more terrible than death. The father left his offspring to perish, and the mother forgot her nursing child.

And whence came these manifold forms of wretchedness and sin? Came they from the common violations of the *Laws of Sobriety?* Came they from gluttony, or from the influence of wine, or beer, or cider, or opium, or tobacco, or tea, or from all these? No! neither from *one* nor from *all!* They came from the stimulus of a more fiery drink, from a more potent poison, from a drug, which, while it consumed the body, brutalized also the mind; they came from *Alcohol, distilled alcohol*, and from this *alone*. They came from it *then*, they come from it *now*.

The evils resulting from the use of distilled drinks differ, both in kind and degree, from those occasioned by any other inebriating or stimulating substance in nature. They stand in their enormity alone and unapproachable. This manifest and indisputable difference between the effects of alcohol on the one hand, and the exhilirating substances which have been enumerated, on the other, points out at once the necessary difference in the proper methods of removing their respective and appropriate ills. In the one case, I allude to wine, beer, cider, opium, tobacco, tea, coffee, and other similar articles, their peculiar properties should be pointed out, fully, honestly, faithfully, to each being adjudged its due share of good and its appropriate ills, for there is, in this respect, an enormous difference among them. People should know the effects which each of these articles produces on the human system. They should be made familiar with the *Laws of Temperance* in all their length and breadth; the health and happiness, the vigor of body, and the cheerful activity of mind which are the natural fruits of their observance; and the inevitable suffering attendant on their violation. The kindly voice of warning and admonition may urge never so warmly, the obligations, both of interest and duty, which bind men to obedience, to these divinely instituted laws, and there the matter should stop. If two or ten or a thousand individuals choose to associciate themselves together for mutual aid and instruction in the theory and practice of temperance and sobriety, certainly there can be no objection to it. It is more than unobjectionable; it is praiseworthy in the highest degree.

But this is far from being the case with distilled spirits. It is *not* enough, in relation to these, that we discuss their operation on the mind and body, that we assemble ourselves together to point out their disastrous effects on individual happiness and health, and that, for our own benefit, and for the well-being of others, we *pledge ourselves* to abstain wholly from their use. We have a right to adopt *compulsory* measures for the suppression of their manufacture, sale and use. The question with which they are concerned, is as much one of a *public nature*, one on which our national prosperity as much depends as that of our public schools, our laws, and the very form of our system of government. The general use of these drinks is as incompatible with our own liberty, and the safety of our persons and property, as would be the absence of all law, or the corruption of those who administer it. Men have the *right*, and it is a solemn *duty* which they owe to themselves, to their posterity, to their country, and to their God, to invoke the aid of *legislative enactment*, and, speaking through the mighty organ of the *law*, to say to their fellow men, "Touch not the unclean thing!" It is incompatible with *my* interest as well as yours, with *my* safety and welfare, and with the safety and welfare of my children, with the prosperity, perhaps with the very existence, of my country and her institutions, that you should be *permitted* to drink this beverage any longer, and you must not do it. We deprive you of the right.

I say, then, that in the enormity of the evils resulting from the unrestrained use of ardent spirits, in their fatal influence upon all our civil, social, and political blessings, in their general relation to pauperism and crime, consists the essential and immense difference between them and all other substances. I insist upon this distinction. I believe it to be founded in truth, and that a correct understanding of it is all-important to the progress and ultimate victory of "the Temperance Cause."

If, by identifying our opposition to the use of distilled liquors, with opposition to *all* violations of the Laws of Temperance, the former can be made more speedily and entirely successful, then I have nothing to say. But if the distinction which I insist upon, is correct, this merging of opposition to alcohol, in general opposition to all stimulating and inebriating substances, is impracticable, and cannot be made without endangering or retarding the success of *the* Temperance cause. It seems to me that among the friends of this great moral, social, civil, and national interest, there should be unity of design, singleness of purpose, harmony of operation.

Until, then, the use of *wine*, or beer, or tobacco, or tea, leads to the results produced by alcohol, they cannot properly be opposed on precisely the same grounds, nor with precisely the same weapons. And that these articles *do not produce* the same evils seems to me abundantly evident. A great deal has lately been said about *wine*, for instance, and some people denounce it as worse than alcohol. I have been in the habit of saying annually, for some time past, that I think its habitual use a great evil, that it is unfriendly to the full health of the body, and to the active, well-balanced play of the mind, and this, especially, in the case of young people. It has been my duty to lecture upon it as an important article of medicine. It was formerly much used in the treatment of indigestion. I have uniformly stated it as my opinion,

innocent days, the playmate of his childhood, perishing in the haunts of the drunkard; where *his hand* had led him! The spectacle would haunt him like the shadowy spectre of a murdered friend, and the despairing cry of the sufferer, calling on his destroyer for help when there was no help, would ring through his soul like a wail from the spirits of the lost, forever and ever."

Art. V.—AUTHORSHIP.

There never was a period, in English Literary History, which equalled the present in fecundity. Of the four rules laid down by Sterne, the practice of one of which he humorously adjudged necessary to the establishment of the fact of manhood, the third is the favored one, and, accordingly, men seem reluctant to die without having written a book. Fashion, whose mandates are so generally ridiculous, has prescribed a rule to the lovers of authorship, to transcend which would be fatal to the hopes of a fashionable author. An author must confine his lucubrations, on one subject, within two volumes, if he wishes to be read. Our novelists are scrupulous in writing up to the fashionable standard, and are careful not to exceed it. Nothing could be more out of taste, or more ill-timed, than the production of a folio at present. The age of folios is numbered with the past. Indeed, we have but little love for those formidable volumes which, a couple of centuries since, were the pride of authors, seeing that they were the embryos of modern encyclopædias; and contained treatises on every subject which human ingenuity could assimilate with the main one considered.

In authorship, as in every other department of human exertion, men manifest great differences in the facility with which they execute their intentions. With some writers, the stream of thought, as Johnson observed of Burke's mind, is perennial—whether the waters be sapid or tasteless. These are the authors who ask, with Byron, for a hero, or with Swift, for a subject; for one or the other of these desiderata being obtained, a book is forthwith the result. With others, again, the business of authorship proves a labor, and they realize the beau ideal of Pope, and,

Strain from hard-bound brains eight lines a year.

ANGEL.

Brother, look up—and in the far off distance
Catch the first glimpse of Heaven.

CHILD.

Ah! my breath stops:—I cannot breathe:—my brain
Swims:—and my eyes are blinded with the beauty.
Let us go back,—Oh! let us go again!

ANGEL.

Look up again. A myriad happy faces
Greet you, my brother, to your long lost home.

CHILD.

And who are they?—that crowd so thick, and yet
Stretch off—and off—and off——I cannot see them,
They are so many.

ANGEL.

They were once as you are;
Now, clothed with wisdom, and Almighty love,
They rule o'er worlds; and fill the Universe
Their happy home, with hymns of happiness!

CHILD.

I had a brother once upon the earth,
One that I loved;—but now it seems to me
That these are all that brother. Unto each
I would run: shall I?

ANGEL.

Look again, the cloud
Has passed, and we are there.

CHILD.

How sweet those sounds!
But what are these new feelings, thoughts, desires—
That are within me! And my sight has changed, too;
World beyond world, and being beyond being,

amount of writing, there must necessarily have been endless repetitions of thoughts, and great appropriations of the proceeds of other men's intellection, unless Doctor Johnson erred egregiously, when he calculated the thoughts peculiar to a great man, sufficient to fill a modern fashionable duodecimo.

In the theological controversies of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries particularly, the amplification of writers is remarkable. Folio succeeded folio without intermission—the press groaned beneath the weight of its labors—and the public mind, or at least that part which was reached, was deluged with thoughts and speculations, which lumbered like unwieldy masses before the vision of the spectator. It would have been a most devoutly considered consummation, if the wish of the enthusiast could have been gratified, and the heavens had been converted into a scroll, the trees into pens, and oceans into ink—then there would have been afforded to those voluminous champions, "ample room and verge enough," for the execution of their purposes. It is said of a certain philosopher, that he cried in his old age, because he was not able to comprehend an intricate and unintelligible treatise of his youth. His would not be a solitary instance, if some authors would consent to undergo a similar self-infliction, and read their own productions. Our ancestors gloried in their productiveness, and amount was considered more fairly indicative of greatness than intrinsic excellence—an error which yet seems to beset many very honest minds.

Barthius translated the three first books of the Illiad in as many days; for which labor, if the dreams of the ancient poets were but true, the shade of Homer would have scourged him, when he entered the dominions of Minos. William Prynne, a writer of folios unnumbered, two centuries ago, was severely afflicted, by the public authorities. He was placed in the pillory, and while at this uncomfortable elevation, he had the misery to be nearly suffocated to death, by fumes which rose above the martyrdom of some of his own well-beloved boundless volumes. When Tamerlane exhibited Bajazet to the Asiatic barbarians, we are told that the captive's spirit shrunk beneath the burden of its misery; and if any spectacle could possibly bring humiliation upon the pride of authorship, we would imagine it to be in all respects such an one as greeted Prynne, from his pilloried eminence—as destitute of comfort as the condition of the Turk.

The abridgers of the labors of other men, have never enjoyed any prerogative of respect. They are generally regarded with a suspicious eye; and authors look upon them as

men who throw away the palatable portion of an oyster, and preserve the shell. However much despised, these laborers in the vineyards of others, have generally been actuated by the most commendable motives. It is true, that they have generally been unfortunate in their abridgements; but, if it were possible, to winnow a ponderous volume, and preserve nothing but the solid wheat, a great service might result to mankind by such labors. However, we are numbered among those who think that if a work, as it proceeds from its author, is not adapted to the public wants, the exertions of abridgers will be most fruitlessly engaged, when they strive to reduce it to the proper shape. A race of abridgers arose about the period of the invasion of Rome by the Goths, who were anxious to render the works of the older writers more seemly, by a system of patch-work. Their legitimate successors of the present day, are those ingenious individuals, who, smitten with the beauties of poets and others, extract particular parts of their works, and deliver over the result to the admiration of the public, under the head of, Beauties, or Elegant Extracts.

There is a strong and material distinction between copiousness of thought, and the mere facility of expression. The one only results from intellectual richness, while the other may be solely the exercise of the faculty of association. The faculty of association is that which a great many talkers are remarkable for. Possessed of lively minds, their views sweep round the provinces of their intellect, and run, link by link, through the whole chain. This is not copiousness—it is not a well-spring of thought, whose source is inexhaustible—but it is an inferior power, capable of great brilliancy and wit, but not remarkable for depth or strength. The associating power of the mind was that, which some of the old writers practised, when getting up a work for the ostensible purpose of treating on the difficult subjects of free grace or depravity, they contrived to run the entire round of theological disputation. Copiousness of thought would have forbidden such excursiveness, and confined them within the boundaries of their subjects. Yet these powers of the mind are frequently confounded; while the one is the source of all which is remarkable, and great, and original in human thought, and the other is sustained by the contributions which it levies upon extraneous resources. The one power is peculiar to the great mind, the other is participated by the thousands, who never experienced the feeling of awe at the vastness of their own conceptions.

The tendency of the mind of the present day, is encyclo-

pædic. Efforts are made for the purpose of curtailing the amount of labor necessary to the accumulation of general knowledge. The principle of economy, here, as elsewhere, is active; and its object is to reduce intelligence within limits, which may be readily compassed. The benefits of this new principle—new, as applied to the operations of the human mind—are yet to be tested. Should its results be practically useful, that class of voluminous authors, to whom we have referred, will be consigned to speedy forgetfulness, or their names merely survive to elongate biographical catalogues.—These abridgers of intellectual labor, however, can never invade the sanctuary of the Muses. Poetry will not bear the application of the compass and rule of utility; it must remain unshorn of its native proportions and exuberance, or be consigned to undeserved oblivion. Of all the products of the intellectual world, the flowers of fiction are the most delicate. They must either be suffered to flourish in their natural beauty, or be crushed beneath the iron foot of the invader. The knowledge necessary to comprehend the principles and practical results of any of the sciences, may be condensed within a very small compass; but this compressing operation could never be applied to fiction, without despoiling it of all its fascinations.

T. H. S.

OPENING HEAVEN.

These lines were suggested by a beautiful group, carved in marble, by Greenough, representing an angel introducing a young child into Heaven:—It is in the possession of a gentleman of Boston.

CHILD.

How light my limbs are! Often have I wandered
Over the hills at home; and by the brook,
Sailing my little vessels, but my feet
Were some a-weary, and my brow grew hot;
—Now, I could walk——forever I could walk,
I am so strong.—See!—how I tread the clouds,
And they support me! Father led me not
To climb the skies, as you have; but why not?
Will you be pleased to tell me?

judges of England were of a contrary opinion; and that such names as Blackstone and Mansfield, are found on the side which still maintained the right to be perpetual. A subsequent act of parliament has somewhat mended the matter, by making the term twenty-eight years, in the first instance; and then, if the author should be living, for life. Such is the history of opinions respecting literary property in England. In France, copy right extends twenty years beyond the life of the author. In Russia, twenty-five years. And in Norway, Sweden, and Germany, it is perpetual.

Let us now inquire as to our own country. The federal constitution—very properly makes this a *national concern*, and vests the jurisdiction in congress. The words are these: —"Congress shall have power to promote the progress of science and useful arts, by securing for limited times, to authors and inventors, the exclusive right to their respective writings and discoveries." This very language destroys the idea of a perpetual copy right. The power is to secure the right for a "*limited*" time.—Congress can make it anything short of perpetual, but not absolutely perpetual. Up to 1831, the time was fixed at fourteen years. It was then extended to twenty eight years, with the privilege of renewal for fourteen more, by the author, if living; if not, by his wife or children. Such is the encouragement held out to American authors. Under a power expressly conferred, "to promote the progress of science and useful arts," congress has thought proper to say, that after twenty-eight years, or forty-four at the farthest, the productions of American genius, shall become public property. At the very moment when a literary or scientific work has acquired a well established reputation; and when the author now grown old, must rely for subsistence, perhaps, upon the labors of past years, the exclusive privilege is at an end; and every publisher in the country comes into competition with him, for the profits of his own labor!

Either our perceptions are grossly at fault, or such legislation is neither liberal, just, nor politic. Why not as well say that at the end of twenty-eight years, all the earnings of a man's labor should be thrown into common stock? In the eye of reason, the author's right is the same at the moment when the law says it shall expire, as at the moment when the work was completed. Why then, under the pretext of encouragement, enact so great a discouragement. Must we imitate England? If so, let us imitate her when she held the rights of authors to be the same as of any other producers, perpetual. Or if it be deemed impolitic to alter the constitution, let congress at

Bewilder me: and yet I cling to them—
For I have changed since yesterday: the boy
That made me then so angry, were he here,
I could embrace him.

ANGEL.

In that thought, my brother,
The angel, not the denizen of earth,
Gave utterance to the birthright of an angel,
Forgiveness.

CHILD.

And shall I love thus, always? Will my soul
Still grow, until the Universe itself
Is wrapped in its affections;—as the mist
Steals from the lake, and folds a world within it?
How awful is the knowledge, and the power
That I feel born within me! Power to rise,
—World above world, my stepping-stones—until
All things are mine, below His perfectness!
I tremble at the threshold! I—yes, I
Shall raise up millions of my fellow beings,
Moulding the moral worm into an angel.
How grand! How fearful!

ANGEL.

Lo, the veil is lifted!

CHILD.

Again I'm blinded: yet amid the glory
Something there was to which my heart leapt up,
But shrunk while leaping.—Had I left him not
Upon the earth, I should have cried, "My Father!"
Is it my father?

ANGEL.

Yea: thy father, God!

J. H. P.

Art. VI.—LITERARY PROPERTY.

"There is nothing," says Blackstone, "which so generally strikes the imagination, and engages the affections of mankind, as the right of property; on that sole and despotic dominion which one man claims and exercises over the external things of the world, in total exclusion of the right of any other individual in the universe."—Whether this right of property be natural or conventional, is a speculative question which we leave to those who delight in such things. We propose to offer a few remarks upon one particular species of property, namely *literary property.* We deem this subject of sufficient general interest, to justify its introduction into this journal. It "strikes the imagination, and engages the affections;" at least of *authors;* and for that reason, if for no other, it ought to be interesting to *readers.*

What then is "that sole and despotic dominion," which authors exercise over their own productions, "in total exclusion" of all other persons? Were we to answer this question without reference to positive legislation, we probably should not hesitate to say, that authors ought to have as absolute a property in their own works, as any other producers. We cannot perceive the slightest reason why the results of intellectual labor should not be as much the subject of exclusive ownership, as those of merely mechanical labor. And formerly there was no difference. Before the invention of printing, it was never doubted, that a work in manuscript was the property of the author; and he was accordingly protected in its possession and enjoyment. In legal phrase, he had the entire *jus pruendi et disponendi.* And so he has now, so long as he will let it lie in manuscript, locked up from the world. But suppose he takes it into his head to print and publish it, for the enlightenment or entertainment of mankind. How stands the matter then? Does the work thus become the common property of all who read it? The thoughts indeed do. Thanks to the mind's Great Author, thoughts cannot be appropriated. But the language in which they are expressed may be. There is no inherent reason why every printed copy of a work should not be the property of the author, until he chooses to part with the right of multiplying copies. This is what we understand by *copy right.* It is the exclusive right of printing, and selling copies. And again we ask, does the fact of publication, operate as a renunciation of the right, which the author had to the manuscript before publication, so

THE SPIRIT OF DECAY.

This is a fair and lovely world, a world of bliss and joy;
It seemeth not a blight could come, its beauty to destroy,
And that the things we see around, in all their blushing bloom,
Should but arise to glad our eyes, then sink into the tomb;
And all the glories of the spring, the blossom and the spray,
E'en at their brightest moments hold, the Spirit of Decay.

The rainbow rises to our sight, and spans the brilliant sky,
Yet, ere our eyes have gazed their fill, its beauties fade and die;
And where its rich and gaudy hues were painted on the blue,
The vacant 'fields of upper air,' alone, can meet the view—
Forever passes from the sky, its bright and sparkling ray,
For even at its birth it held, the Spirit of Decay.

We gaze upon the lovely flower, with feelings of delight,
And love the dew-drop on its breast, that sparkles in the light;
That drop of dew is but the tear, with which it mourns the fate,
That from the moment of its birth, its beauty must await;
It matters not how bright its bloom, it lasts but for a day—
Its bud contains within its veins, the Spirit of Decay.

I saw a fair and lovely maid, with bright and sparkling eye;
I little deemed the hour was near, when she would sink and die;
The hue of health was on her cheek, her lips with life were red:
A year passed on—that lovely maid, was sleeping with the dead;
E'en in the morning of her life, her spirit passed away—
Her blushing cheek and bright eye fed, the Spirit of Decay.

I've often marked at close of eve, a cloud upon the sky,
That by the sinking Day-god kissed, shone brightly to the eye;
Yet in its breast was gathering then, the tempest and the storm,
And soon the wild winds bore along, its rent and shattered form;
And then I thought that all that 's fair, like it, must pass away,
And beauty but be born to feed, the Spirit of Decay.

But, there 's a land, where all is fair—where shadows cast no gloom—
Where sorrow comes not to make dim the young heart in its bloom—
Where cometh not the Autumn gale, to cast the yellow leaf,
But one eternal spring-time reigns, of joy without a grief;
Where hope shines not to light the heart, with its delusive ray—
And never feeds on aught that 's there, the Spirit of Decay. C. A. I.

Art. VII.—WESTERN POETRY.—No. IV.

In prosecuting the work we have undertaken in these numbers, of laying before our readers some of the fairest and brightest of the intellectual flowers that have from time to time sprung up in the Western Garden of Poesy, we may occasionally, through inadvertance or ignorance, overlook something of claims upon our attention, equal to those of what we present in our pages.—The terms *poet* and *poetry*, have of late years been much abused things. But we have among us, here in the backwoods, young as we are, a number of individuals whose productions in verse, with all their imperfections, fully substantiate the claims of their authors, to be named and ranked among the legitimate "Sons of Song." In culling from the various productions of these gentlemen, we are perfectly aware of the *natures* of the persons we have to deal with. We do not expect to give satisfaction to all. As poets, they are of various degrees of merit. Some are superior to the majority, and a few are vastly superior to all the rest; and, though we do not intend to assign each his proper station, yet when we happen to feel so disposed, we shall not hesitate to elevate one above another. In doing this, however, we shall, by quoting amply from the writings of each, give our readers an opportunity of reversing our decision, should their estimate differ materially from ours. It is our wish to be just; and we shall, in this series of compilations, endeavor to deal impartially with all.

The miscellaneous poetry of America, stands high in the literary world. We know it is generally believed, that the West has done very little indeed, in winning this regard. Until lately, we were ourselves of this opinion; but since we have commenced making the extracts which have from month to month appeared under the above head, we have read a great deal of very fine poetry, which has been produced in the Ohio Valley—most of it by natives, and residents here since early childhood; and we must say, in justice to our young writers —and we do it with an especial regard to the meaning of our words—that much of it is in every way worthy of fellowship with the choice productions of the Atlantic bards. Indeed we have in several instances traced to the solitudes of the Backwoods, the paternity of poems, anonymously published in eastern "Collections," and "Specimens," which had frequently delighted us in years gone by.—We cannot claim for the verse of our western writers, the degree of *finish* which

is characteristic of that of their eastern contemporaries; but in boldness, originality, and truth to nature, they have nothing to fear from a comparison.—The poetry of this western land, cannot be otherwise than bold and thrilling, if the writer is influenced by the things that surround him—*which is inspiration;* and if he be not thus influenced, he should abandon the Muses, for they will most certainly abandon him. Our history and character,—forest, mountain, and prairie,—lake, river, and valley—are an inspiration which will produce for immortality.

There is one thing, however, which to us is matter of regret. Our poetical aspirants are much too numerous: too numerous, we mean, simply because talents which would be more successful in other departments of literature, and other walks of life, and much better rewarded for their exertion, are now enlisted in this most unprofitable avocation—lamentably unprofitable, so far as the satisfying of the yearnings of the stomach, and the decent appareling of the back, are concerned. Let us make a list, of those who have as yet, among us, been the most successful "builders of the lofty rhyme." It may serve us hereafter, in making our selections.—In placing Mrs. Hentz, and Mrs. Dinnies (Moina,) first in the enumeration, gallantry influences us no more than merit. Then there are Dr. Harney and Mr. Little, (deceased,) to be followed in alphabetical order by Mr. Curry, Mr. Dillon, Mr. C. D. Drake, Mr. J. G. Drake, Mr. Flint, Mr. Hall, Mr. Jones, Mr. Oaks, Mr. Perkins, Mr. Pierce, Mr. Pike, Mr. Shreve, Mr. F. W. Thomas, Mr. L. F. Thomas,* Mr. Wright,—and probably others whose names we do not recollect, or are not acquainted with. A very respectable list; and it contains several names of which our country shall yet have cause to be proud.

We commence our selections this month, with a poem by Charles D. Drake, of St. Louis. Mr. Drake has been an extensive contributor to Western Periodical Literature; and many of his tales and verses have been widely circulated. He is less happy in his metrical productions, than in his prose; though in the former he is generally easy in versification, and correct in rhyme and measure, and sometimes, as the two pieces here presented from his pen will testify, very felicitous,

* The article on "Western Poetry" in the September number of the Messenger, was prepared by a friend. Through the writer's slight acquaintance with the productions of our literary men, Mr. L. F. Thomas was rather unfairly dealt with. Mr. T. has produced a number of pieces of merit about equal to that of those quoted in our last, and has also written a poem of some eight or ten hundred lines, which was read a year or two ago before a literary society, in this city, and we understand very well received. We may refer to Mr. T. again at some future time.

and far above mediocrity. There are touches in both of these productions, which bespeak the poetical mind; and the easy flow of language, and naturalness, and metrical beauty with which one line falls into another, throughout the piece entitled "Life," will instantly strike every one.

WHAT IS LIFE?

An eagle flew up in his heavenward flight,
Far out of the reach of human sight,
And gazed on the earth from its lordly height
  In the clouds of the upper air:
"And this is life," he exultingly screams,
"To soar without fear where the lightning gleams,
And look unblenched on the sun's gorgeous beams,
  And know no harrowing care."

A lion sprang forth from his bloody bed,
And roared till it seemed he would wake the dead;
And man and beast from him trembling fled,
  As though there were death in the tone:
"And this is life," he triumphantly cried,
"To hold my domain in the forest wide,
Imprisoned by nought but the ocean's tide,
  And the ice of the frozen zone."

"It is life," said a whale, "to swim the deep;
O'er hills submerged and abysses to sweep,
Where the gods of ocean their vigils keep
  In the fathomless gulfs below;
To bask on the bosom of tropical seas,
And inhale the fragrance of Ceylon's breeze;
Or sport where the turbulent waters freeze,
  In the climes of eternal snow."

"It is life," says a tireless albatross,
"To skim through the air, when the black waves toss
In the storm that has swept the earth across,
  And never to wish for rest;
To sleep on the breeze as it softly flies,
My perch in the air, my shelter the skies,
And to build my nest on the billows that rise
  And break with a beautiful crest."

"It is life," said a wild gazelle, "to leap
From crag to crag of the mountain steep,
Where the cloud's icy tears in purity sleep,
  Like the marble brow of death;
To stand, unmoved, on the outermost verge
Of the perilous height, and hear the surge
Of the waters beneath, that onward urge,
  As if sent by a demon's breath."

"It is life," I hear a butterfly say,
"To revel in blooming gardens by day,
And nestle in cups of flowrets gay,
When the stars the heavens illume;
To steal from the rose its delicate hue,
To sip from the hyacinth glittering dew,
And catch from beds of the violet blue
The richest and sweetest perfume."

"It is life," a majestic war-horse neighed,
"To prance in the glare of battle and blade,
Where thousands in terrible death are laid,
And scent of the streaming gore:
To rush unappall'd through the fiery heat,
And trample the dead beneath my feet,
To the trumpet's clang, and the drum's loud beat,
And hear the artillery roar."

"It is life," said a savage, with hideous yell,
"To roam unshackled the mountain and dell,
And feel my bosom with majesty swell,
As the primal monarch of all;
To gaze on the earth, the sky, and the sea,
And feel, that, like them, I am chainless and free,
And never, while breathing, to bend the knee,
But at the Manitou's call."

An aged christian went tottering by,
And white was his hair, and dim was his eye,
And his broken spirit seemed ready to fly,
As he said with faltering breath:
"It is life, to move from the heart's first throes,
Through youth and manhood, to age's snows,
In a ceaseless circle of joys and woes:—
It is life, to prepare for death."

The following is of a very different character, and is perhaps, a more difficult species of composition. It is very beautiful.

LOVE'S CONSTANCY.

The flower that oft beneath the ray
Of sunlit warmth has bloomed,
Will fade and shrink from life away
If to a dungeon doomed:—
But even here, should chance disclose
Some beam of genial light,
Its head to that the dying rose
Will turn from gloom and night.

The chord that, gently touched, will thrill
With music's softest strain,
If rudely swept, at careless will,
Gives forth no note again;

But still there lingers on the ear
  A low, faint, murmuring swell,
As if the tone would yet be near
  Where once 'twas wont to dwell.

So from the heart that once has known
  Love's impulse and its power,
Though light may be forever flown,
  As from the imprisoned flower;
Forever still its gaze will be
  Where first was seen its star,
As shipwrecked men on shoreless sea
  Yearn to their homes afar:
Still like the bud that, crushed, will yield
  Its sweetest fragrance last,
The heart that once to love has kneeled,
  Will love though hope be past!

Perhaps we ought to say Mr. Drake a "God speed!"; but really his prose is so *much* better than his verse, good as *it* is, that we do hope he will devote the leisure allowed him from the duties of his profession, to compositions in the former. He has made many failures in poetry: we do not recollect one, where he has attempted an essay, or a tale.

Mr. James G. Drake, of Louisville, (a son, we believe, of the worthy stage veteran, Samuel Drake,) is said to have written a considerable number of very beautiful songs, and composed music for them himself. The following is all that we have ever seen from his pen. It certainly is the production of a practised writer, and makes us desirous of meeting with something else from the same source.

PARLEZ BAS!

Parlez bas! The moon is up,
  And o'er the sleepy throng
The mocking-bird's high notes are heard,
  In wild and witching song—
No eye shall trace thy footsteps here,
But fear thee not while love is near.

Parlez bas! Though here we meet
  In silence deep, alone,
No guilty thoughts disturb our souls,
  Nor wish we fear to own.
Pure as the light yon orb imparts,
Shall be the meeting of our hearts.

Parlez bas! A genial breath
  Is wandering o'er earth's flowers,
Their fragrance mingles with thy voice,
  And holy joy is ours.

Parlez bas! and let each tone
Echo the fondness of mine own.

Parlez bas! And now repeat
The vow those lips once made,
Mine is a love that cannot change,
A heart that ne'er betrayed.
O say that thou wilt love me still,
Through storm or sunshine, good or ill.

Parlez bas! I bless thy words,
The last that I may hear;
Sweet on my brow thy breath I feel,
Upon my cheek thy tear.
Now take thee to thy bed and rest,
And be thou blest as I am blest.

We now come to a couple of writers, who differ widely from any that we have heretofore noticed in these numbers, and quite as widely from each other: viz: Thomas H. Shreve, and Albert Pike.—Both of these gentlemen have written in verse to a considerable amount, and they have both been very successful.—Mr. Pike has published a volume, but we have never been fortunate enough to meet with it. The extracts which we have seen from it, are highly creditable to our literature. Mr. Pike has peculiarities, which distinguish him from most others of our western writers. Much of his life has been spent in the far solitudes of the Rocky Mountains, and the interminable wildernesses of Arkansaw; and he has imbibed a love for nature, in these his frequent interviews, which marks everything that falls from his pen. It is refreshing to read his poetry. It at once takes us away from the cobweb garret, and the dusty city. We stand with him in the depths of the great western solitudes,

"Where rolls the Oregon, and hears no sound
Save his own dashing;"

we climb with him the rocky heights of the great western chain; and we thread with him the mazes of the great western wilds. This is a delight, which none other than a true poet can impart to his readers. Yet we have often felt it, when reading the creations of the muse of Mr. Pike.—We wish our limits would permit us to extract from Mr. P.'s writings, more largely than we shall be able to. We offer what follows from his pen without further remark, satisfied that it will speak for him as favorably as we should be able to ourselves.

TO THE MOCKING BIRD.

Thou glorious mocker of the world! I hear
Thy many voices ringing through the glooms
Of these green solitudes—and all the clear,
Bright joyance of their song enthralls the ear
And floods the heart. Over the sphered tombs
Of vanished nations rolls thy music tide.
No light from history's starlike page illumes
The memory of those nations—they have died.
None cares for them but thou—and thou mayst sing,
Perhaps, o'er me—as now thy song doth ring
Over their bones by whom thou once wast deified.

Thou scorner of all cities! Thou dost leave
The world's turmoil and never-ceasing din,
Where one from other's no existence weaves,
Where the old sighs, the young turns grey and grieves,
Where misery gnaws the maiden's heart within:
And thou dost flee into the broad green woods,
And with thy soul of music thou dost win
Their heart to harmony—no jar intrudes
Upon thy sounding melody. Oh, where,
Amid the sweet musicians of the air
Is one so dear as thee to these old solitudes?

Ha! what a burst was that! the Æolian strain
Goes floating through the tangled passages
Of the lone woods—and now it comes again—
A multitudinous melody—like a rain
Of glossy music under echoing trees,
Over a ringing lake: it wraps the soul
With a bright harmony of happiness—
Even as a gem is wrapt, when round it roll
Their waves of brilliant flame—till we become,
Even with the excess of our deep pleasure, dumb,
And pant like some swift runner clinging to the goal.

I cannot love the man who doth not love,
(Even as men love light,) the song of birds:
For the first visions that my boyheart wove,
To fill its sleep with, were, that I did rove
Amid the woods—what time the snowy herds
Of morning cloud fled from the rising sun
Into the depths of heaven's heart; as words
That from the poet's tongue do fall upon
And vanish in the human heart; and then
I revelled in those songs, and sorrowed, when
With noonheat overwrought, the music's burst was done.

I would, sweet bird! that I might live with thee,
Amid the eloquent grandeur of the shades,
Alone with nature—but it may not be;
I have to struggle with the tumbling sea

Of human life, until existence fades
Into death's darkness. Thou wilt sing and soar
Thro' the thick woods and shadow-chequered glades,
While nought of sorrow casts a dimness o'er
The brilliance of thy heart—but I must wear,
As now, my garmenting of pain and care—
As penitents of old their galling sackcloth wore.

Yet why complain?—What though fond hopes deferred
Have overshadowed Youth's green paths with gloom?
Still, joy's rich music is not all unheard,—
There is a voice sweeter than thine, sweet bird!
To welcome me, within my humble home;—
There is an eye with love's devotion bright,
The darkness of existence to illume!
Then why complain?—When death shall cast his blight
Over the spirit, then my bones shall rest
Beneath these trees—and from thy swelling breast,
O'er them thy song shall pour like a rich flood of light.

LINES WRITTEN ON THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS.

The deep transparent sky is full
Of many thousand glittering lights—
Unnumbered stars that calmly rule
The dark dominions of the night.
The mild bright moon has upward risen,
Out of the grey and boundless plain,
And all around, the white snows glisten,
Where frost, and ice, and silence reign,—
While ages roll away, and they unchanged remain.

These mountains, piercing the blue sky,
With their eternal cones of ice;
The torrents dashing from on high,
O'er rock and crag and precipice;
Change not, but still remain as ever,
Unwasting, deathless and sublime,
And will remain while lightnings quiver,
Or stars the hoary summits climb,
Or rolls the thunder-chariot of eternal Time.

It is not so with all—I change,
And waste as with a living death,
Like one that hath become a strange,
Unwelcome guest, and lingereth
Among the memories of the past,
Where he is a forgotten name;
For Time hath greater power to blast
The hopes, the feelings and the fame,
To make the passions fierce, or their first strength to tame.

The wind comes rushing swift by me,
  Pouring its coolness on my brow;—
Such was *I* once—as proudly free,
  And yet, alas! how altered now!
Yet while I gaze upon yon plain,
  These mountains, this eternal sky,
The scenes of boyhood come again,
  And pass before the vacant eye,
Still wearing something of their ancient brilliancy.

Yet why complain?—for what is wrong,
  False friends, cold-heartedness, deceit,
And life already made too long,
  To one who walks with bleeding feet
Over its paths?—it will but make
  Death sweeter when it comes at last—
And though the trampled heart may ache,
  Its agony of pain is past,
And calmness gathers there, while life is ebbing fast.

Perhaps, when I have passed away,
  Like the sad echo of a dream,
There may be some one found to say
  A word that might like sorrow seem.
That I would have—one saddened tear,
  One kindly and regretting thought—
Grant me but that!—and even here,
  Here, in this lone, unpeopled spot,
To breathe away this life of pain, I murmur not.

We are not sure, but that as a general thing, there is more poetry in Mr. Shreve's prose than his verse. Yet several of his metrical productions show that he could take a place in the front rank of American bards, were he disposed to apply himself, and pay more attention—a great deal more would be necessary—to the niceties of versification, the harmony of numbers, and the correctness of rhyme. He is sometimes lamentably at fault in all of these respects: at other times, he sits his Pegasus well. We know not where to look, among the offspring of the American Muse, for anything of a kindred nature superior to the fragment given below. It is startlingly bold, and thrillingly imaginative. We would apprize the reader, that a second or third reading—either of which it will bear—is necessary to its just appreciation.

The poem alluded to, is extracted from a tale, the hero of which, with a load of misfortune on his heart, leaves his native land, for the purpose of recruiting his health elsewhere. On a stormy night at sea, he is represented as standing on the

deck of the vessel, and giving vent to the emotions of his soul in the following lines:

LIFE.

Howl, howl ye winds, for ye can charm
  The demon of my mad'ning sorrow:
Dash wildly waves, ye bode no harm
  To one whose heart no hope can borrow!

Clouds shroud the Present—and the Past
  Is but a scene of prospects blighted!
The Future seems a chaos vast,
  And on my vision looms benighted!

The dreams of Youth, alas, are vain—
  They gleam, and then mid shadows vanish:—
The heart must mourn its first-born slain,
  Ere Truth will dawn, and error banish.

I've hung entranced on Wisdom's page,
  And hoped the while for future glory:
I've felt Ambition's fever rage,
  And dream'd myself in triumph hoary.

The hope has fled—the dream is gone,
  Ere Youth hath from my bosom parted;
And I, thus reft, must wander on
  'Mid thick'ning shades, sad, weary-hearted!

To quench in grief each fond desire—
  To dream of bliss, and wake to sadness—
To see the brightest hopes expire
  Where dark Despair broods murky madness,—

Is to be curst! Ambition—death—
  The fondest ties may quickly sever!
Hopes and affections are but breath—
  Dim starlights o'er a dark forever!

Ere Age hath quench'd our youthful fire,
  We love, and dream of joys unending—
But what avails Love's wild desire
  Where smiles and tears are always blending!

Death hates a heart which truly loves—
  The tyrant hath no sigh for sorrow;
And oft, too oft, Experience proves
  The joy to-day a wreck to-morrow.

To Fame's proud field I eager turned,
  And swore my banner should wave o'er it:
I fought and won—and shortly spurned
  The paltry deed, and honor for it.

painful. So that, when their advocates have chosen to call them by the more respectable name of mysteries, the charitable and kindly disposed have acquiesced in this title, instead of designating popular dogmas by the harder and more offensive names, which, in strict truth and honesty, they have felt to be the most appropriate ones. And the trinity, and its kindred doctrines, have been unthinkingly conceded to be mysteries, when they have no claim to be so esteemed. But, however this may be, there has undoubtedly been a loose, unguarded use of language among liberal Christians—a vague and indiscriminate denunciation of mysteries. And thus, in part, has the impression been produced, than which nothing can be more groundless, that our form of faith is a cold icy matter of the intellect, bringing light for the understanding, but no fire for the heart, providing no sphere for the imagination, no object for the affections. Shall it be through any carelessness of ours, that that mode of religion is so regarded, which we believe, in the sincerity of our souls, approximates most nearly of all, the Truth as it was in the mind, and lived in the life, and issued from the lips of the Divine Teacher of Judea? Was there ever a religion that appealed so powerfully to every pure and beautiful feeling—that opened so lofty a range to the imagination, as Christianity, as it is portrayed in the history of Jesus, in him, and by him? Is there any poetry so perfect and so true, as his instructions?—any creations of genius so sublime as his life? Had the affections of the human soul ever such an object presented to them, as his character—a perfect illustration of living loveliness—a revelation of the Supreme Beauty? If our form of religion is as we profess to believe, the simple truth of Jesus, it cannot be deficient in its adaptation to the feelings. And we must take care that we do not give occasion for false impressions. False impressions are produced by an utter and unqualified condemnation of mysteries.

But to return. I just now specified certain doctrines, commonly denominated mysteries—such, for instance, as original sin, the imputation of Adam's guilt, the union of two natures in Christ. It is maintained that our Lord was at once, wholly a human being, and wholly the Supreme Being—that he had a limited human mind, and an infinite and divine mind—and that this is a mystery like that of the union of the body and soul. But this case of the body and soul is not a parallel one. It would be a parallel case if it were meant that our Savior had only a human body and a divine soul. But this is not the doctrine. The popular idea is, that he had a human mind as

In truth I loved her very well,
  And thought that she loved me:
The reason why, I cannot tell,
But, when I wooed this pretty belle—
  'Twas a mistake in me.

She's dark of eye—and her sweet smile,
  Like some of which I've read,
Is false—for she, with softest guile,
Lured me 'mong rocks, near Love's bright isle,
  And then—she cut me dead.

My vanity was wounded sore—
  And that I hate the worst:
You see, a haughty look I wore,
And thought she could not but adore,
  Of all men, me the first.

Well, thank the fates, once more I'm free—
  At every shrine I'll bow;
And if again a girl cheat me,
Exceeding sharp I guess she'll be—
  I've cut my eye-teeth now.

Oh, like the bumblebee, I'll rove,
  Just when and where I please—
Inhaling sweets from every grove,
Humming around each flower I love,
  And dancing in each breeze.

We will conclude our extracts for this month—for this paper is unconsciously becoming very long, we having been in good company all the time we were making selections for it—with a piece of Mr. Pike's, which we venture warmly to recommend to the attention of his fellow bards of the West. Let them regard the hints it throws out, and we shall soon have a literature worthy of the Great Valley.

TO THE POETS OF THE WEST.

What! want ye themes for poetry?—
  Does not each wild and darkling dell,
That over the broad West ye see,
  Some strange and thrilling story tell?
What, themes for song! oh look around—
  Look to the tales of olden time—
Look to the "Dark and Bloody ground"—
  And then go build the lofty rhyme.
The sights ye see there must inspire
Your hearts, and touch your pens as with a burning fire.

Oh, will ye not immortalise
The men who peopled this your land?
Who here beneath these western skies,
Began an empire—one to stand,
Self-ruled, forever?—Earth has seen
No men like these—and will ye let
The noblest stars Time's heaven within
In darkness and in silence set?—
Ah, will ye let their memory fade
Out of your country's heart, while their low graves upbraid?

No themes for poetry! Behold
The nameless Indian's bleeching bones,
Through which the wind blows keen and cold,
Uttering its solitary moans.
TIME has been here,—his silent tread
Has trampled nations to the grave:—
And do these armies of the dead
No notice from the poet crave?
Methinks each bone a-near ye flung,
Calls on your slumbering pens with a resistless tongue.

No themes for poetry! Why roll
The mighty rivers of the West,
Down to their sepulchre and goal,
The hoary ocean's heaving breast?
Where are your boundless forests?—where
Your all-illimitable plains—
Your mountains cleaving the blue air,
On which the sun his glory rains,
Like the eternal fire upon
The goddess Freedom's broad and unstained altar-stone?

No themes for poetry! Behold
The glorious women of the West.
He were indeed of heart most cold,
Who could not warm his froven breast
To poetry, at their bright eyes—
He who would ask a brighter theme,
To stir the hidden melodies,
That, like the sky-larks morning dream
Of joyfulness and gushing song,
Should startle the dull world, pouring its paths along.

Great West! Adopted mother! hear
The adoration of thy son!
To me thou shalt be ever dear,
And I will joy to see thee run
Thy race of power. My pen, my tongue,
My heart and all its powers are
Before thy burning altar flung,
To serve thee and exalt thee there;—
And humble though the offering be,
'Tis all (I would 'twere more) that I can offer thee.

As before remarked, we have recently read a great deal of the poetry of our glorious western land: and though we cannot boast of having yet produced much that is *peculiarly western*, yet we have a respectable quantity that is particularly good, considering the circumstances under which it has been brought forth. And we shall continue to give it to our readers, from month to month, we hope throughout our entire volume.

Art. VIII.—MYSTERY IN RELIGION RECOGNIZED BY UNITARIANS.

[The following is a Sermon. It was given to us by its author, with permission "to do what we pleased with it." Our intention, at first was, as expressed to him, to re-write and remodel it so as to take it out of the sermon-form, and give it a magazine-shape; but, upon reading it, we find that it is so individual in its character—so marked by the author's own peculiar method, that we should do both it and him, great injustice, by altering it in any respect. Besides, we think it is more interesting as it stands: and we are sure that all who read the first paragraph, will not stop till they have read the whole sermon, at least once.—We believe that the train of remark was suggested by an idea expressed in one or two recent English books of Travels in the United States—that, "Unitarianism is admirably adapted to American taste, because Americans hate all mystery, and Unitarianism saves them from it."—Eds.]

It has very often been objected to our form of Christianity, that it divests the subject of religion of all mystery. If this be the case,—and I apprehend it has been altogether too eagerly admitted,—the objection is a fatal one. Convince me that a system of religion, proposed for my acceptance, has nothing mysterious in it, and I shall consider myself, at once, relieved from all obligation to look into its claims. No evidence that could be brought in its favor, could be so powerful as the evidence against it, resulting from the absence of mystery. It is not saying too much to affirm that, of all subjects, religion is, and must be, the most mysterious. That a form of faith admits of mysteries, is a presumption in its favor; or that it does not admit them, is an argument against it.

But we must be careful to define what we mean by, mystery. The term is continually applied, where there is no sort of claim to the title. Nay, it is most frequently used in reference to subjects which, of all others, are the least mysterious. The doctrine of the Trinity, for instance, always finds shelter from the assaults of the understanding, under the name of a mystery. This word has been astonishingly abused; and for truth's sake, let me speak plainly.—We are told that God is three persons, in one being. If by this doctrine is meant that God is one being, sustaining three different relations, or characters, or offices—that he is our Creator, Saviour, and Sanctifier, and therefore three in One,—this is nothing more nor less than a statement of Unitarianism. There is no real, only a nominal, trinity. If, on the other hand, it is meant that there are three distinct beings, independent and co-equal, one only in purpose and design, it is not worth our while to consider whether there be any mystery here; for this is downright polytheism; and every believer in the doctrine, strenuously disclaims this form of it. But if, in the third place, we are told that the Supreme Being is actually one, and actually three —that he is as truly one as an individual man is one, and three as truly as three different men are three—then there is no mystery here. The meaning is perfectly plain; and it is perfectly plain, that it is an absurdity—a number of very simple and intelligible words, put together with grammatical correctness, but expressing a palpable contradiction. One might as well say that a proposition, affirming that black is white, is a mystery.—Lastly—it may be said that the doctrine admits of no explanation—that its meaning cannot be expressed—and therefore, it is a mystery. We can only say that such mysteries may be made without number. But, if I were now to repeat a sentence, in an unknown tongue, or a series of inarticulate sounds, and demand your reverence and your faith, however strenuously I might insist upon its being a mystery, I do not think that I could save my sanity from suspicion. Or, if you could possibly be brought to concede that it was a mystery, you would feel that it was a mystery, not of God's, but of man's making. If these things are so, how comes it that the doctrine referred to, retains such a hold upon the feelings of multitudes? I reply, briefly, that words are continually mistaken for things; and age makes every thing venerable, even the greatest absurdities. The principle of association is so strong that we come to be attached to any thing with which we have long kept company. The thousand indefinable impressions of childhood, and the mantle of antiquity, can give a charm to the greatest delusions.

There are other doctrines which, with no better reason, have been dignified with the name of mysteries. The doctrine of original sin—the proposition that man, confessedly God's noblest work, comes from the hand of his Creator, burning with a hatred of all that is good, and with a love of all that is evil; the imputation of the guilt of the first man to all his posterity; the union of two natures in our blessed Saviour, making him perfect man and perfect God, i. e., finite and infinite, weak and omnipotent, derived and underived;—all these things have been, and are called mysteries. I have no desire to enlarge upon them. I am not in the habit of dwelling upon what we regard as great religious errors, not because I have not my opinions, or fear to express them—but because it is injurious to our own temper—it endangers the serenity and kindly dispositions of our own minds, to be constantly thinking how far our brethren have deviated from what we believe to be the truth. And, besides, the cause of truth is best served, not by constantly doing battle with error, but by striving to unfold the beauty of what is true. For my own part, I cannot help feeling that it is an insult to the truth, to be frequently showing her off in comparison with error, as if she were not divinely, infinitely beautiful in herself. If, in the present instance, I appear to depart from a general practice, it is not for the sake of triumphing over error, but to do something to correct an injurious mistake, which we ourselves very often make. I have no wish to create a taste for religious controversy. But *it is* incumbent on us to understand our own views, and see to it that we do not take false grounds. —I do not feel it to be a duty, or a pleasure, to set about to correct every misapprehension of our views. The attempt would be in vain; for, from the plainest words of explanation, prejudice can always extract fresh nourishment. But it is our duty to take care that we give no needless occasion for misapprehension. Now, no little injury has been done to the cause of truth, in many candid and well-disposed minds, by the boast which the friends of liberal Christianity have so often made, that *their* religion discards all mysteries; and the objection urged against all other forms of faith, that they are full of mystery. There is a mistaken use of language here—a mistake to which I verily suspect, by the way, not a few have been blinded by a good feeling—a feeling of consideration for others. To a mind habitually alive to human sympathy and respect, it must needs be painful to regard as absurdities, doctrines believed in and professed by a large body of men. To feel compelled to *speak* of them as such, must be even more

painful. So that, when their advocates have chosen to call them by the more respectable name of mysteries, the charitable and kindly disposed have acquiesced in this title, instead of designating popular dogmas by the harder and more offensive names, which, in strict truth and honesty, they have felt to be the most appropriate ones. And the trinity, and its kindred doctrines, have been unthinkingly conceded to be mysteries, when they have no claim to be so esteemed. But, however this may be, there has undoubtedly been a loose, unguarded use of language among liberal Christians—a vague and indiscriminate denunciation of mysteries. And thus, in part, has the impression been produced, than which nothing can be more groundless, that our form of faith is a cold icy matter of the intellect, bringing light for the understanding, but no fire for the heart, providing no sphere for the imagination, no object for the affections. Shall it be through any carelessness of ours, that that mode of religion is so regarded, which we believe, in the sincerity of our souls, approximates most nearly of all, the Truth as it was in the mind, and lived in the life, and issued from the lips of the Divine Teacher of Judea? Was there ever a religion that appealed so powerfully to every pure and beautiful feeling—that opened so lofty a range to the imagination, as Christianity, as it is portrayed in the history of Jesus, in him, and by him? Is there any poetry so perfect and so true, as his instructions?—any creations of genius so sublime as his life? Had the affections of the human soul ever such an object presented to them, as his character—a perfect illustration of living loveliness—a revelation of the Supreme Beauty? If our form of religion is as we profess to believe, the simple truth of Jesus, it cannot be deficient in its adaptation to the feelings. And we must take care that we do not give occasion for false impressions. False impressions are produced by an utter and unqualified condemnation of mysteries.

But to return. I just now specified certain doctrines, commonly denominated mysteries—such, for instance, as original sin, the imputation of Adam's guilt, the union of two natures in Christ. It is maintained that our Lord was at once, wholly a human being, and wholly the Supreme Being—that he had a limited human mind, and an infinite and divine mind—and that this is a mystery like that of the union of the body and soul. But this case of the body and soul is not a parallel one. It would be a parallel case if it were meant that our Savior had only a human body and a divine soul. But this is not the doctrine. The popular idea is, that he had a human mind as

well as a human body—that he had the whole nature of a man, *spiritual* as well as physical, and a divine nature in addition, and conjunction, i. e., that he was at once ignorant and all-wise, dependent and absolutely Supreme. And this, it is said, is a mystery! I must say that, to my mind, there is nothing mysterious in it. It is very obviously absurd and self-contradictory. So, also, the representations commonly given of human nature—of its innate and original depravity; these things, so far from being mysterious, are only too fearfully, too shockingly intelligible. They do not affect me as a mystery does. They do not produce awe. But they break up the very foundations of thought—they lacerate and crush every sentiment of right. And were they really and truly believed, as men generally imagine they believe them, they would blast and annihilate the mind with horror!

I have now endeavored to point out what are *not* mysteries. Let us proceed to consider what are mysteries. And here we shall do well to refer for instruction to the great Teacher. What was it that He called a mystery? After he had uttered the well-known parable of the sower, who went out to sow, and some seed fell by the way-side, and some on stony places, and some on good ground, the disciples inquired of him, why he spake in parables. He replied: "You are able to understand the mysteries of the kingdom of Heaven, but the people are unable." Now, it is perfectly plain, that the parable, which he had just before related, was what he called a mystery. Its meaning was veiled to those to whom it was addressed. It was a mystery, not because it was essentially unintelligible, not because it opposed their perceptions of truth and right, but because it was hidden. To his disciples, Jesus proceeded to unfold its signification, which, so far from being difficult or repugnant to right reason and feeling, accords with our best sentiments. Under the similitude of a sower, our Lord instructs his disciples that he intended to represent a teacher of truth, disseminating religious knowledge. When we look into the Epistles, we find the apostles frequently alluding to what they call a great mystery. And they evidently refer to the design of God to establish a universal religion, and communicate the same spiritual blessings to all nations,—Gentiles as well as Jews. This design of Providence was, to the descendants of Abraham, a mystery; not by any means a thing opposed to their ideas of right, but in perfect accordance with the best conceptions of justice and benevolence, but still a mystery, because it was concealed, hidden from the Jews, who, in their narrowness, believed themselves the favor-

ites of Heaven, and never dreamed that Gentiles were regarded by God in the same light with themselves.

If we turn from the book of Revelation to the book of nature—that and other prior revelation, we find it full of similar mysteries—full of hidden things. Earth, air, and ocean teem with them. What is the whole creation but one stupendous mystery, into which our profoundest and most successful inquiries, only make us more and more feel how much remains unknown. I do not bid you wait till night spreads over us her mantle, wrought all over with mysteries. But let the eye rest for a brief space upon any object at which it may chance to glance, no matter how humble, be it the smallest pebble or a grain of sand. How does it arrest your attention, and suggest the most profoundly curious questions? How came that particle of matter to lie where it is? Whence came it?—where was it ages ago? and in what form? Why does it occupy that place, and not another? Why is it at rest, and not in motion? Who fashioned it? and what was its destiny, and its use? Or the flower that thy foot is just about to crush—a little while since it was not. How came it here in the universe, with its delicate organization, and its beautiful leaves? and what viewless hand is scattering abroad its fragrance?

But if you would feel how mysterious nature is, just call to mind the condition of the world before the appearance of Christianity. Then men were so startled and excited by the multitudinous and ever-varying displays and appearances of nature, that the agonized imagination, unable to wait for the slow and imperfect interpretations of the understanding, created whole races of spiritual beings, and almost every object became instinct with an unearthly life. Every mountain, and grove, and river, had each its guardian God. Every passion, every employment, every enterprise, every season, and every day. In every flower, an airy being was embowered. The hosts of deities that peopled the wilderness, have departed. And now, Earth is not the less mysterious, but the *more* so. The gods and fairies, who were once believed in, though invisible, were supposed to be clad in human shapes, and so their agency was rendered in some sort intelligible—the mind was appeased with something like an explanation of providence, and the mystery of creation was in a manner, solved. But now, a voice hath been heard in the wilderness, a highway hath been prepared through the desert, and One hath come, Almighty—never slumbering nor sleeping—encircling and filling all things—living in all life—moving in all motion. No space can circumscribe his presence. "Eternity is his life-

time." He is without form; and the universe affords no adequate symbol of his being. What a transcendent mystery is here! "Who, by searching can find out God?—who can find out the Almighty to perfection?" Some traces of his greatness and goodness we can discern, enough to inspire perfect confidence and love. But the things we behold—"these," in the sublime language of the book of Job,* "these are but a portion of his ways—these are but the borders of his works. How faint the whisper we have heard of him! The thunders of his power who can understand!"

When, from looking abroad, we turn and contemplate our own nature—here, again, an abyss of mystery opens before us. What am I? What is this, that I call myself—*me?* And where am I? Where is this *me*, which I am 'obscurely sensible' is wrapt up in this garment of flesh, in this net-work of nerve? And whither do I tend, in this immense universe, and through the eternity which presses itself on my mind, with an invisible conviction of reality? Am I alone, an orphan, without a protector, and what are the resources, the hidden forces, the undiscovered relations of my being? Is this life, which I feel within me, a fount of immortality? or is it but a drop flung from the great central source, shortly to be exhaled, and then vanish forever and ever? There is no end to the questions that suggest themselves, when we look into ourselves and try to fathom the depths of our own souls.

Now, as it is of the very essence of Religion, that it concerns itself with the relations between God and man—these two of all existences the most mysterious, that is the least known, it is vain to talk of religion without mystery. Under all its forms, in every shape in which it has existed, it has to do with the hidden and the unknown.

It is of the first importance to observe, that it is characteristic of all these true mysteries of which I have spoken, that, while they fill the mind with awe and a deep sense of its feebleness and ignorance, they do not crush it—it may pause, baffled for a while, but the prevailing feeling is curiosity.—Wonder is the beginning of all spiritual life. When the apple fell before Newton, his philosophic eye discerned a mystery there. It did not silence and paralyse his spirit, but it stimulated it; and how magnificent was the result! We are wont to hear reason and mystery spoken of as if they were antagonist terms, expressing ideas utterly at discord. There may

* Noyes's Translation.

be opposition here; but it is opposition essential to harmony—to the production of light. Without mystery, reason could not act. It is darkness that induces it to look for light—confusion that prompts it to reduce things to harmony. Mystery does not forbid, it invites the advance of the mind. The more rational a man is in his religion, the more freely and powerfully he exercises thought and reflection, the plainer is it, not that he rejects, but that he recognizes mystery. The farther a man extends his spiritual conquests, the deeper is his feeling of the boundless unknown—the inexhaustible mystery that lies before, and around, and within him.*

In conclusion, I cannot help suggesting one question—By whom is the mysterious nature of revelation most fully acknowledged? Is it by those who erect in the pathway of the mind a cunning fabric of words, and write thereon the name of mystery, and strive to prevent others from going beyond it, and speak, and act as if they had reached the utmost boundary of the intellect?—or is it by those who are so fully impressed with a sense of human ignorance, and so deeply feel that religion has depths which have not yet been fathomed or even suspected, that they press onward and onward, and not only allow, but do their utmost to *encourage* others to start up from that state of spiritual deadness into which so many fall—to break away from the chains of conformity and custom, and to go forth into the vast realms of the Unknown. Let minds be free, and then they will discover how great is the mystery of Godliness. This discovery is not inconsistent with spiritual growth. It is indispensable to it. A man may be so impressed with the mystery of religion, as to be almost bewildered by it. This is an unhappy state. Still his condition is not so bad as that of another, who finds nothing mysterious in this subject—nothing to excite his attention, or engross his thoughts. He who feels painfully how little he knows will be prompted to seek the necessary relief. If he gives up in despair, the fault is in his previous state, in the want of a healthy mind, and well-disciplined heart; the temporary interest he may have taken in religion, has not accelerated but retarded his fate.

* We were requested by the author to enlarge upon this paragraph, because, he said, "I have not more than half developed the ideas it contains." At a future time, perhaps, we may do so; at present we can only recommend it to the very careful thought, and the *re-perusal* of our readers.—Eds.

Only cherish serious and thoughtful habits of mind; accustom yourselves to read, and study, and think, and then Religion will open upon you with its mysteries; and through its mysteries will come, life, and light, and joy, that passeth all understanding. F.

THE MOTHER AND CHILD.

It was a mother and her child:
She hushed him with a lullaby,
And, as she sung, he smiled.
Her hair lay carelessly and wild
Upon a sun-burnt brow;
But there was beauty in her eye,
(It lives, it burns before me now,)
That might all time and change defy—
Such beauty is not born to die.

"Sleep, my fatherless, sleep, sleep!"—
(Thus she sung,)
"Be thy slumbers sweet and deep,
While the shades of evening creep
From the forest boughs among;
And the dews the meadows steep:
Sleep, Oh sleep!—
Close, close, that little hand,
And that too watchful eye;
And in slumbers soft and bland,
Dream of days gone by.
Sleep, my orphan, sleep!
While the moon, so mild,
Doth her vigils keep;
And the shadows sweep;
And the silent night falls deep
O'er the wild,
Sleep, my little child,
Sleep, oh sleep!"

'Twas nothing—yet in every note
That mother breathed above her young,
More heavenly music seemed to float,
Than ever gifted Mozart wrote,
Than Pasta ever sung. J. H. P.

CRITICAL NOTICES.

AN ADDRESS DELIVERED BEFORE THE PHI BETA KAPPA SOCIETY OF HARVARD UNIVERSITY, 27 AUGUST, 1835, ON THE DUTIES OF EDUCATED MEN IN A REPUBLIC. BY THEOPHILUS PARSONS.—*Boston: Russell, Odiorne, & Co. pp. 28.*

"What are the duties imposed upon our educated men, by the democracy of our institutions?" It is an all important question, and Mr. Parsons has sketched, ably, the answer. What is the office of Literature in this land, claiming to be free? Is it to please the people, and flatter them? or to retail to them the theoretic wisdom of past time? Is it to amuse, or to instruct? To sing a sweet song which shall lull us into self-satisfied security, or to speak in a voice of warning, exhortation and reproof? Do our writers exert no power in the republic? The journals answer, "they are but less than Omnipotent." Having then this power, how are they bound to use it? For the good of their fellows. Who is ignorant of these truths? We all know the influence exerted by the better educated in this country; we all see how that influence should act,—but we do not see it thus exerted; and, what is worse, we do not among the mass of educated men see a tendency to the right path.

The universities and schools of our country, says Mr. Parsons, were founded in the same spirit which induced those in other lands to build ramparts and walls of granite: from the shades of Harvard should go forth not mere scholars to adorn a literature,—but men of enlarged and well disciplined minds, who can be a more sure barrier to misrule than all the granite of the hills. The walls of Harvard were not built, "merely to provide you with the means of earning your bread by the labor of the mind, rather than the hand." Far wider reached the ken of those who laid the corner stones of our Universities,—they wished them to become the central suns of education for our country; from which should go forth not alone, those that should instruct the young,—but those who from the sacred desk, at the bar of justice, by the sick-bed, through the press, in the converse of the fire-side,—in short, who should everywhere, and their whole lives long, instruct and elevate those about them. But is the object of our forefathers answered? Do those who speak to the multitude use the words of flattery, or truth? "The people in the aggregate," says Mr. Parsons, "are now told, constantly, not of their sovereignty only, but of their intelligence, and purity, and worth."—And he most admirably illustrates the danger of this course, by the fate of

fifth number, containing the 'Backslider,' will be published on the 20th of this month. The series is under the superintendence of Henry Ware.

When our Lord taught by parables, he taught by fiction or fable; and whether a moral truth be *impressed* by a reference to history or to fiction, can make no difference; though to *teach* or *produce belief* in a truth, history alone may oftentimes be fitted. We have all, within us, by nature and education, feelings and principles, which are equally appealed to and awakened by what is true, merely, to the motives of the human heart, and the frailties of man's nature; and that which is, in addition, true in point of time, place, and circumstance; for, when I relate a fact, it is not time and place which touch and rouse your moral sense, but it is the character and nature which lie beyond; and if I keep the character and nature unharmed, it matters not what change of circumstance I make—the effect is the same. We are led to make these remarks from an incipient hostility, seen in some, to moral works of fiction.

Of the series before us, we have read only two, The Sceptic, and Home.—The first is an admirable work, and does its authoress much honor; but it does not appeal to us, to our best feelings, and our every-day feelings, as does the most admirable volume of Miss Sedgwick's; a volume worth, in our eyes, more than all her novels. Indeed, we can scarce speak too highly of the morality, religion, and philosophy of "Home." It would have done Miss Edgeworth credit, and comes from a head and heart that may claim sisterhood with that noble and truly great woman. To every parent, to every husband, and every wife, and every child—(for why should we exclude one human creature?)—we would sincerely and warmly say: "Read and study this little tract, until its truths, (for every page swarms with truths,) become part of you." We think the religious world, without distinction of sects, is much beholden to Mr. Ware, for his agency in bringing this series before the world; we dare not doubt its success, for it would be a slander on our fellow-men to do so, and as little can we doubt its utility. May the plan be carried out fully and well, and God give it speed. J. H. P.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

In consequence of the illness of the Editor, we have been unable this month, to collect certain items of intelligence, which have been asked for; particularly those relative to the Catholic Church in the West. We hope to have them for the November number. All articles intended for the Messenger, should reach us during the first or second week of the month: and the earlier they are at hand, the better.

TO SUBSCRIBERS.

All the New-England subscribers will, hereafter, receive the Messenger through James Monroe & Co. of Boston.

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THE WESTERN MESSENGER.

PUBLISHED ON THE FIRST DAY OF EVERY MONTH.

I.—Objects.—To promote a manly, intelligent, and liberal piety; and a faith working by love; to explain and defend the misunderstood and denounced principles of Unitarianism; to be a bond of union for western Unitarians, and a connecting link with their eastern brethren. Also, to aid in diffusing sound views on literature, education, schools, and benevolent enterprises.

II. Reasons.—The Unitarian "sect is everywhere spoken against." Many persons think that they verily ought to do and say things contrary to this name. Others, more liberal, ask, "may we know what this new doctrine, whereof thou speakest, is?" But there is no answer. We have no means of reply, explanation or defence. Smitten on the one cheek, we must literally turn the other. The ear of the public is open, and the tongue of the press, so far as Unitarians are concerned, is silent. We think the West demands and will support such a work. We believe that there is a spirit here which asks for truth; which is testing received opinions, to determine whether they are consecrated by truth, or consecrated only by time; listening to the apostolic injunction, "*prove all things; hold fast that which is good.*"

III. Mission or conducting.—The work will be conducted by the association of Unitarian ministers in the West. It will be published at Cincinnati, under the special superintendence of Rev. E. Peabody. Local topics of interest will be attended to. General intelligence, of a miscellaneous character, will be inserted. New books will be noticed, and diligent observation paid to such matters as particularly concern the social or religious condition of the West.

IV. Conditions.—The Western Messenger is published monthly, at Cincinnati, on paper of a superior quality, and with type entirely new. Each number contains 72 large medium octavo pages, making at the end of the year, two volumes, of 430 pages each. The subscription price is three dollars, payable at the time of subscribing.

Cincinnati, June 1835. T. H. SHREVE & CO.

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THE

WESTERN MESSENGER;

DEVOTED TO

RELIGION AND LITERATURE.

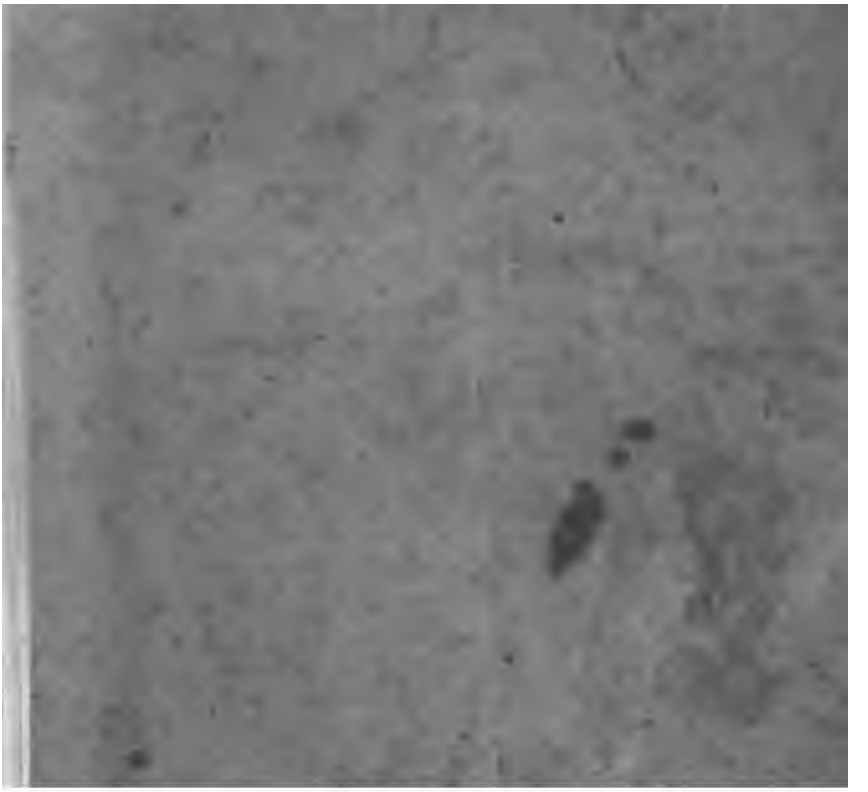
No. VII.

JANUARY, 1836.

CINCINNATI:
PUBLISHED BY JAMES E. MARSHALL.
BOSTON: JAMES MUNROE & CO.

1836.

Terms above—Postage, under 100 miles, 44 cents; over 100 miles, 74 cents.



THE

WESTERN MESSENGER;

DEVOTED TO RELIGION AND LITERATURE.

VOL. 1. JANUARY, 1836. No. 7.

ART. I.—ON THE UNITARIANISM OF THE APOSTOLIC AGE.

There are few objections to Unitarianism which weigh more with the public in general, than the objection, that it is a new thing. Even middle aged persons, it is said, recollect the time, when Unitarians, as a distinct sect, were unknown in this country, and even now, their opinions, though spreading rapidly, are chiefly confined to a few sections of it. Hence, many who have never investigated the subject, are led to infer, that a system, which is apparently of such recent origin, cannot possibly be the same with that religion which our Saviour and his disciples promulgated more than eighteen centuries ago; and thus they are induced to reject it as erroneous, without ever entering into any examination of its truth, or its accordance with the sacred scriptures.

To remove this objection to the reception of Christianity, in, as I believe, its pristine purity, is the purport of this essay. Having lately endeavored to prove * that the doctrines of the Trinity, and of the proper Deity of Christ, were never taught by our Saviour while on earth, I shall now proceed to prove, that these doctrines were not taught by any of the Apostles, but on the contrary, that their teaching was purely Unitarian, and hence, that the Christian Church remained Unitarian, so long as the Apostles lived. How, and by what means, that Church afterwards became Trinitarian, may perhaps be the subject of a subsequent essay.

My proofs for the Unitarianism of the Apostolic age, shall all be drawn from the Acts of the Apostles, a book which, though in every one's hands, yet to judge from the strange

* In my letters to the Rev. Mr. West, published in the Messenger.

opinions which prevail among Christians, appears not to be studied with the attention it deserves.

In order properly to understand the scriptures, it is necessary that we should make ourselves acquainted with the opinions which prevailed at the time these books were written.* The Jews of that day were all firm believers in the simple unity of God. They had never so much as heard of the doctrine, that in the Godhead there are three persons, each of whom is God, and a distinct object of religious worship; and even the terms which we now make use of to express that doctrine, such as, *Trinity*, *Triune God*, *God the Son*, *God the Holy Ghost*, &c., were totally unknown to them, being the invention of subsequent centuries. To the Jews of the Apostolic age, there was "but one God, even the Father;" and I beg the reader, who accompanies me in this examination, to bear this constantly in mind, in order that he may duly appreciate the proofs I am about to bring forward.

That the Jews of the age in question, were believers in the simple unity of God, and totally unacquainted with the doctrine of the Trinity, is, I believe, admitted by all candid Trinitarian writers of any note. Now to convert such men to a belief in the Trinity, it would obviously have been necessary, that this doctrine should be stated and explained to them with the utmost precision, in the same manner that we find it in the popular creeds, catechisms and articles of faith of the present day; for, after the clear and positive manner in which a belief in the Unity of God had been enjoined on the Jews in their sacred books, it would not have been sufficient to have left them to gather this new doctrine, which, at least in appearance, was so directly at variance with the old one, from casual hints and expressions, dropped accidentally in the discussion of other matters. Let us now examine what was the doctrine which the Apostles taught.

In the second chapter of the Book of Acts, we find recorded a discourse which the Apostle Peter addressed to a large assemblage of Jews on the day of Pentecost. That discourse relates almost exclusively to our Saviour. Peter calls him

* I feel strongly convinced, that a thorough acquaintance with the opinions which prevailed among the Jews in the days of our Saviour, is the best key we can have to the true understanding of the New Testament. Language is always used with reference to existing opinions; and those opinions give to the language used its true meaning. We, however, at the present day, give to certain expressions of scripture, not the meaning they had originally, but that which subsequent systems and modes of thinking, have attached to them. Is it astonishing, then, that these scriptures are so often misunderstood?

Jesus of Nazareth. He describes him as "a man approved of God by miracles and wonders, and signs which God did by him." He tells the Jews, that after they had put him to death, God had raised him up again, and had exalted him to be Lord and Christ or Messiah; and that the miraculous gifts, of which the Jews were witness, had been poured out on the disciples by Christ, according to the promise which he had obtained from the Father. Such is a synopsis of Peter's discourse. And now I ask: Is not this the discourse of a Unitarian? Is not this the manner in which Unitarians constantly speak of our Saviour, namely, as the agent and Messenger of God, acting by delegated power? But who ever heard Trinitarians speak of him as Peter does here? Further, we are told that by this discourse, three thousand persons were on that day converted to the Christian faith. But to what faith were they converted? Certainly not to a belief in a trinity of persons in the Godhead; nor to that of the proper Deity of Christ. Of these Peter had not said a word. But the belief to which they were converted was: That Jesus of Nazareth is the Christ, Messiah or annointed of God. This was the doctrine which Peter had preached to them; and it was the belief of this simple doctrine which constituted those who embraced it, members of the Church of Christ.

As this doctrine, namely, that Jesus is the Christ, or anointed of God, is the foundation on which the whole of the christian religion rests, I beg the reader to pause for a moment, to consider some of the important consequences resulting from it. If Jesus be the Christ, or Messenger of God, then the revelations he made respecting God's paternal character, and the means to attain to salvation, are revelations from God; and the promises of eternal life, as the reward of virtue and piety, are promises on which we can rely with the same confidence as if God had audibly spoken to each one of us. As only those who believed in Jesus as the Christ or Messenger of God, would receive his precepts and promises as a divine revelation, we perceive at once, that this belief is the fundamental article of faith on which the whole of the christian religion rests. Hence, we find our Saviour constantly insisting, that the miracles he wrought were proofs *that God had sent him;* and hence, too, we perceive the reason, why the Apostles, on every occasion, appeal to the fact, that after the Jews had put Christ to death, *God had raised him again from the dead.* With respect to this last proof, I would observe, that it is perfectly conclusive evidence, that Jesus is the Christ, the chosen messenger of God, as God would certainly

not have raised an impostor from the dead; but its evidence is equally conclusive, that Jesus is not God, as the being who could die and be restored again to life by the power of another, cannot possibly be the self-existent God. *

In the 3d 4th and 5th chapters of the Acts, we find recorded several discourses of Peter, addressed to the Jews and to their rulers, and if we look at their contents, we find them precisely similar to that of the discourse delivered on the day of Pentecost, recorded in the second chapter. In vain do we look in them for any mention of the doctrine of the Trinity, or of the personal Deity of our Saviour. Concerning these pretended fundamental dogmas, we do not find a single word. Peter continues to call his blessed master by the title of Jesus Christ of Nazareth;† insists repeatedly on his resurrection from the dead, by the power of God;‡ declares him to be the prophet like unto Moses, who had been promised;§ and at the close of the 5th chapter, we are expressly told: "And daily in the temple, and in every house, they ceased not to teach and to preach the glad tidings, *that Jesus is the Christ.*"‖

In the 4th chapter we are told, that of those who heard the discourses of Peter, five thousand believed, or embraced the Christian faith. But to what faith, I would ask again, were they converted? Certainly not to the belief in the Trinity, or in the personal Deity of Christ. Of these doctrines, Peter had made no mention in his discourses, and it is clear, that his hearers could be converted by them only to a belief in such doctrines as he had inculcated. It is evident then, and I beg the reader to bear this in mind, that a belief in the doctrine of the Trinity, and of the proper Deity of Christ, formed at that time, no part of the Christian faith.

The only other discourse of Peter, which I shall notice, is that with the Centurion Cornelius, recorded Acts 10th. The

* This is so obvious, that it appears to be felt by most of the orthodox, and hence, the fact, that God raised our Saviour from the dead, has never in my hearing, been mentioned from any orthodox pulpit. One case has come to my knowledge, in which the fact was actually denied by a teacher in one of the Episcopal Sunday Schools. He maintained, in opposition to the reiterated declarations of the Scriptures, that Christ was not raised by the power of God, but rose again by his own power. If Peter and Paul had been present, they might have wondered, that a teacher of the present day should deny, what they had so frequently asserted as a fact, and adduced as a fundamental truth. I have long been sensible, that if these Apostles could return, they would be excluded from the communion of many of the present churches, as men holding dangerous and heretical sentiments.

† Acts iii. 6. ‡ Acts iii. 15. iv. 10. v. 30. § Acts iii. 22. ‖ Acts v. 42. Abp. Newcome's version.

object of Peter's visit to Cornelius, was to convert the latter, a heathen, to a belief in Christ. Here, then, if ever, it was necessary that Peter should state with precision the essential doctrines of Christianity, and if the doctrine of the Trinity, or of the personal Deity of Christ, formed part of them, we must find a belief in them insisted on. But do we find it insisted on? I beg the reader to peruse the whole of Peter's address with attention, and he will find, that there is not only no mention made of those pretended essential doctrines, but that what is said, is totally irreconcilable with them. Peter calls our Saviour, Jesus of Nazareth. He speaks of him as one whom God had sent as his messenger to preach glad tidings of peace to man, and whom, to qualify him for his mission, God had anointed with the Holy Ghost, and with power. He mentions how Jesus went about doing good, and curing all who were afflicted with diseases, because *God was with him;* and that, when the Jews had put him to death, God raised him up again from the dead; and he adds that this Jesus "is he *whom God has appointed* to be the Judge of the living and of the dead."

Such are the outlines of the doctrines which Peter taught to Cornelius, and now again I ask, is not this the teaching of a Unitarian? Could Peter, if he had believed his late Master to be the Supreme God, have spoken of him in the manner he did?

I feel that I am repeating myself, but the importance of the subject I am considering, must be my apology with the reader. Many Trinitarians, when they meet with passages such as those I have been examining, will allow, that their favourite dogma is not taught in them, but still they think that it is taught in other parts of the Scriptures. Now it is my purpose to show, even at the risk of some repetitions, that the Apostles were uniform in their teaching, and that the most perfect harmony exists among the different parts of the Apostolic instructions.

After examining thus, the different discourses of Peter, let us next pass to those of the great Apostle to the Gentiles, and see what he taught.

That Paul, up to the time of his conversion, did not believe in the doctrines of the Trinity, or of the personal Deity of our Saviour, will not be disputed. He did not even believe Jesus to be the Christ, but persecuted those who received him as such. On his way to Damascus he was miraculously converted by the personal appearance of Jesus to him. If therefore a belief in a Trinity of persons in the Godhead, and

in the personal Deity of our Saviour, be an essential part of the Christian faith, it is clear, that these doctrines must have been communicated to Paul between the time that Jesus appeared to him on the way, and the time when he was baptized by Ananias. But have we any evidence that any such doctrines were revealed to him at that time? Not the slightest. The Scripture account of Paul's conversion does not contain one word which can possibly be construed into *even an allusion* to these doctrines. On the contrary, we have in the Scriptures not only highly presumptive, but I had almost said, positive evidence, that when Paul commenced preaching Christianity, he was totally ignorant of the doctrines in question. We are told that immediately after his conversion, "he preached Jesus in the Synagogues, that he is the Son of God."* Now, if it had been revealed to Paul, that in the Deity there are three persons, each of whom is a distinct object of religious worship; or that Jesus, who so lately was born and resided in Judea, and was put to death by the Jews, was the Supreme Eternal Jehovah, surely such revelations would have astounded and absorbed every faculty of his mind, and these doctrines, as they would have been pre-eminent in importance, would have held a corresponding place in his preaching. But do they? So far from it, that we find not only no mention made of them, but not even an allusion to them in all the discourses of this great Apostle, which have come down to us. Let us take a rapid view of each of those which have been recorded by St. Luke.

Immediately after his conversion, we are told, that he "confounded the Jews which dwelt at Damascus, proving that this (Jesus) is very Christ.† Here then we have the burthen of his teaching, and we see, that it is precisely the same with that of Peter. The great fundamental truth, that Jesus is the Christ or Messiah, the anointed Messenger of God, is what he intends to impress on his audience. Of the doctrines of the Trinity, and of the personal Deity of the Saviour, we have not a word. And now I ask the reader, whether what Paul teaches here is not pure Unitarianism?—Whether any Trinitarian teacher of the present time, would, in endeavoring to

* Acts ix. 20. I have shown in my letter to the Rev. Mr. West, that the terms *Son of God* and *Messiah*, were used convertibly among the Jews, to designate their expected Prophet and Deliverer. The common version reads here *Christ* instead of *Jesus*, but according to Griesbach, Newcome, Vander Palm, and, I believe all good authorities, *Jesus* is the true reading.

† Acts ix. 22.

convert Jews to Christianity, confine himself to the doctrine which Paul taught?—But to proceed.

In the 13th chapter of the Acts, we find recorded a discourse delivered by Paul at Antioch, from which I shall extract some passages. "Of this man's (David's) seed hath God according to his promise, brought unto Israel a Saviour, Jesus."* "And though they found no cause of death in him, (Jesus) yet desired they Pilate that he should be slain. And when they had fulfilled all that was written of him, they took him down from the tree, and laid him in a Sepulchre. But God raised him from the dead."† "Be it known unto you therefore, men and brethren, that through THIS MAN is preached unto you the forgiveness of sins; and by him all that believe are justified from all things, from which ye could not be justified by the law of Moses." ‡

The next discourse of Paul, which I shall notice, is that to the Jews at Thessalonica, which we find recorded in the 17th chapter, as follows: "And Paul, as his manner was, went in unto them, and three Sabbath days reasoned with them out of the Scriptures, opening and alledging that Christ must needs have suffered, and risen again from the dead, and that this Jesus, whom I preach unto you, is Christ." §

In the same chapter we have the record of the discourse which Paul delivered at Athens. Here, as he addresses, not Jews, but idolatrous heathens, he commences by revealing to them the God and Creator of the Universe, as the true object of worship; and in the 31st verse, he announces our Saviour to them, not as God, or as equal with God; but as God's vicegerent;—as a *man* by whom God will judge the world in righteousness, "whereof he hath given assurance unto all men, in that he hath raised him from the dead."

In the 18th chapter we read, ‖ that, at Corinth, Paul "reasoned in the Synagogue every Sabbath, and persuaded the Jews and the Greeks. And when Silas and Timotheus were come from Macedonia, Paul was earnest in the word, and testified to the Jews, that Jesus was the Christ."

The sacred historian has not left us on record any other discourse of Paul relating to the subject under consideration; but there is one passage concerning one of the earliest heralds of Christianity, which I wish to notice. Of Apollos, it is said, that in Achaia, "He mightily convinced the Jews, and that publicly showing by the Scriptures, that Jesus was Christ." ¶

* V. 23. † V. 28-30. ‡ V. 38-39. § V. 2-4. ‖ V. 4-5. ¶ Acts xviii. 28.

I have thus endeavored to give a short connected view of the principal discourses contained in the book of Acts; and I now wish to recall the readers attention for a moment to their principal contents. Everywhere we find the doctrine, that Jesus of Nazareth is the Christ, the anointed messenger of God, inculcated and insisted on as the fundamental truth on which the whole of Christianity rests; and we constantly find the fact, that our Saviour was raised from the dead by God, brought forward as conclusive proof of his Messiahship. But no where do we find the doctrines of a Trinity of persons in the Godhead, or of the proper Deity of Christ, either expressly taught, or even so much as hinted at. And now I would ask the reader, whether doctrines, of so much moment, could have possibly been passed by unnoticed by Peter, Paul, and their fellow labourers, if such doctrines had at that time formed part of the Christian faith?—Whether the phraseology they make use of in speaking of our Saviour, is not precisely that which is used by Unitarians at the present day? Whether they ever hear similar phraseology from the Trinitarian pulpits? And whether from all this the inference is not irresistible, that the Apostles of Christ, and hence too the first converts to Christianity, were Unitarians?

I have thus endeavored to prove that the Christian Church was Unitarian during the Apostolic age, by showing, that the teachings of the Apostles were such; and here, therefore, I might terminate my examination. But the book of Acts contains still another and different species of proof of the Unitarianism of those early days, and of this I would take a brief view before I close.

That the doctrine of the Trinity, if true, is one of momentous importance, will be readily admitted by all; and a moment's reflection will convince the reader, that such a doctrine could not have been introduced among a people who believed in the simple Unity of God, without creating a very strong sensation, of which we must find traces in the history of that day. That the Jews of that age, like those of our own, worshiped the God of their fathers in the simple Unity of His Being, will, I trust, not be disputed. Now if the Apostles had announced to these Jews, that, besides the Father, who had hitherto been the sole object of their worship, there were also a God the Son, and a God the Holy Ghost, each of whom was severally God, and as well as the Father, the object of religious homage, such a doctrine must have produced a great sensation among them. It must have appeared to them, as a direct infringement of their national faith, and as such must

have been to them peculiarly offensive. But do we find that the Jews took any such offence at the teaching of the Apostles? In vain should we look for it in the book of Acts. We find no trace of it there. We find, on the contrary, evidence there, that during the whole period to which those records extend, that is, for at least thirty years, the Christians and the Jews worshiped jointly, and for aught that appears, peaceably in the same temple, and the same synagogues, a thing which could not have been, if the one had directed their religious homage to three distinct objects,* while the other adored their God as a Being of simple Unity. †

But perhaps it will be said, that the Jews did persecute the Christians on account of their religious faith, and that this proves, that that faith contained articles which were offensive to them. I admit the fact, but I contend that the doctrine of the Trinity, or of the personal Deity of Christ, was not of the number. Happily for the cause I am advocating, the book of Acts gives us a distinct account of the several causes of offence which the Jews took at the teaching of the Apostles, and it is to an examination of these causes, that I intend to devote the remainder of this essay. In this examination, I ask the reader to accompany me, and he will be convinced, that the doctrine of the Trinity was not among them.

Besides the great fundamental doctrine of the Christian Church, *that Jesus of Nazareth is the Christ or anointed of God*, which was received by the Christians, and rejected by the Jews, and was the great wall of separation between the two parties, there were other opinions held by the former, which occasionally gave offence to the latter. Let us now see what we find in the book of Acts on this subject.

In the beginning of the 4th chapter we are told, that while the Apostles were speaking to "the people, the priests and the captain of the temple and the Sadducees came upon them;

* I hope no offence will be taken at my thus stating that Trinitarians have three distinct objects of religious worship. To convince himself of the correctness of my statement I refer the reader to the litanies of the Roman Catholic and Protestant Episcopal Churches, where he will find *distinct* prayers addressed to God the Father, to God the Son, to God the Holy Ghost, and to the Holy, blessed and glorious Trinity, as to *separate* and *distinct* objects of worship.

† It is evident from the whole book of Acts, and from other parts of the Scriptures, that the Apostles and early Jewish converts, continued to the last to consider themselves as members of the Jewish Church. This fact appears to me not to have received the attention it deserves. It shews that the Apostles considered their new faith as being in perfect harmony with the great fundamental doctrine of the Jewish religion.

being grieved that they taught the people, and preached through Jesus the resurrection from the dead." Here the causes of offence are distinctly stated. They are, that they taught the people, and that they taught the doctrine of the resurrection. The government was now in the hands of the Sadducees, who did not believe in a resurrection, and hence the preaching of this dogma was particularly offensive to them.

In the 5th chapter we read that the Apostles were again brought before the council, because, in disregard of the orders of the rulers, they continued to teach. The accusation against them this time is: That they had filled Jerusalem with their doctrine, and intended to bring this man's (Christ's) blood upon the rulers,* that is, render these latter accountable for his death.

In the 6th and 7th chapters, the sacred historian has recorded the accusation brought against Stephen, and his death. The accusation is, that he had said, that Jesus of Nazareth would destroy the holy city or temple, and change the customs instituted by Moses.† We are told that to obtain evidence of the truth, even of this charge, it was necessary to suborn witnesses. But surely this would have been a totally useless piece of villainy, if it could have been proved *that he sought openly to introduce strange or hitherto unknown objects of worship*, as the doing so would have rendered him clearly amenable to the laws of his country.‡

While on the subject of Stephen, I would observe, that the vision, with which this first of Christian martyrs was favoured, to animate him in the hour of danger and of death, is perfectly decisive of the Trinitarian controversy. We are told, that "he saw the glory of God, and *Jesus standing on the right hand of God.*" § Here God, and Jesus who stands at his right hand, are spoken of as two perfectly distinct beings. To sit or stand on the right hand of a king or throne, is a figure of speech, derived from oriental customs, and denotes that the one thus represented as sitting or standing at the right hand of the throne, is next in authority under the king.‖ When, therefore, our Saviour is represented as sitting or standing on the right hand of God, the meaning is, that, in his state of exaltation, he is next in authority under God. But surely, the God on the throne, and Jesus standing on the right hand

* V. 28. † Acts vi. 14. ‡ Deut. xiii. 5. § Acts vii. 55. ‖ This explains to us the request of the mother of James and John, recorded Matt. xx. 21, and the reason why that request gave so much offence to the other disciples.

of the throne;—the Being from whom the power emanates, and the minister to whom that power is delegated,—are not —cannot be—the same being.

Among the first heralds of the cross, no one was subject to so many, and such bitter persecutions from the Jews, as the Apostle Paul. The cause of this is sufficiently obvious. The Jews had hitherto considered themselves as being alone God's chosen people. They believed, that they alone were within the pale of salvation, and that whoever wished to share in this privilege, could do so only by submitting to the Mosaic ritual. Paul was the Apostle to the Gentiles, and the friend and advocate of Christian liberty. He refused to subject the heathen converts to the yoke of the Mosaic ritual, and taught, that men can be saved by faith in Christ, without the observance of the law. This conduct was particularly galling to the national pride of the Jews; and to this source we may trace much of that spirit of peculiar animosity with which they persecuted this Apostle.

In the 18th chapter, we are told, that while at Corinth, the Jews dragged him before the tribunal of Gallio, and accused him of persuading "men to worship God contrary to the law."* We read in several other places of the ill treatment and the various persecutions which Paul met with from the Jews, where no particular reason for such treatment is assigned; but what we find in the 21st chapter of the Acts, will throw some light on the cause of this universal ill will. We are there told that, while in the temple at Jerusalem, he was seized by some Jews, who exclaimed: "Men of Israel help; this is the man that teaches all men everywhere against the people, and the law, and this place; and further, brought Greeks also into the temple; and has polluted this holy place." †

Here we have the charges brought against Paul distinctly stated. He is accused of teaching against the people; because he taught that the Jews were not alone God's chosen people, but that the Gentiles also were called to be saved:—of teaching against the law; because he taught that a submission to, and an observance of the Mosaic ritual, was not necessary to salvation:—and of teaching against the Temple; because he taught, that God could be worshiped acceptably elsewhere, as well as at Jerusalem. He is also accused, though as it appears, falsely, of polluting the Temple, by bringing Greeks into it. Such are the charges brought against

* Acts xviii. 13. † Acts xxi. 28.

it also acts on the Imagination, and the sentiment of Beauty. With respect to these latter traits, the judgments of a great poet and chief in literature like Göthe, are of more value than those of the theologian and divine, whose taste and imagination, as has been well remarked by John Foster, are too frequently wholly uncultivated and dormant. As a piece of fine writing also, the following extract is well worthy of attention.]

Artless poetry is in every nation the first kind; it lies at the foundation of all subsequent; the more freshly and naturally it manifests itself, the more happily do succeeding epochs unfold themselves.

When we speak of oriental poetry, it becomes necessary to speak of the Bible, the oldest collection. A great part of the Old Testament is written in an elevated strain, is enthusiastic, and belongs to the region of Poetic art.

Still vividly recollecting the time in which Herder and Eichhorn in person enlightened these subjects to us, we compare the high enjoyment with the clear oriental sunrise. What such men bestowed upon us, and left with us, can now only be hinted at, and the haste with which we pass over these treasures must be pardoned.

Yet for the sake of example, we will notice the *Book of Ruth*, which can be contemplated in reference to its high object of procuring becoming and interesting ancestors for a king of Israel, and also as the loveliest little whole of an epic and idyl form which has been transmitted to us.

We will then stop a moment with this lofty song as the tenderest and most inimitable expression of passionate graceful love which has come down to us. We indeed grieve that the poems fragmentarily interwoven and rudely put together afford us no pure and complete enjoyment, and yet we are enraptured to find ourselves living in the same circumstances with the characters of the poem. Through and through floats the mild atmosphere of the loveliest district of Canaan; rural simple circumstances; vineyards, gardens, and spiceries; something of city confinement, but also a royal court with its stateliness in the back ground. The main subject ever continues to be the ardent inclination of youthful hearts, which seek, find, repel, and attract each other under a variety of very simple circumstances.

I have often thought of connecting together, and giving some unity to this lovely confusion; but the very riddling inexplicability gives to these few pages, grace and individuality.

How often have correctly-thinking and method-loving spirits been tempted to find, or to give to a work some rational connection; yet to a succeeding mind, the same labor has always remained.

Just so has the book of Ruth exerted its irresistible fascination on many an honest man to make him fancy that the occurrences represented in its invaluable Laconic manner, could in some measure gain by a copious paraphrastic management.

And so might each book of the Book of Books prove that it was given us for that very purpose, that we might try our powers there, as in a second world; might there stray, instruct ourselves, and unfold ourselves.*

* It is well to compare remarks like these with the criticisms of modern infidels on the O. T., and in particular on the Book of Ruth, as coarse, gross, and vulgar. Gœthe sees nothing of this kind, but on the contrary, everything delicate, tender, and beautiful. Now Gœthe has never been accused of too much piety, or too much religion; on the other hand, he has been repeatedly charged with various degrees of scepticism and infidelity. But by the almost unanimous consent of civilized Europe, he is regarded as the great Poet and Philosopher of the age. Not only where the German is spoken, but in France, Italy, Denmark, Sweden, Russia, he is revered and studied, and in England, and America, notwithstanding the temporary influence of some ignorant Reviews, his works are daily gaining more consideration. His opinions therefore on the *literary* character of the Old Testament, are at least as high authority as those of Messrs. Paine, Kneeland, and Co.

HOPE AND PERSEVERANCE.

Sahra, mildest star! between the rifts
Of the cloud;
Bloom, modest flower! though Alpine drifts,
On thee crowd.
Clouds hide, but cannot quench the star;
The southern wind shall come from far
To nurse the flower;—shall then my human hope
Its skyward wings into the sunless vallies droop?

The coral walls above the waves,
Slowly rise;
And pyramids, the task of slaves,
Pierce the skies.
Shall slave and insect labor rear
Foundations that resist the wear
And beat of time and sea?—then will I never,
Or fail or faint upon the steep of high endeavor.

Y.

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Of the cloud;
Bloom, modest flower! though Alpine drifts,
On thee crowd.
Clouds hide, but cannot quench the star;
The southern wind shall come from far
To nurse the flower;—shall then my human hope
Its skyward wings into the sunless vallies droop?

The coral walls above the waves,
Slowly rise;
And pyramids, the task of slaves,
Pierce the skies.
Shall slave and insect labor rear
Foundations that resist the wear
And beat of time and sea?—then will I never,
Or fail or faint upon the steep of high endeavor.

Y.

Art. III.—WORDSWORTH'S POETRY.

The fashions of this world change; what our fathers bent before we hoot at, and him to whom we bow down, our sons will cast the clod upon and forget.

Fifteen years since, the world, following that poor school of critics of which Francis Jeffrey walked foremost, laughed at the baby-rhymes of William Wordsworth; now, that same world says that Milton trembles on his throne. In 1822 even, we find the later works of Wordsworth to be in the opinion of the Edinburgh reviewers, "a sort of prosy, solemn, obscure, feeble kind of mouthing, sadly garnished with words and phrases from Milton and the Bible,—but without nature, and without passion, and with a plentiful lack of meaning, compensated only by a large allowance of affectation and egotism."—"The great characteristics of his sonnets is a sort of emphatic inanity; a singular barrenness and feebleness of thought, disguised under a sententious and assuming manner, and a style beyond example, verbose and obscure." In 1835, the tones of this poor egotist swell from Ganges to Missouri, not in the tempest-tones that Byron breathed, but in the small, still voice which alike marks the God, and the servant of Truth. As Coleridge has said of Milton, he strode so far before the men of that day, as to dwarf himself by the distance; but his giant proportions are now seen.

We love and revere Wordsworth, however, not so much because a great poet, as because a great Christian Philosopher. His words to us compare with those of Milton and Southey, as the deep, human poetry of the Gospels does, with the superhuman verse of Job and the Prophets;—we love them as poetry in the highest, divinest sense,—that which speaks of God in us. Seeking as we would to be filled with the beauty of the world without us, and seeing the marks of His hand everywhere; knowing as we do, that in man's passion and action God indeed is;—yet do we turn with joy to the Love, the Faith, the Humility of Christ, and find there a truer, a holier, and more poetic strain, than ever the muse of Greece, or the Prophets of Israel gave birth to. We know that He gave "the goodly wings unto the peacocks, and wings and feathers unto the ostrich:" that "the hawk flieth by His wisdom, and stretcheth her wings toward the South: and that the eagle mounteth up at His command, and maketh her nest on high:" but we also know that He "tempereth the wind to the shorn lamb."

In like manner our heart leaps up as we glide with Thalaba over the desert, and now

"Oh joy! the signs of life appear,
  The first and single fir
That on the limits of the living world
  Strikes in the ice its roots.—
  Another and another now;
And now the Larch that spreads its arms
Down-curving like the falling wave;
And now the Aspin's scattered leaves
Grey glitter on the moveless twig;
The Poplar's varying verdure now,
And now the Birch so beautiful,
  Light as a lady's plumes.—
Oh joy! the signs of life! the deer
Hath left his slot beside the way;
The little Ermine now is seen,
White wanderer of the snow;
And now from yonder pines they hear
The clatter of the Grouse's wings;
And now the snowy Owl pursues
  The traveller's sledge, in hope of food;
And hark! the rosy-breasted bird,
  The throstle of sweet song;
Joy, joy! the winter-wilds are left,
Green bushes now, and greener grass;
Red thickets here all berry bright,
  And here the lovely flowers!"

And oft, with swimming eyes, have we sat by the Destroyer while

"Through pleasant banks the quiet brook
  Went winding pleasantly;
By fragrant fir-groves now it passed;
  And now through alder-shores;
Through green and fertile meadows now
  It silently ran by.—
The flag-flower blossomed on its side,
  The willow-tresses waved,
The flowing current furrowed round
  The water-lily's floating leaf;
The fly of green and gauzy wing
  Fell, sporting, down its course.
  And grateful to the voyager
The freshness of the running stream,
  The murmur round the prow."

But beautiful as these word-paintings are, perfectly as they

picture nature, and through nature, God, they do not touch the heart as do the despised lines of Wordsworth,

> "Through primrose tufts, in that sweet bower,
> The periwinkle trailed its wreaths;
> And 'tis my faith that every flower
> Enjoys the air it breathes.
>
> The budding twigs spread out their fan
> To catch the breezy air;
> And I must think, do all I can,
> That there was pleasure there."

It is the spirit which whispered these simple, and, to many it may be unmeaning lines, that we bow to in the Poet of Rydal Mount; we see in that spirit a portion of the same greatness which marked Him who said that a sparrow "shall not fall on the ground without your Father."

It is, in truth, the Christianity, the love, faith, and humility which fills all the better of Wordsworth's poems, that makes him great. His taste is often bad, and his work imperfect; but through the plainest and meanest robe shines the strong light of goodness, and we forget the garment.

Why have Wordsworth's poems been so unpopular? We believe mainly from two causes; one, their subdued, unworldly, and religious tone, which few can compass, and fewer look on as Poetry;—The other, their fulness of meaning, requiring them to be read with thought deep and continued. The poetry of Scott and Byron deals mainly with human passion in its unbridled, unchastened form; and needs but a little attention to be understood;—and those two men did more than all others to form the taste of the race of readers which till of late was the strong one. The tide is now turning; those that read poetry now, are becoming willing to think as they read; to read that they may learn; to dwell on other feelings than Human love, hatred, and revenge. It is no longer a mystery

> "That pride,
> Howe'er disguised in its own majesty,
> Is littleness: that he who feels contempt
> For any living thing, hath faculties
> Which he has never used: that thought with him
> Is in its infancy."

There are those now that can lead forth their children in spring, and teach them that

> "One moment now may give us more
> Than fifty years of reason;

Our minds shall drink at every pore
  The spirit of the season.

Some silent laws our hearts will make,
  Which they shall long obey;
We, for the year to come, may take
  Our temper from to-day.

And from the blessed power that rolls
  About, below, above,
We 'll frame the measure of our souls;
  They shall be tuned to love."

There are even those that believe

"Our birth is but a sleep and a forgetting:
The soul that rises with us, our life's star,
  Hath had elsewhere its setting,
    And cometh from afar:
  Not in entire forgetfulness,
  And not in utter nakedness,
But trailing clouds of glory do we come
  From God who is our home.
Heaven lies about is in our infancy!
Shades of our prison-house begin to close
  Upon the growing boy,
But he beholds the light, and whence it flows,
  He sees it in his joy;
The youth, who daily farther from the east
  Must travel, still is nature's priest,
    And by the vision splendid
    Is on his way attended;
At length the man perceives it die away,
And fade into the light of common day."

The sonnets, so noted for "barrenness and feebleness of meaning," are now read and re-read by thousands; some of whom think there is more than "an emphatic inanity" in them: —they see sense, point and truth, for instance, in that on Alfred,

"Behold a pupil of the monkish gown,
The pious Alfred, king to Justice dear;
Lord of the harp and liberating spear;
Mirror of princes! indigent renown
Might range the starry ether for a crown
Equal to *his* deserts; who, like the year,
Pours forth his bounty; like the day doth cheer;
And awes, like night, with mercy-tempered frown,
Ease, from this noble miser of his time,
No moment steals; pain narrows not his cares:

Though small his kingdom as a spark or gem,
Of Alfred boasts remote Jerusalem;
And Christian India, gifts with Alfred shares,
By sacred converse linked with India's clime."

That on Papal dominion too, they think more striking for close thought, and strong language, than for "a style beyond example verbose and obscure."

"Unless to Peter's chair the viewless wind
Must come, and ask permission where to blow,
What further empire would it have? for now
A ghostly domination, unconfined
As that by dreaming bards to love assigned,
Sits there in sober truth,—to raise the low,—
Perplex the wise,—the strong to overthrow,—
Through heaven and earth to bind and to unbind!
Resist, the thunder quails thee! crouch, rebuff
Shall be thy recompense! from land to land
The ancient thrones of Christendom are stuff
For occupation of a magic wand,
And 'tis the Pope that wields it;—whether rough
Or smooth his front, our world is in his hand!"

But will Wordsworth's writings ever be popular? In the true sense of the term, never. The multitude will never read them from choice, and they never will be very fashionable. But they will be read and reaped by other writers, and their excellencies brought forward, and thrown into the arteries of literature. Many whose ideas do wonders with public taste, are themselves unknown to the public, magazines and newspaper writers serve as pipes to give their thoughts to the thirsty world,—which feasts, on it knows not whose conceptions. Wordsworth will not be popular for the same reason that Milton, Spenser, and Shakspeare are not. The works of the two first few dwell upon, and of the latter the mass relish only the coarse and least poetic fibres; a thousand enjoy Bardolph and Falstaff to one that, in sober love, hangs over Hamlet and Lear.

But though to "the reading public," which Coleridge so derides in his Statesman's Manual, the calm oracles from Rydal Mount will be riddles, to the *thinking* public they will be full of sweetness and wisdom. Although without Dramatic power, unable to paint strong passion, or the quick and varied action of an epic, the quiet and truly Christian tone of Wordsworth's lyre, will bring to his feet many a devotee. It is useless to ridicule his language, his style, or his sentiments,—for those that know him, look not at words, and lines, and phrases, but

beyond all these things to the soul which is within and beyond them. That makes them beautiful. Seeing that, they regard his defects as little as does the true lover the color of his mistress' eye, which burns with love for him, or the smoothness of that cheek, which blushes at the sound of his voice. He asks not, and cares not for the clay tenement, if the tenant be full of truth and affection: and as that tenement will die, but that affection through eternity have its influence, so will the works of Wordsworth pass away, but his influence over others endure forever. In yon world of spirits is the poet's true immortality. The mourner that has drank Hope from his well; the doubting that found Faith there; and the poor earthy slave of Ambition and Pride that from him has learned

> "Still to suspect, and still revere himself
> In lowliness of heart,"

these will yet bless him, and walk with him, and love him, when the solid bones of this earth have been rent asunder, and the names of many an "immortal hero," and degraded bard has gone down into oblivion amid the groans and hissings of the millions whom they have trampled on, and dragged down from heaven. J. H. P.

Art. IV.—THE CHRISTIAN MINISTER.

It will be readily conceded, that no one occupies a more elevated station in common life, or has higher and more important duties to perform, than the minister of the gospel. He is the expounder of the doctrines of that holy religion which emanated directly from God himself; from that Almighty Being by whom all things were created, and by whose Will the vast fabric of the visible world is upheld and sustained. He should exhibit in his walk and conversation, in every action of his life, the influence of that religion upon his own heart, and by his example conduct the flock committed to his charge, through the rough and thorny mazes, the trials and temptations of life, to the smiling pastures and flowery meads

promised to the faithful in "another and a better world." It is his duty to place before his congregation, in strong, yet plain and intelligible language, the plan of salvation as revealed in the book of life, the Christian's creed, and urge them by every argument in his power, to embrace and cling to it, as the only sure means of obtaining an interest in the eternal kingdom prepared for the righteous.

Can there be a more interesting spectacle, one capable of inspiring more exalted sentiments, than to behold a venerable minister of the most High, bending under the weight of years, with trembling hands and uplifted eyes, ministering at the altar, and presenting to those around him, the emblems of the broken body and shed blood of him who brought life and immortality to light? of a whole congregation bending the knee in prayer to the Almighty, or with united voices singing his praise? Spectacles of more dazzling splendor, may be presented to the external senses, but all their pomp and glory fall infinitely short of the moral grandeur of such a scene as that to which I have alluded.

The preacher of the gospel has a wider field for the display of eloquence and learning, than the member of any other profession. The elucidation of the heaven-derived doctrines of the religion he teaches; the being, majesty, power and goodness of Him who "rides on the whirlwind and directs the storm;" the sufferings, death, and glorious resurrection of the son of God; the great duties inculcated in the scriptures, and so eloquently enforced by his precepts and example; the promises and rewards held forth to his sincere and humble followers, present themes rich and inexhaustible, for the exercise of his mental powers. The plain and simple doctrines of the gospel, as explained and illustrated by the disciples of liberal Christianity, are means of intellectual wealth, upon which a preacher of cultivated mind, and a taste improved by reflection, may draw without the fear that its riches will be exhausted, and without resorting to incomprehensible and mysterious doctrines, which only bewilder the Christian's path, without scattering even a ray of light.

To fill the responsible station of a Christian minister with propriety and effect, in addition to the graces of piety, the man who aims at such distinction should prepare himself for his arduous duties by close and unremitting study of the oracles of God. He should be well educated; he should be well versed in the ancient languages, that, whilst he derives profit himself from the study of the scriptures, he may qualify himself to communicate his knowledge to others. I well know

there are many, very many, who stand ready to controvert the position, that a liberal education is necessary to make a useful preacher. They believe that education for the gospel ministry is a useless expenditure of time and money, and that if a man be *called* to preach, the "spirit" will furnish him with ideas and words to express them. They will cite the example of the apostles and immediate followers of Christ, who are generally supposed to have been uneducated and illiterate men, but who preached the gospel with power and effect, who unfolded the glories of Christianity in "thoughts that breathe, and words that burn." Admit the fact; it does not prove that, at the present day, uneducated and illiterate men, are capable of making efficient preachers. The apostles lived in an age of miracles, at a time when miracles were necessary to impress upon the minds of men the truths of the gospel, and convince the Jewish and Gentile world, that they emanated from the throne of the Eternal. For the purpose of effectually propagating the gospel, they were miraculously endowed with the gift of languages. But the age of miracles has passed away: God works now upon the minds and hearts of men by other means. It has been my lot to hear many who believed themselves called of God to preach the gospel, and minister in holy things; but, notwithstanding their apparent zeal, the effect of their preaching was the very reverse of that which was intended. Such preachers by previous declamation, and denunciation of heaven's vengeance upon the impenitent sinner, may alarm the fears of the weak-minded and the timid, but they can never adopt that style of argument, which, while it convinces the reason, touches the heart, and subdues the passions of men. They often seize upon the more abstruse and mysterious doctrines of orthodoxy, which the more powerful cannot make intelligible, and interpret the sacred writings in a manner calculated to ridicule the most sublime system ever offered to man.

It is of great importance for the successful propagation of the Christian faith, that all those who take upon themselves the office of Christian ministers, should not only be conversant with the sacred scriptures in their own tongue, but should possess a competent knowledge of the ancient languages in which they were originally written. I would not have them thus accomplished for the purpose of making a pedantic display of learning in the pulpit, but to enable them more clearly to comprehend the principles of their faith, and the evidences upon which it rests, and more effectually combat the arguments of sceptics and infidels. Had *Luther* been as ignorant and un-

learned as some of our modern preachers, he could not have so successfully and triumphantly attacked the errors, and exposed the corruptions of the Roman Church, and opened the way for that reformation to which we are indebted for our religious comforts and enjoyments, for our freedom of opinion, and, in a great degree, for the civil liberty we enjoy. Had he not exhibited in his celebrated controversy with the *elite* of the Roman hierarchy, the value of learning, and infused a portion of his own spirit of investigation into the minds of his countrymen, the reformation might have been nipped in the bud. But his learning enabled him to make such an exposition of his doctrines, as to induce the people to whom they were addressed, to distrust the explanations of interested priests. and examine for themselves the important points in dispute. The blessings of the reformation have extended over distant lands, and the name of Luther is known and reverenced, as that of one who shook to its foundation the mighty fabric of corruption and profligacy, which priestcraft, united to ignorance, had raised upon the basis of a pure and holy religion. To keep that religion pure, and undefiled by the corruptions and inventions of ignorant teachers, and to present it in the plain and simple garb in which it was clothed by the inspired messenger of the Most High, should be the object of every Christian teacher, more particularly of those who stand forth the advocates of the simple unity of God—the doctrine taught in the first ages of the church. We live in a land where all the advantages of education may be obtained at a trifling expense, and where he who aspires to become a teacher in sacred things may even be instructed "without money, and without price." When, therefore, the means of knowledge are at hand, and can be so readily employed, there can be no reasonable excuse why those who are invested with the sacred office of ministers of the Gospel should be groping in darkness. T.

THE CHILD IN THE CRADLE.—FROM SCHILLER.

Happy suckling! The cradle is to thee an infinite space;
Become a man, and the infinite world will be narrow to thee.

J. F. C.

Art. V.—STATE OF THE TIMES.

Sober Thoughts on the State of the Times, addressed to the Unitarian Community. Boston: Published by E. R. Broaders. 1835. 12*mo. pp.* 66.

This is one of the best books lately issued from the Boston press, and calculated to do a great deal of good. It is an animated, judicious appeal to the Unitarian community upon the most important topics, and coming, as it does, from a member of that body of Christians, it is well entitled to calm and thoughtful attention. Every sect needs, at times, and this too very frequently, to be called to self-scrutiny; to ask itself where it stands, what progress it has made, how it has fulfilled its "mission," what there is left for it to do, what are its weak points, and its dangerous tendencies,—in short, everything which an individual should know of himself, a sect should know of itself. But this sort of examination is very difficult, and can be conducted only by a strong and discriminating mind. Such a mind has just been at work among our New-England brethren, and the result is the little book before us, which contains as many plain truths, and as much good Christian advice, as any book we ever read. We shall not attempt to give an outline of its contents, but extract a few pages to show the spirit and style of the author. In another number, we shall probably make one or two more extracts, which we have marked as peculiarly forcible and likely to be productive of good. Our apology for making so free use of this book is, that the majority of our readers will probably never meet with it; and those of them who have seen it, will unite with us in our desire to have it generally known. The extract we now make, explains the *idea* of Unitarianism.

"Such is a cursory view of the condition in which we stand at the close of the struggle, which has made us a distinct denomination among the churches of our land. Thus do we stand before the world, just three centuries after the beginning of the Reformation, at the moment when we have been striving to do our share toward carrying its great principles into complete effect.

It is a moment for pausing to look around us, a crisis of unspeakable interest. It is now to be tried and known what are the power and worth of the principles for which we have been contending. It is to be seen whether we are willing to ADORN the doctrine we have secured to ourselves; whether we can LIVE for our faith, as well as fight for it; whether we will struggle as hard for the *character*, as we have done for the *name*, of Christians. It is impossible that the present state of

things should not powerfully affect the all-important questions of personal religion, and call, for strenuous exertions of duty, on those who are thus subjected to a peculiar responsibility.

Character is in a great measure the offspring of circumstances. The action and results of principles are greatly modified by circumstances. In order to employ principles in such a manner as to secure their intended results, we must ascertain the nature and influence of the circumstances which affect their action. The men who, in one age of the world, show themselves under a certain aspect because necessarily moulded by the pressure of the age, would become of a wholly different stamp if subjected to the impressions of a later period; and the principles, whose action, being opposed by, or combined with that of a certain state of society, leads to unhappy results, might become, in another state of society, the spring of all that is generous and great. Accordingly it has been remarked, that the Puritan character, though such as could be formed only beneath Christian influences, is yet a character which will never appear again upon earth, because the very peculiar circumstances of that astonishing period can never be precisely repeated. Every period has its own circumstances modifying in some way the operation of universal principles, and thus producing a character of its own; every subdivision or subordinate circle in society modifies it still farther, and produces another variety of the general character.

He that is wise, seeks to ascertain what are these circumstances, and to use them or thwart them in such manner as shall bring about the best result on his own character. Every wise community will do the same.

Let us look at the Unitarian community, with this reference to the circumstances in which it is placed. What has it assumed as the universal principles of truth and duty, and how is their practical operation affected by the posture of the times, and what are the peculiar obligations thence resulting? I could not answer these questions in a volume; in this pamphlet I only pretend to hint at an answer.

In respect to *principles*, what is most worthy of observation seems to me this:—it professes to have adopted as the universal principles of truth and duty, those fundamental everlasting principles, which are received by all Christians as the basis and substance of their faith, and which comprise the essence of all religion, morality and philosophy. The process by which these principles are arrived at, is very simple. It has, in following out the doctrines of the great Lutheran Reform, stricken off from its list of theological articles those which were *peculiar* to the Romish church, and had made that church distinctively what it was;—then, it removed those which formed the *peculiarities* of the Lutheran and Calvinistic bodies; then it set aside those which were peculiar to the church of England, and the kirk of Scotland; and, in a word, it excluded whatever, in any one narrow body of believers, formed *the distinctive badge of that body*,—Moravian, Methodist, Baptist, Swedenborgian, &c.;—reserving to itself whatever, by being found in each, was proved to be common in all. All that illustrious and unquestionable truth, which is so divine, so essential, so undeniable, that no one of those numerous companies of the holy and good has been led by any philosophy or interest to withhold assent from it; all that glorious and comforting doctrine, which brings to consent and sympathy the purified spirits of our Paschals, Leightons, Doddridges, Wesleys,

Cappes, and Penns,—this, separated from all accompanying admixtures, is that truth which the Unitarian community professes to receive as the binding, authoritative guide to the human soul. This is that to which the study of the scriptures, unbiased by the authority of ages or of churches, naturally conducts. It places those who receive it at once in harmony with all the diversities of the church as respects the essentials of religion, and in contrast to them as regards the non-essentials. As if the sacred metal of truth having been coined up for current use by the different Christian peoples with various proportions and qualities of alloy, this people had proposed to separate from it and cast away those meaner ingredients, and receive in circulation none but the original and unadulterated.

This is the IDEA. This is what they profess to desire, and to aim after. This is the image of full attainment, the mark of the high calling in Christian doctrine, which is set up before us. Not that it has ever been reached; not that in any community among us this great perfection has been realized. Far from it. It is the glorious aim of many, but probably the actual attainment of none. And when we consider how glorious it is, and what incitements we have to strive after it, it is mortifying and humbling to observe how far short of it even they fall, who have the clearest perception of its grandeur and excellence.

Indeed is it not too true, that the very process of mind through which this pure faith is to be sought and attained,—the process of comparing and discussing, and discriminating, and sifting,—is in some respects unfavorable to a due appreciation of its worth when attained? For it is the unhappy consequence of controversy to exaggerate the importance of the disputed doctrines; to draw to them a disproportionate attention, to give to them an undue prominence; and to dismiss from their proper place in the thoughts, those which ought to be the predominating and regulating truths. There is no doubt that it has so happened in the case before us. Strongly as men have been persuaded that the *common*, and not the *disputed* truths are of essential and vital moment, yet as it is the *disputed* which have necessarily been kept prominent during the long discussion, the feelings have been too much kept hovering about them, and prevented from fervently dwelling on the verities of acknowledged supremacy. Thus it is easy to see how the habit may arise of rejoicing with ardent sincerity in the possession of this light, and yet devoting more thought to what is undoubtedly of inferior moment.

Herein, I must remark by the way, is one of the infelicities under which this particular controversy has laid, beyond most of those which have agitated the Christian world. It has turned upon points of philological interpretation and metaphysical discrimination, which, however they may satisfy the head, have little in them to excite the fervors of the heart; and yet, being connected with all those holiest words and ideas about which the heart ought to have its deepest fervors, has directly tended to check and chill its natural warmth. Not so was it in some of the other remarkable contests of the church; not such the points for which Methodism contended, and the Quietists and Quakers suffered. They fell on other days, and were thrown into other channels of thought, which did less to separate the subjects of their debate from those of their rightful affection; and in this were they more happy

than we. I do not say it to excuse our remissness; God forbid! but to point out one unhappy circumstance of the times, to the hurtful influence of which we ought to be keenly alive.

To return then to the point from which I may seem to have been departing;—never was it given to a company of believers to be united by constitution or bond so dignified and admirable as this, when understood according to its true idea. It is the naked heart, the inmost core of Christian truth, separated from every addition with which human ignorance, error, ambition, or superstition, had connected it. A famous sect of philosophers there anciently was, who thought to arrive at true wisdom by selecting from all the schools what seemed truest in each, and uniting them in a new system. But the purpose of these modern Eclectics is better still,—to reject what is peculiar to each school, and retain that radical and seminal central truth, which Christ proclaimed from heaven;—to bow to no human wisdom, be led by no finite will, governed by no fallible authority,—but to be free, absolutely and unreservedly, from all constraint upon thought, inquiry, conscience, faith, except the constraint of the revealed Word, and the willing allegiance of the conscientious mind. It is impossible for imagination to conceive a more sublime position for man or angel, in earth or heaven, than this,—that of a spirit erect and independent, owning no control but that of the Being which made it, and to Him and his will surrendered without reserve.

This is the result to which the sublime principles of the Reformation conduct. Those principles insist on freedom of thought, liberty of conscience, the right of private judgment, independence of human control, in the strictest sense. They permit and require every man to inquire of the scriptures and decide for himself;—with unqualified submission to God, with absolute independence of man. That denomination has most consistently adhered to them, which has thrown away every creed but the Bible, and unseated every judge but Christ.

If I understand the subject aright, this is what Unitarianism claims to have done. What a responsibility does it imply? What honesty of mind, what singleness, directness and steadfastness of will, what resolute allegiance to conscience and God, does it demand of its disciples? It might be excusable for other men to inquire dilatorily for truth, and with an indolent foot follow the path of their convictions; for they have cast a portion of their responsibility upon others, and professedly learn much from human teachers. But for those who claim to be free from the interference of every human mind, to plant their faith and risk their salvation on the word of God alone,—they are guilty of most inexcusable madness, if they stop short at any secondary knowledge, if they do not draw industriously from that infinite fountain,—if they be not as absolutely subjected to God as they are freed from man. For the object of their liberty is not, that they may follow wildly their own momentary and undisciplined impulses,—that they may take up and lay down at pleasure the thoughts and pursuits which expediency may suggest. They are set free from the control of man, as the planets are, that they may the more exactly and blissfully observe the true orbit appointed by their Maker; made free by the truth, that they may obey the truth, by the truth be sanctified, and thus arrive at that only honor which a rational soul should desire, or in which it can find its well-being.

Has any one fully realized this great idea in his own mind and history? Is there any ONE who has been thus gloriously true to his trust? Let us believe that there have been many such. We think that we have known them,—some, shining out illustriously to brighten and shame the world—some, in the humblest retirements of life, to call forth the admiration and eulogy of the few who see them there, and who marvel that God should not have placed them on high among men. Let us hope that there are many beyond what is supposed, who have arrived at this singular attainment. But does it characterize any *community?* Do we see the community, which bears upon its very front the token of this holy and resolute independence, which is imbued throughout with this heavenward and indefeasible allegiance to conscience, unswayed by human opinion, reputation and fashion, consecrated to duty, and sacrificing to duty all selfish and worldly ends? Do we see the community, which has so thrown off the dominion of man, that it is led neither in its opinions nor its practices by the fluctuating standard of the popular breath, but is palpably subject to the supreme and unbending law of God? I think not. Liberty of thought and opinion is strenuously proclaimed; in this proud land it has become almost a wearisome cant; our speeches and journals, religious and political, are made nauseous by the vapid and vain-glorious reiteration. But does it after all, *characterize any community among us?* Is there any one to which a qualified observer shall point, and say, *There*, opinion is free? On the contrary, is it not a fact, a sad and deplorable fact, that in no land on this earth is the mind more fettered than it is here? that here what we call Public Opinion has set up a despotism, such as exists no where else? Public Opinion—a tyrant, sitting in the dark, wrapt up in mystification and vague terrors of obscurity; deriving power no one knows from whom; like an Asian monarch, unapproachable, unimpeachable, undethronable, perhaps illegitimate,—but irresistible in its power to quell thought, to repress action, to silence conviction,—and bringing the timid perpetually under an unworthy bondage of mean fear to some impostor opinion, some noisy judgment which gets astride on the popular breath for a day, and controls, through the lips of impudent folly, the speech and actions of the wise.

From this influence and rule, from this bondage to opinion, no community, as such, is free, though doubtless individuals are. But your community, Brethren, based on the principles which you profess, is bound to be so. Each for himself in faith, each for all in action; men to be loved and served, but not to be followed or obeyed; no master but Christ, no Father but God;—these are your maxims. Man seems something more than human when these principles are stated;—but he becomes something less, if, professing them in form, he falsify them in fact." E.

SELF EDUCATION.—FROM SCHILLER.

Seekest thou the Highest, the Greatest? The planets can teach thee;—
What they do involuntarily, do thou voluntarily. J. F. C.

Art. VI.—GŒTHE ON BYRON.

BY J. F. CLARKE.

The following beautiful dirge on Lord Byron, is translated from Helena, an interlude in Faust, published in the latest complete edition of the works of Gœthe. It is now for the first time, as far as we know, presented to the public in an English dress. We read, a few years since, an admirable article on this poetic interlude written by that distinguished German scholar, T. Carlyle, and published in the Foreign Review. This contained copious translations, but no translation of the following piece; and strange to say, that acute critic, though mentioning the opinion of some continental commentators which identified *Euphorion* with Byron, appeared not to adopt it himself. To those who are acquainted with the great German author's published opinions of Byron, and who compare them with the following lines we think no doubt can remain on the subject. The very name, Euphorion, (Exuberant) is characteristic of the genius of Byron. Certain allusions in the poem itself, place it beyond a question. We wish some admirer of Byron or of Gœthe would versify these lines which we can only give in the rude form in which we copied them, a year or two since, into our note book.

Euphorion's voice from below.

Mother, to the shades beneath,
Let me not depart alone.

DIRGE.

Not alone! wherever thou may'st dwell,
For we believe we now know thee;
And ah! though thou hurriest from light,
No heart can be separated from thee,
We scarcely can weep, we may not lament thee,
But envy thy lot while we sing.
Thy song was noble, thy spirit high,
In thy day of brightness and thy day of gloom.

Ah! born to give bliss to earth—
High in thy longing, powerful in thy strength,
Too early alas! lost to thyself
The blossoms of thy youth were scattered.
Thou lookedst on the earth with piercing gaze,

Thy mind claimed acquaintance with every mood of the heart,
  Glowing with love for the noblest women,
  And a song, all thine own.

But scorning restraint, thou plungedst thyself
  Into nets no hand had spread for thee,
And placedst thyself in violent hostility
    With custom, and with law.
But at last a lofty determination
Gave balance to thy purified mind,
Thou soughtest to win the excellent—
  But success came not to thee.

To whom comes it? Sad question,
  Of which fate masks the issue.
A bleeding nation sat mute
  On the most unfortunate of their days.
Yet awaken new songs;
  Not longer stand bowed in sorrow;
For earth reproduces her poets,
  As she has done in all time.

(Full pause. The music ceases.)

Art. VII.—BAXTER ON CREEDS.

[The following very quaint and very good remarks are by the eminent Mr. Baxter, of blessed memory in the Christian church. We accidentally fell in with them, a few days ago, in a volume of the Christian Disciple, now the Christian Examiner, of Boston. We cannot forbear quoting them, because every word is true, and they contain a severer rebuke against creed-makers and heresy-hunters, than we should dare to write in our modern language; yet, withal, we think that the worthy Divine is not a whit too harsh.] E.

"By the occasion of heretics, quarrels and errors, the serpent steps in, and will needs be a spirit of zeal in the church; and he will so overdo against heretics, that he persuades them that they must enlarge their creed and add this clause against one, and that against another, and all was put for the perfecting and

preserving of the Christian faith. And so he brings it to be a matter of so much wit to be a Christian, (as Erasmus complains,) that ordinary heads were not able to reach it. He had got them, with a religious cruelty to their own and others' souls, to lay all their salvation and the peace of the church, upon some unsearchable mystery about the Trinity, which God either never revealed, or never clearly revealed, or never laid so great a stress upon; yet he persuades them that there was scripture proof enough for these; only the scriptures spoke it but in premises, or in darker terms, and they must put together into their creeds the consequences, and put it into plainer expressions, which heretics might not so easily corrupt, pervert or evade. Was not this reverend zeal? And was not the devil seemingly now a Christian of the most judicious and forward sort?

But what got he at this one game? 1. He necessitated implicit faith even in fundamentals, when he had got points among fundamentals, beyond the public reach. 2. He necessitated some living judge for the determining of fundamentals, that is, what is it in sense that the people must take for fundamentals. 3. He got a standing verdict against the perfection and sufficiency of scripture, (and consequently against Christ, his Spirit, his Apostles, and the Christian Faith,) that it will not so much as afford us a creed or system of fundamentals, or points absolutely necessary to salvation and brotherly communion, in fit or tolerable phrases; but we must mend the language at least. 4. He opened a gap for human additions, at which he might afterwards bring in more at his leisure. 5. He framed an engine for an infallible division, and to tear in pieces the church, casting out all as heretics, who would not subscribe to his additions, and necessitating separation by all dissenters, to the world's end, till the devil's engine be overthrown. 6. And hereby he lays a ground upon the divisions of Christians, to bring men into doubt of all religion, as not knowing which is the right. 7. And he lays the ground of certain heart-burnings and mutual hatred, contentions, revilings, and enmity. Is not here enough got, at one cast? Doth there need any more to the establishing of Romish and hellish darkness? Did not this one act found the seat of Rome? Did not the devil get more in his cloke in one day, than he could get by his sword in three hundred years? Yea, and where modesty restrains men from putting all such inventions and explications in their creed, the devil persuaded men, that they being the judgments of godly divines (no doubt to be reverenced, valued, and heard,) it is almost as much as if they were

in the creed, and therefore, whoever dissenteth, must be noted with a black coal, and you must disgrace him and avoid communion with him, as an heretic. Had it not been for this one plot, the Christian faith had been kept pure; religion had been one, the church had been one, and the hearts of Christians had been more one than they are. Had not the devil turned orthodox, he had not made so many true Christians heretics as Epiphanius and Austin have enrolled in the black list. Had not the enemy of truth and of peace got into the chair, and made so pathetic an oration as to inflame the minds of the lovers of truth to be overzealous for it, and to do too much, we might have had truth and peace to this day. Yea still, if he see any man of peace and moderation stand up to reduce men to the ancient simplicity, he presently seems the most zealous for Christ, and tells the unexperienced leaders of the flocks, that it is in favour of some heresy that such a man speaks; he is plotting a carnal syncretism, and attempting the reconcilement of Christ and Belial; he is tainted with Popery, or Socinianism, or Armenianism, or Calvinism, or whatsoever may make him odious with those he speaks to. O, what the devil hath got by overdoing!"

Pity—that the Westminster Assembly Divines had not had this extract on their table, when they compiled their Catechism!

OLD AND NEW YEAR.

Sound forth the dirge o'er the departing year!
  Surge after surge of Time's eternal sea
  Over its sounding ocean floor goes by,
  In the thick-clouded Past to disappear.

A Jubilee! The infinite coming time!
  Its waves flow out from clouds; but clouds how bright
  With an infused, warm, hazy, trembling light;
  And joy is in their deep, triumphant chime.

Thus onward do the eternal ages flow.
  Man, who art cast upon this shoreless flood,
  But with a quick, indwelling power indued
  To breast it,—struggle bravely on; for know
  That thou by thine own strength must win the light,
  Or backward be o'erborne into the sea of night.

Art. VIII.—CHARACTER OF JAMES FREEMAN, D. D.

BY J. F. CLARKE.

Discourse on the Life and Character of James Freeman, D. D. Senior Pastor of King's Chapel, Boston, who died November 14th 1835, in the 76th year of his age, and 55th of his ministry.

D'autres ont eu plus d'influence
Sur mon esprit, et mes idees—
Lui, m'a montre une ame Chretienne—
C'est encore a Lui que Je dois le plus.

"Whoso looketh into the perfect law of liberty, and continueth therein, this man not being a forgetful hearer but a doer of the work, this man shall be blessed in his deed."—*James* i. 25.

I have selected these words as containing the most complete epitome and most perfect description of a rational, liberal, practical Christian life. He who looks into the law of liberty—who submits to no yoke of bondage;—who holds on—perseveres—continues therein;—who acts out his principles—makes them a part of his life—weaves them into his character and does his Masters' work faithfully; this man shall be happy, successful and blessed in his labors.

Such men as this, are rare. Bigots are plenty who cringe beneath a heavy yoke of formal service, full of anxiety and fear—living in the letter ignorant of the free spirit of the gospel—wearing a long face and solemn air—and applying always the lines of Watts—

"My thoughts on awful subjects roll,
Damnation and the dead."

these men are common enough—and there are plenty of your men of light, your free enquirers—who will talk about religion, and are great friends of rational Christianity—who, if you preach a discourse explaining the nature of liberal religion, will immediately say, as they come out of the church door, "that's exactly what I believe—that's my doctrine,"—and then they go their way, and straightway forget what manner of men they are.

But where shall we find the character described in our text—the consistent opposer of human tyranny, and the consistent doer of God's law? I have seen *one such man*, and I heard during the last week, of his departure from this world,

to his throne by the side of Christ. And while my own mind is naturally inclined to look back over his long course of usefulness—and to sum up in thought the distinguishing traits of his character—I cannot forbear communicating to you my feelings and opinions with respect to his character and life. Of all the blessings which God bestows on us in this world, I consider it the greatest to *know a good man.* It is the only way in which we can acquire a faith in goodness—the only way in which we can be convinced that disinterested effort is possible. If we have known one good man—one man in whose integrity of purpose, and honesty of character we place full confidence—no one can tell the benefit which we receive from our faith in that man. I consider the character of George Washington to be in this way a treasure to our country, worth more than all its other possessions. We are *sure* of his honesty and truth—and therefore we are sure that honesty and truth are possible, are real;—and here lies the great benefit of faith in Christ. Those who believe in Jesus Christ believe, in the possibility of perfect goodness, in the reality of unmixed love. When the world with its selfishness presses on them so hard, that they begin to doubt whether love exists at all, they can look to Jesus and all their doubts vanish. And thus I feel, that having lived with and known intimately the character of Dr. Freeman, I am fortified against the arguments of worldlings, sceptics and bigots. Worldly men may talk as much as they choose about the selfishness of man, and the hollowness of human virtue. I have known one man whose life was constant sacrifice and disinterested effort. I grant that there is selfishness and hypocrisy, but I know that goodness is possible and real. Thousands fall a prey to the world, and crawl on their bellies licking up the dust—but there are some hearts which beat nobly—to all who doubt, I proclaim it loudly—the time is bad, but there yet exist some pure souls—five hundred who have not bowed the knee to Baal. And let infidels and sceptics come with their stories of priestly oppression, and try to make it out that every religious man is either a credulous and superstitious dupe, or a bigoted and hypocritical imposter. I have known one man who was neither the one nor the other. They cannot hate tyranny and cant, worse than he did. They cannot love freedom and contend for it with a greater devotion of soul than his. They cannot pretend to more independence of mind, more freedom from all prejudice—more candor, and clearness, and knowledge of mankind than he possessed. And yet he was a religious man—he was a Christian. He bowed with heartfelt

humility before God—he studied with deep love the character of Christ—he labored to bring men to a sense of religious dependence and submission to the will of heaven. To that will he bowed humbly down—and whether it ordained death or life, he patiently submitted. Submission was with him a habit of soul. And when bigots undertake to narrow the Christian world down to the limits of their party, and deny the Christian name to those who do not believe with them and adopt their technics—I would calmly lean on my knowledge of that venerable saint. No one who knew him ever dared to question that he was a Christian. No one could ever ask, "Whose image and superscription is this?" The image of Jesus was stamped on his brow. A life of love, of self-denial, of self-sacrifice made all take knowledge of him that he had been with Jesus. There was a resemblance between them which struck every one. Having known him therefore, I am fully armed against the arguments of worldlings, sceptics, and bigots. I may say then, in the words of a French writer, "others have exercised a greater influence over my mind and my ideas. He has *shown* me a truly Christian character. I therefore owe the most to *him*."

Such being the influence which the character of Dr. Freeman has exercised over my own mind, I feel as if I should be doing you no little service by describing as well as I can the leading traits of his character and life. I would lay this poor wreath upon the tomb of one who was the guide and teacher of my youth; more than a father in tenderness and affection; and a friend such as I can never hope to see again in this world. Providence ordained that I should not stand at his dying bed, nor precede that multitude which accompanied his body to its last resting place, nor partake of the solemn impression which the departure of a good man leaves on the mind of all who witness it. I was removed a thousand miles from that scene, and remained for a week unconscious of my loss. But I would not, though distant, let such an incident pass by, without seeking to draw from it that lesson which Providence means to teach us in every earthly trial.

But it is not merely the remarkable character of Dr. Freeman, or my own near relation to him, which induces me to speak of his death thus publicly. He was the father of liberal and rational Christianity, as we understand it, in the United States.

He was the first who ever dared declare his belief in the simple unity of God. He was not the first who held the opinion—but he was the first who ever openly declared it, and

took the brunt of the opposition and enmity so excited. I have not the documents to refer to, but I suppose it was about the year 1780, that he, being reader in an Episcopal church, called King's Chapel, in Boston, founded by the king long before the Revolution—preached a sermon in which he denied the Trinity, and declared with the Apostle, "To us there is but one God, the Father."—His expectation was, that he should be immediately dismissed—but instead of that, the society asked him to preach farther—finally with the exception of a few individuals, declared themselves of his opinion,—they altered their Liturgy so far as to omit all Trinitarian doxologies and allusions, and retain it to this day with these alterations. He stood alone, suspected and avoided by all parties for many years—but the attachment of his society consoled him for this. He might say with Paul, "at my first answer no man stood with me, but all forsook me—I pray God that it may not be laid to their charge—notwithstanding, the Lord stood with me, and strengthened me—that by me the preaching might be fully known, and that the Gentiles might hear, and I was delivered out of the mouth of the lion."

He stood alone—but not long. One by one, the congregational churches who were not fettered to old opinions, either by liturgies or creeds, and to whom it was easier than it had been for him to change, came out and declared for the pure worship of the Bible. He had looked into the perfect law of liberty, and continued therein—he had persevered—*and he was blessed in his deed*—he was rewarded by seeing before his death, one hundred churches in the single state of Massachusetts, running up the standard of a common faith with him;—other men, and younger, followed him, and he was surrounded by a host of ardent and active intellects, in whose labors he truly rejoiced. He was the Patriarch of a host, among whom were such men as Buckminster, Channing, Ware, Palfrey, Dewey, Furness, and many others. All these men came to ask counsel of him, and reverently to ponder whatever came from the lips of that venerable man. Had he remained in the Episcopal church, he would doubtless have been Bishop of that Diocese—but seldom has a Bishop, I think, enjoyed the love and reverence of such a numerous band of ministers, as surrounded him. He had the thing without the name, which was better than the condition of many, who have the name, but not the thing. During the fifty-five years that his ministry lasted, he wept over the graves of all the companions of his youth. But the generation which came up in their places learned to love him as well, and respect him more, than their fathers

did. His colleague, the Rev. F. W. P. Greenwood, a man of great intellect and taste, has expressed the sentiment of the community so well, that I must quote the passage.

There are those here who will remember the deep stillness which pervaded the audience which crowded the building where he was preaching the sermon at my ordination, when he began to speak of Dr. Freeman in the following language:

"In this regard," said he, "an example of faith and perseverance will readily present itself to your mind as it does to mine;—the example of that venerable man who has stood to you in the double relation of pastor and parent—to me, of pastor and colleague. For years, he too, worked alone in this very city, the only minister in the city and neighborhood, I might say the only minister in the whole country, who openly preached that faith. But he worked calmly on, never fearing, never despairing, full of hope in the God of hope,—and now —how changed the scene, and the prospect;—and how can any of us fear for our faith, when we look on those times, and on these. While you bear with you his hopeful intrepidity, you will not forget to take with you also his charity. Though you consider your own as the purest and best form, you will not hold it to be the *only* form of Christianity—but you will consider every preacher of righteousness, every one who is striving to turn sinners from the error of their ways, as your fellow worker, your Christian brother, and not your enemy."

But it was not as a Controversialist that he was chiefly known. He hardly ever preached a word, and never published a line of doctrinal matter. It was the *practice* of Christianity in which he excelled, not its theory. His motto seemed to be—"Knowest thou this, O vain man, that faith without works is dead?" When his faith was considered a deadly heresy, he opened his mouth boldly, and declared it, and defended it—but when it became popular in his neighborhood, he left it to others to defend it by argument—to Channing, Ware, Norton, Worcester, and Whitman he left the cause, and busied himself in erecting a better argument than their sharp logic, profound reason, or extensive learning could rear —namely, a *life* full of the fruits of the spirit.

But when I undertake to describe that life, I pause with doubt—I know not where to begin. The very remarkable point in his character—that which gave him his extraordinary influence over society and individuals, was not the prominence of any one trait, but the equal and harmonious development of all. It was the singular balance of faculties, the exact proportion of character—the entire harmony which pervaded his

being, the completeness, the perfectness, the unity of his life. It was the absence of all disturbing tendencies, and jarring powers—the sweet and placid peace which passed all understanding—here was the charm and fascination which worked on all who came near him. All felt themselves better and happier, they knew not why, in his presence. Their hearts burned within them as they talked with him by the way, like those disciples who walked with their risen Master to Emmaus.

The leading trait, however, of his character, was probably that which Paul considered a more excellent way, than any gifts of miracles, or healings, and greater than the mighty powers of faith and of hope—namely, Love. He loved all men with the expansive love of Christianity—not in name, and word only, but in deed and in truth. He remembered the words of the Lord Jesus, how he said it was better to give than receive—and he acted accordingly. He was a doer of that word, and not a forgetful hearer, if ever man was so. He entered with a ready interest into the affairs of all—and made them his own. None were too great or small, too rich or poor, too young or old, wise or innocent, talented or imbecile, virtuous or depraved, pious or irreligious, for the expansive grasp of his active sympathy. Not that he loved all alike, though the servant and minister of all. He had his preferences—and for some individuals, particularly among the young and ignorant—the bright child, the blossoming girl full of purity—the manly lad, the soul of honor—these, he seemed almost to reverence—he seemed to look on them as Jesus did when he said, "Take heed how ye despise one of these little ones, for I say unto you, that in heaven their angels do always behold the face of my Father." The death of some of these, cut off in the midst of their promise, affected him so deeply, that he never mentioned them without tears. Over one, in particular, a classmate of my own, who died by an accident when in his second collegiate year, he mourned as he would over a national loss, or the death of an only son. He always considered it a peculiar duty to encourage and help the young—he constantly rebuked the carelessness and disdain which would mortify them. There is many a man, distinguished in society, who was first taken by the hand and brought forward by him. But his whole life was a display of disinterested love—acts of goodness which looked for no return beyond the pleasure of the act—the pleasure arising from the sight of happiness. What are called sacrifices, he was ever making; sacrifices of his time, his purposes, his private aims and wishes

—and this was by no means mere *good nature;* it flowed from a deeper principle than a yielding disposition. He never would yield to a mere *wish*—he would frequently oppose the *wishes* of others with an adamantine firmness, while he was laboring to do them real good, and give them what he knew they wanted. That his benevolence was no result of a sympathising disposition is evident, from its not being accompanied with the faults of such a disposition. Such a benevolence is apt to be accompanied with a want of faithfulness and integrity—it is apt to promise more than it can perform—and yield to the solicitation of those who are present, to the injury of others who are not present to enforce their claims. Such was by no means the character of Dr. Freeman. He was inflexibly tenacious of his word, and scrupulously exact in the performance of every engagement. He was accustomed to say, that *genuine honesty was a rare virtue*—and a truly honest man always had his respect.

I might make out a list of striking and extraordinary acts of disinterestedness in my departed friend and father; but it has been well observed by a kindred spirit, that the largest portion of a good man's life is made up of the

> "Little, nameless, UNREMEMBERED acts
> Of kindness and of love."

And Jesus has made the giving of a cup of cold water the test of discipleship. In such acts as these, his love displayed itself; acts of love which soften the rugged walks of life—allay the harshness of intercourse—which, like the drop of oil on the surface of the lake, smooth every wrinkle which the gusts of temper may have caused.

The best proof and evidence of his devotion to others is to be found in the wonderful affection which was manifested toward him by all who knew him. His old friends, the companions of his youth and manhood, were fastened to him by bands, stronger than brass or iron. They remembered how he had for long years, entered into their sorrows and joys—understood their secret sufferings, and that bitterness which they hid from the eye of all the world but him. They had felt too, how blessed they were in such a spiritual father, under whose mild guidance they had learned to love religion, and obey Christ—who had planted in their hearts, and in those of their children, seeds of piety and holiness which will bear fruit in life eternal. His society showed themselves a truly attached and devoted flock, such as is rarely to be found in these days of ecclesiastical dispute and difficulty, when the

question seems to be whether the society shall first quarrel with its preacher, or the preacher fall out with his society.

But not merely the members of his own society or denomination were thus attached to him. *His* love knew no such limitations as these, and it awakened a corresponding sentiment all around him. His servants, his poor neighbors—members of other churches, Baptists, Methodists, Calvinists,—all loved him like a brother. I may mention among his particular friends, the present Catholic Archbishop of Bourdeaux, and the Father of the Protestant Episcopal church in the United States, Bishop White of Philadelphia.

Such being the character of him who is gone, I should be much to blame did I not state the fact, that he was blessed in his deed—that he was happy in this course of conduct. No self-seeking can ever give such unalloyed delight as he enjoys, who forgets himself in a Christian interest for others. Singularly was it exemplified in the present case, in the cheerfulness and the halo of joy which hung around that venerable brow—those lips and eyes, in which dwelt an almost angelic expression of serenity and peace. His life was not without its trials. The very quickness of his sympathy for others, caused him frequent pain in the sight of misfortunes which he could not relieve, and especially of ill-conduct, which he felt to be the worst of all misfortunes. The loss of his early friends, his parents and sisters, was the snapping of ties which never re-united, and which caused him to look with an earnest hope for a re-union beyond the grave. But though troubled on every side, straightened, persecuted, cast down—he was never in despair, never forsaken, never destroyed.

During his last years, he suffered dreadfully from bodily pain—but he was always cheerful and happy. As he had never sought his own joy, so his own sufferings could not conquer him. He could go away from them into the concerns of others. It was always delightful to visit him—his sick chamber was a place attractive even to the young and gay—and I have frequently heard young persons, whose minds were agitated and unhappy, declare that nothing soothed them like a conversation with him. I have seen something of gaiety and excitement—of the excitement not of weak and jaded, but of fresh spirits sparkling up from the well just unsealed by Nature's hand. I have been where wit flashed and intellect blazed, and knowledge and refinement poured out their rich colored gems—while genius shook the atmosphere like thunder—but never have I seen joy so genuine, so deep, so pure, as danced in the eyes of that old man in his sick chamber, in

the midst of many annoyances, and some sharp pain. Here is religion—here is its power—not of a gloomy religion—there is no gloom, no severity about it. It is the religion of goodness—the religion of self-denial—the religion of love. Here, I say, is the power of religion. Many, as I think, confine the power of religion too much to the death bed. They watch the last moments curiously and anxiously, and if they be triumphant or composed, they speak in raptures of the supporting power of religion. Its highest power is not put forth here. There are many other things which will carry us calmly through the valley of death. The Indian at the stake is supported by pride of character, which is *his* religion, and laughs and sings in the midst of torture. Religion shows more power sometimes in helping us to *live*, than in helping us to die. When it enables the poor, forsaken sufferer to *stand and wait* God's time—when it sheds cheerfulness and joy over the couch of pain—when it enables one thus tried, to preserve an equal temper, a sweet and loving disposition, to exercise patience, kindness, humility, hope, faith. *Here*, I say, are the triumphs of religion.

But if you consider the death-bed triumphs the greatest, these were not wanting. It is sometimes said with a sneer, that Unitarianism is a good religion to live by, but not a good one to die by. This sneer is as unphilosophical in principle, as it is false in fact. Unitarianism cannot be a good religion to live by except it makes men righteous, for the righteous only have joy in this life—and it is surely well to say, "May I die the death of the righteous, and let my last end be like his." But in point of fact, this is an ignorant calumny. For many years back has this good man been waiting for his master's knock, and his call to come away. Willing to live, he was wishing to die—because he thought he could no longer be of use to the living. When I was with him this summer, he was at one time expecting death every day, and spoke of it to me with a smile, and with as little anxiety as he would have mentioned his intention to go into another room. It has been a familiar thought to him for years. It found him not unprepared. Yet he did not speak of it with indifference, but as a solemn change, and when he was unable to attend to anything else, desired to hear prayers. But the source of his trust, you may learn, from what he said to a niece of his, who told it to me. "Helen," said he, "I shall die in a day or two, I think." "I hope not uncle;" said she, "I think you are better." "My legs are swollen, and I know that is a sign that the hour is near. Now, Helen, when I am gone, you will hear them say I died

trusting in my own works. Tell them when they say that, it is false. I die, trusting in the love of God and his mercy."

That love and mercy he had copied and imbibed, he might well trust to it—he knew what it was.

But he has left us—he has gone, and now do we first rightly feel how much he was to us—how much we *leant* on his character. God has beautifully arranged it, that we should all *lean*—that we should need something to rest upon. In some respects the discipline of life teaches us to stand alone, and we learn how to do so. But if independent in some things, we are always dependent in others—and the whole system of life is a mass of dependencies.

"The flowers, still faithful to their stems
Their fellowship renew,
The stems are faithful to the root
Which worketh out of view,
And to the rock the root adheres
In every fibre true.

Close clings to earth the living root
Though threatening still to fall,
The earth is constant to her sphere; *
And God upholds them all."

And so human beings lean on each other—we depend on the knowledge of the physician—on the skill of the surgeon, —the wife leans on the strength of her husband—the infant leans on the love of its mother—and we all lean upon God—the centre and source. But, on the moral and religious character of Dr. Freeman, all who knew him, depended. He was truly a spiritual father to many, who felt they knew where to learn wisdom and goodness while he lived. Though sick, and feeble—weakened in body and in mind—a power went forth from his sick room, to support many in their walks of duty. This we now feel that we have lost.

But not wholly lost. He being dead, yet speaketh to us. We who have fully known his doctrine, manner of life, purpose, faith, long suffering, charity, patience, and persecutions, —we hear his voice saying to us, Continue ye in the things which ye have learned, and have been assured of, knowing of whom ye have learned them.

Blessed spirit! we will not forget them. If thou art now leaning down from thy throne of light, and if God permits thee to be conscious of these poor words spoken by one whom thou didst wonderfully love when on earth, hear him promise not to forget thy doctrine, thy spirit, thy Christian example. Thou hast not wholly gone—not altogether hast thou left us.

* Wordsworth.

We will strive to walk in thy path, and gaze as thou didst, on the face of thy Father and our Father, of thy God and our God—till we are changed into the same image from glory to glory.

We cannot mourn over such a life, or such a death. "Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord;" a voice was spoken in heaven and heard on earth to teach us this. "Blessed are they, for they rest from their labors, and their works do follow them." Why should we mourn? or, to use words which seem to have been written expressly for this occasion:—

"Why weep ye then, for him, who, having run
  The bound of man's appointed years, at last,
Life's blessings all enjoyed, life's labours done,
  Serenely to his placid rest has passed—
While the fair memory of his virtues, yet
Lingers, like twilight hues, when the bright sun is set?

His youth was innocent, his riper age
  Marked by some act of goodness, day by day;
And watched by eyes that loved him, calm and sage,
  Faded his late declining years away.
Cheerful he gave his being up, and went
To share the holy rest which waits a life well spent."

Yes; here was one who looked for himself into the perfect law of liberty, and continued therein. Who was not a forgetful hearer, but a doer of the work—and who was truly blessed in his deed—blessed in this life, and inheriting a greater blessing in the future life—receiving an hundred fold more in the present time, and in the world to come, life everlasting.

TO A WORLD REFORMER.—From Schiller.

"I will sacrifice everything," thou sayst, "to help human na-
[ture,"
"Vain shall be persecution, opposition, and hate."
Shall I tell thee, friend, my opinion of man?
Trust my word! never has this rule deceived me.
Of human nature thou can'st never think too highly,
As thou feelest in thy breast, so express it in action,
And to the man, who meets thee in thy narrow life,
Extend, when thou cans't, a friendly helping hand.
But as to rain, and dew, and the good of the human race—
Let heaven take care of them, friend, to-day as it did yes-
[terday.

THOUGHTS

ON SUNDAY MORNING WHEN PREVENTED BY A SNOW-STORM FROM GOING TO CHURCH.

Hark! the church-going bell—but through the air
The feathery missiles of old Winter hurled,
Offend the brow of mild-approaching Spring:
She shuts her soft blue eyes and turns away.
Sweet is the time passed in the house of prayer
When, met with many of this fire-fraught clay,
We, on this day—the tribe of ills forgot
Wherewith, ungentle, we afflict each other,—
Assemble in the temple of our God,
And use our breath to worship Him who gave it.
What though no gorgeous relics of old days,
The gifts of humbled kings and suppliant warriors
Deck the fair shrine, or cluster round the pillars;
No stately windows decked with various hues,
No blazon of dead saints repel the sun;
Though no cloud-courting dome or sculptured frieze
Excite the fancy and allure the taste;
No fragrant censor steep the sense of luxury;
No lofty chaunt swell on the vanquished soul!

Ours is the faith of Reason—to the earth
We leave the senses who interpret her;
The heaven-born only should commune with heaven
The Immaterial with the Infinite.
Calmly we wait in solemn expectation,
He rises in the desk; that earnest man;
No priestly terrors flashing from his eye,
No mitre towers above the throne of thought,
No pomp and circumstance wait on his breath.
He speaks, we hear, and man to man we judge—
Has he the spell to touch the founts of feeling,
To kindle in the mind a pure ambition,
Or soothe the aching heart with heavenly balm,
To guide the timid and refresh the weary,
Appall the wicked and abash the proud?
He is the man of God. Our hearts own him,
He needs no homage paid in servile forms,
No worldly state, to give him dignity—
To his own heart the blessing will return
And all his days blossom with love divine.

There is a blessing in the Sabbath woods,
There is a holiness in the blue skies,
The summer-murmurs to those calm blue skies,

We will strive to walk in thy path, and gaze as thou didst, on the face of thy Father and our Father, of thy God and our God—till we are changed into the same image from glory to glory.

We cannot mourn over such a life, or such a death. "Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord;" a voice was spoken in heaven and heard on earth to teach us this. "Blessed are they, for they rest from their labors, and their works do follow them." Why should we mourn? or, to use words which seem to have been written expressly for this occasion:—

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Art. IX.—UNITARIAN MORALITY.

We have heard it said, time and again, by those that should have known what Unitarians profess to believe, that they root out Religion to put on Morality; lay aside Faith; and in place of principles and purity within, are content with mere good *works.*

All this is false, and those that make the charge might, and should know it to be false; but they, good easy souls!—while they would look, and justly look, with horror on the Socinian that should deny their faith not knowing what it is, are content, themselves, to believe that this same semi-Deist has neither Faith, Religion, or Principle; and they believe so, chiefly because he has not their Faith, nor their views of Religion.

We have elsewhere said that the Orthodox does right to deny that Unitarianism is Christianity, and the Unitarian has as little belief that our Lord taught Calvanism; but neither has any excuse for thinking the other without Faith or Principle, unless upon the most ample proof; nor ought for one day, unless upon such proof, to suppose any human being the professor of so monstrous a heresy as that which makes the outer act of all avail, the character within of none.

The Unitarian is not without Religion. He believes in One God, his Creator, his Preserver, his Guide, his Father. He looks to Him for light, for strength, for assistance: he seeks to know, and to compass His character as far as man may; and knowing it, seeks to grow up toward His perfection: to Him he bows down in prayer, to Him he lifts his voice in thanksgiving; he seeks for His image in the world without him, and in the greater world within him, and finds it, faintly seen, in both of them: he goes beyond them to that Being that came from God, in the power of God, and full of God; and in that living revelation of the Almighty, he sees the Almighty, not as before through a glass, darkly, but almost face to face. In that Being he has Faith; not mere credence, the faith of the head, nor mere trust, the faith of the heart, but that true faith of Spirit, Will and Life, which is the root of the best morality, and the noblest action. He has that faith which is present everywhere, and at all times, controlling all thoughts, and words, and acts. In the walks of business, in the merry round of pleasure, and in the arena of worldly competition of whatever kind,—the laws of God, the example of Jesus, and his own eternal destiny will be with him and council him.

Preach ceaselessly. The Universe is Love—
And this disjointed fragment of a world
Must by its spirit, Man, be harmonized,
Tuned to concordance with the spheral strain,
Till thought be like those skies, deeds like those breezes,
As clear, as bright, as pure, as musical,
And all things have one text of truth and beauty.

There is a blessing in a day like this,
When sky and earth, are talking busily;
The clouds give back the riches they received,
And for their graceful shapes return thy fulness:
While in the inmost shrine the life of life,
The soul within the soul, the consciousness
Whom I can only *name*, counting her wealth
Still makes it more, still fills the golden bowl
Which never shall be broken, strengthens still
The silver cord which binds the whole to heaven.

O that such hours will pass away! yet oft
Such will recur and memories of this
Come to enhance their sweetness—and again
I say great is the blessing of that hour
When the soul turning from without, begins
To register her treasures, the bright thoughts,
The lovely hopes, the etherial desires
Which she has garnered in past Sabbath hours.
Within her halls the preacher's voice still sounds
Though he be dead or distant far. The band
Of friends who with us listened to his word,
With throngs around of linked associations,
Are there—the little stream long left behind
Is murmuring still. The woods as musical,
The skies how blue, the whole how eloquent
With "life of life and life's most secret joy."

M. F.

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The Unitarian has then, if truly and thoroughly a Unitarian, an inner principle of action derived from the revelations of his Father, made through the visible world without, the conscious world within, and the life of Christ. He has, peculiarly, a principle within, for he, more than other Christians, looks to his own character as influencing his future state: while he knows that of himself he could not save himself, yet he believes that his salvation depends upon himself; even as of himself he could not see, but God having given him the power, it is for him to use or not to use it. He, peculiarly, believes in Free Will; others talk of a will that is diseased, that has lost its power, in part, or wholly, but to the Unitarian Free Will means that which originates and determines its own act, and this it must do entirely or not at all, for if its act be determined in any degree by that which is without (out of) it, that degree of extraneous force, however small, is the true determiner, and the will becomes one link in the chain of cause and effect, and the man is dishumanised, deprived of the very power that makes him man.

But while others believe in this *naturally* diseased will, the Unitarian believes it free; or if bound, bound by its own act: and while others think not only that God gives them the means of salvation, but actually saves them, brings them to Himself, the guiding text of the Unitarian is, "*Come* unto me, ye that are heavy laden:" he believes that God has placed, and is placing about and within him, those circumstances and influences which must mould and educate his character, but also that He has given him the power,—not of mere choice, which sees the strongest motive, but of will, which makes the strongest motive. By the exercise of that will upon those influences, his character and his fate will be determined: if he use them aright his course will be ever God-ward; it is his instinct, and, we doubt not, the purpose of his being to go on, and his motto may well be that text which bids us be perfect even as our Father in heaven is perfect.

The Unitarian therefore, if these things be true, does not believe in the sufficiency of mere outward acts; neither does he believe in mere innocent and worthy motives leading to good works, which is true morality, and which the well-disposed Atheist may possess; he believes that religious faith is a most essential part of the manly character, Faith in God's being and attributes, in Christ's mission, character, and teachings, and in his own destiny, powers, and duties; the Almighty Maker and Father; the God-like, self-sacrificing, and infinitely pure Son; and his own eternal existence, and infinitely pro-

gressive nature,—are ever before him; is he then without religion, without faith, without inner principle?

In speaking of "the Unitarian," we of course use the term as when we speak of "the Christian," referring not to what men are, but what they should be. And in saying that the Unitarian has, in a peculiar degree, principle within, we do not mean that living Unitarians are before all others in this point, but that the theory of their faith should make them so. The anti-Unitarian looks to have his inner principles, his new heart implanted in him; the Unitarian feels that he is to plant it in his own breast, to lay hold on, and not be bound with, the cords of righteousness; and we say that he ought therefore to strive the more for pure principles within, as his only hope, while his opponent holding such endeavors of little worth may more consistently with his creed, sit idle.

That he does sit idle, we do not, and dare not believe; and one of the strongest evidences against him is, that his life belies his words, for if his words are merely that by himself, man cannot do all, he is on this point no opponent of Unitarianism; the only true anti-Unitarian on the subject of salvation is, as we have said elsewhere, he that denies that man can do anything toward his own final fate; in other words, he that thinks it matters not what life a man leads, nor what faith he holds.

Believing what we have now imperfectly set forth to be true of Unitarianism, we would ask any foe of our sect to whom this may come, to inquire if it be so, and to learn whether it be or not, before he repeats the charge that we are followers of Dead Morality. J. H. P.

Art. X.—HISTORY OF THE DOCTRINE OF ORIGINAL SIN.

Many well-meaning, but uninformed, persons suppose that Unitarianism is but a thing of yesterday, the product of modern speculation, and unknown to the earlier age of the church. From this supposition they reasonably conclude that it must be an unfounded heresy;—for let error go back as far as it may, truth must be a day older, and what is really novel in Christianity can hardly be true.

Now, the fact is just the reverse of this supposition. Trinitarianism is the novel heresy engrafted on Christianity. The doctrine of the Trinity did not begin to be heard of till the third century, and was not elaborated into its full and perfect form, until more than a hundred years after that time. It was the slow birth of Oriental philosophy, and vain strifes about words, and successive councils during more than one hundred and fifty years. Unitarianism, taught by the founder of Christianity and his apostles and the faith of all the early Christian Fathers, did not disappear till it was swallowed up in the dark and swelling stream of corruption which ended in the Catholic church. Orthodoxy was the middle stepping stone—"the half-way house"—from the Faith as first delivered to the Saints, to Papacy. Instead of being a new thing, Unitarianism is like those works of classical antiquity, written over during the middle ages in some Monk's cell, with histories of Saints and Martyrs, and lost to scholars, till discovered in later times by some more acute eye, the Monkish legend has been erased, and the original writing restored. The Unitarianism of the first centuries faded slowly into errors much resembling those of modern orthodoxy;—but the departure from the true faith having once begun, errors rushed on, like night on a tropical sunset, till the Catholic and Greek Churches supplanted the Primitive Church, and the darkness of the middle ages shrouded Christendom. The worship of the Virgin Mary followed close upon the deification of our Saviour, and it was not long before the first germs of those errors, which terminated in the doctrine of transubstantiation, appeared. During the middle ages, a false philosophy and religion, mutually corrupting each other, formed but a mass of absurdity.

With the Reformation, better times began. But it could not be expected that such a mighty system of error, interwoven as it was with the philosophical speculations, the religious faith, and the associations and habits of the Christian world, should be done away at once. Corruptions had been accumulating during 1300 years;—was it to be expected that the world was to stride back over this path of centuries in a single day? It was not to be expected that even the leaders of the Reformation should be entirely emancipated from hereditary error. What we call the Reformation, was but the beginning of reform—a twilight giving augury of a bright day—but still only a twilight, that in many cases, threw distorting shadows, and left much in dimness, and much more in former darkness. Wickliff, and Luther, and Calvin, are remarkable, not because

they arrived at truth, but because they stood at the cross-roads and guided the passing multitude from the way of error, into that which led to truth;—just as Bacon is to be held in honor, not because he taught true philosophy (we know that he shared with his contemporaries in their philosophical errors,) but because he taught the true way to philosophise. He did not make known the true relations of the solar system to each other, but he prepared and showed the way for the discoveries of Newton. So the Reformers led the way to a true theology, by establishing the principle that "the Bible and the Bible only" is the rule of faith. It was enough for them so far to emancipate themselves from the authority of the Romish church as to do this. Others have started with the advantage of their labors, and making the Reformers, not masters, but guides, have interpreted the Bible and understood it far better than the ablest of the leaders of Reform.

When mind was set free by the Reformation, and every man was taught to read and interpret the Bible for himself, of course all did not think alike. When Protestantism emerged from the bosom of the Catholic church, a large number of conflicting sects appeared. Some were Lutherans, some Calvinists, some followers of Zuingle and some,—not many in number, but in character and ability, ranking among the ablest theologians of the times,—were Unitarians.

Many desire to be acquainted with, and it is our purpose to show, the gradual decline and corruption of the primitive faith, as taught by Christ and his apostles. In this article we propose to give some account of the doctrine of Original Sin. We shall make our remarks as brief as possible, our only purpose being to show the gradual progress of corruption, which Christian truth underwent. There is no readier mode of doing this, than by referring to the opinions held on this subject in successive centuries.

Century I.—For the opinions of this century, we refer to the New Testament. In this, we find no account of original sin or native depravity, having its source in Adam's transgression, and incapacitating his descendants for doing any good thing. It were blasphemy to suppose that God so trifles with and tyrannizes over his creatures as to command them to do what they are unable to perform. Now moral precepts, with their sanctions of rewards and punishments, abound in the New Testament, and men are warned and expostulated with, and pressed with the most earnest entreaties, to turn from their evil ways, that they may live and not die. Every law, every precept, every motive in the New Testament, is in the same

spirit and pre-supposes that man is *not* born with that depraved tendencies, which render him unable to do the will of God.

But do not the Scriptures teach that all men sinned in Adam's fall, and that by his fall all are rendered unable to do the will of God? No. What was the real effect of Adam's sin on his posterity? What was the curse pronounced on him? Nothing like what is generally supposed. It had nothing to do with his nature, nor with his ability or inability to do the will of God. Whoever will turn to Genesis iii, 17, 19, will find that the curse embraces nothing but the laborious cultivation of the earth, and mortality. "Cursed is the ground for thy sake; in sorrow shalt thou eat of it all the days of thy life; thorns and thistles shall it bring forth to thee; and thou shalt eat the herb of the field; in the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread, till thou return unto the ground; for out of it wast thou taken: for dust thou art and unto dust shalt thou return." This is the whole of the curse pronounced on Adam, and the one pronounced on Eve is in its spirit like unto it—physical pain and sorrow in this world, and no more. Nothing is said here or in any other part of the Bible, of any change in Adam's nature: and still less is anything said of any corruption flowing on from him to deprave the natures of his posterity, and to render them unable to do the will of God.

It has been said, that the doctrine of man's native depravity is a humbling doctrine. Perhaps it is. It is a humiliating view of man's nature to suppose him incapable of doing any good thing. But if this doctrine places man in a humiliating point of view, it represents God as a being infinitely more degraded; for it represents Him as commanding men to do, under the severest penalties, what they are from the natures He has given them, (for whatever our natures may be, they are what they are by the will of God,) incapable of doing. The "humbling character" of this doctrine affects God more than man.

Century II.—*Justin Martyr*, who flourished A. D. 140, was one of the most eminent of the Christian Fathers, and the first whose works have come down to us. He says, "that if it were decreed by fate, that one should be good and another bad, no praise would be due to the former, or blame to the latter." * Again he says, "God has not made man like

* We have taken these quotations from the Fathers, from Priestley's History of Corruptions, Vol. I., and from an admirable article in the Christian Examiner, Vol. I. No. I. In either of these works our readers will find a full discussion of this subject.

the beasts, who can do nothing from choice and judgment; for he would not be worthy of reward or promise, if he did not of himself choose what was good, but was *made* good; nor, if he was wicked, could he be justly punished, as not having been such of himself, but only what he had been made." Certainly Justin had no idea that man was infected with a depravity, which rendered him unable by nature to do the will of God.

Tatian, A. D. 172, says: "That he who is wicked may be justly punished, being made wicked by himself; and that he who is just may deservedly be praised on account of his good actions, having *through his power over himself*, not transgressed the will of God. Such is the nature of angels and men."

How differently this reads from the Assembly's Confession of Faith.

Irenæus, A. D. 178, says: "And God has preserved to man a will free, *and in his own power*, not only in *works*, but also in *faith;*" and quoting Matt. ix, 29, viii, 13, and Mark ix, 23, he says: "All such expressions show that man is in his own power with respect to faith."

Century III.—In this century lived Origen, of whom Coleridge in his Table Talk, says: "He seems to have been almost the only very great scholar and genius combined, among the early Fathers." The language of Origen on this subject, is: "that not a single one is formed wicked by the Creator of all things, but that many men become wicked by education, by example and by influence." No language can be more explicit than this, and none more opposite to the great standards of Calvanism.

Century IV.—Eusebius A. D. 315. "Everything," he says, "is good which is according to nature. Every rational soul has naturally a good free-will, formed for the choice of what is good. But when a man acts wrongly, nature is not to be blamed; *for what is wrong, takes place not according to nature, but contrary to nature, it being the work of choice, and not of nature!*"

During this century, and not before, what is now called Calvinism, began to be taught, and towards the close of the century, so many had embraced this, then new heresy, that Theodore, Bishop of Mopsuestia, thought it worth the while to publish a work in five books, written expressly "against those who said, that men sin by nature, and not by will and choice."

At the close of the fourth and beginning of the fifth century flourished Augustine, Bishop of Hyppo, from whom the

doctrines of grace, native depravity and predestination, in their perfected shape, date as their source. The immaculate character of his speculations may be judged of from the fact, that he was zealous in establishing various monasteries of monks and nuns in Africa. He was in advance of his times, only in advancing more rapidly than others into the shadows and darkness of the Romish church. Yet this man is the father of the doctrines, since termed Calvanistic. Calvin himself says: "Perhaps I may be thought to have raised a great prejudice against myself, by confessing that *all* the ecclesiastical writers, except Augustine, have treated this subject with such ambiguities or variations, that nothing certain can be learned from their writings." Jansenius, the founder of the sect of Jansenists among the Catholics, a sect which held Calvinistic sentiments, also says; "That Augustine was the *first* among the Holy Fathers, who taught Christians the meaning of the New Testament."

These doctrines assumed their settled form in the controversies of Augustine with Pelagius, near the beginning of the fifth century. Pelagius was a British monk, and admitted to be of irreproachable morals by even Augustine himself. He resided in Rome about the year 400, when his opinions seem to have met no opposition, but after this went to the East, where the controversy with the Bishop of Hyppo commenced. It originated in the earnest opposition of Pelagius to certain abuses and superstitions, especially with respect to the ordinance of baptism. This rite was supposed to have the power of *washing away sin.* But Pelagius argued that baptism of itself could not be of any avail to the pardon of sins, because it was applied to infants, who had no sin. He maintained that nothing but good works are of any avail in the sight of God; and that to these alone, which it is in every man's power to perform, the pardon of sin is annexed. Augustine, on the other hand maintained with respect to *original sin*, that infants derive sin from Adam, and that his guilt was entailed upon them, so that they are obnoxious to punishment on account of it. To prove that infants had sinned in Adam, he urged that otherwise Christ could not be their Saviour. But, apparently shocked by the thought that infants should be cast into the torments of hell on account of the sin of Adam alone, he maintained that though they were in hell, their punishment was so little, that they would prefer to exist under it, rather than not exist at all. In this his ideas were milder than those of the Assembly's Confession of Faith, which teaches that only the elect infants are saved, while all the rest suffer the torments of the damned on account of Adam's sin.

Augustine, whose influence was very great in Africa, procured the condemnation of his adversary's opinions by a council held A. D. 412, at Carthage. But notwithstanding this, they prevailed; and it was a long time, and after many conflicting decisions of hostile councils, before the doctrines of Augustine were generally received in Western Europe, while in the Greek Church, they never made much progress.

As we descend into the dark ages, we find Augustine erected into an oracle in the Western Church, and theologians agreeing that infants are properly chargeable with Adam's sin, and liable to damnation on that account.

Luther was born at Eisleben in 1483, and was educated at Eisenach and Erfurt. In 1505, he entered the Augustine order, and in 1507 was consecrated priest. He learned these doctrines of Augustine, while he was yet in the bosom of the Catholic Church and he retained them after he left it. The doctrines that now make up the Calvinistic system, were essentially Catholic doctrines, elaborated and settled in that Church. Instead of being the doctrines of the Reformation, they are precisely the doctrines in which there was no reform. It was not to have been expected that the Reformers should reject all of the corruptions of the Church in which they were born, but it is singular that those particular doctrines which Luther, before he ever dreamed of reformation, received from his Augustine book and teachers in his monastry at Erfurt, should be precisely those dignified with the appellation of "doctrines of the Reformation." The schoolmen and monks of the dark ages first taught them to Luther and Calvin, and what they had received from the Catholic church, they transmitted to their Protestant followers.

We have thus endeavored to give a very brief view of the beginning and progress of the doctrine of original sin. It was accompanied in its growth by the other doctrines of Calvinism. Centuries elapsed before they obtained foothold in the church, and it is to be expected that centuries will elapse before they are rooted out. But a brighter day is dawning. The Bible is more and more taking the place of creeds, and the speculations of the schoolmen, as a standard of Faith; and the abuses and corruptions of the Romish Church—beginning in errors like a cloud no bigger than a man's hand, but spreading through ages till they overshadowed Christendom—in the progress of the ages are melting away before the rising Truth.

E. P.

I am proud of thy love—I can tell
'Tis not like that early feeling,
The first gush of the hidden well,
Which nature's hand is unsealing.
Nor the blind devotion of soul
To an idol—fancy-framed—
So passionate, untamed,
Beyond the will's control."

"'Tis a love more pure and free.
Thou see'st there is not another,
Not even thy childhood's brother,
Who knowest thine inmost soul, as 'tis known to me.
Thou givest thyself to one
Who alone upon earth, can prize,
Can keep and can guard, the treasures of love,
Which beam in thy mild, quick eyes.
My own, my own!
Nobly won—
God has blessed us much, my wounded, my wandering dove!"

Beautiful Dream!
Thou hast fled at the coming of day!
Lonely, once more, I stay—
Hurried, once more, along, in life's ever-rushing stream.
But, brother and friend—to thee
The Dream is reality.
Take to thy noble heart thy well-earned bride!
She was nature's brilliant clear,
And polished by means severe,
She beams at thy side,
Full of love and pride;
Living in truth and faith, what can you have to fear?

Art. XIII.—THE PROGRESS OF TRUTH NATURAL, SILENT, AND GRADUAL.

"He shall come down like rain upon the mown grass, and like showers that water the earth."—*Psalm* 72.

The nature of that religion which God requires and will accept, is a subject worthy of the most serious consideration of every individual. How is the Gospel intended to operate upon the human character? what effects is it designed to produce? and in what manner are we brought to that state of mind, which it is designed to form? These questions are of themselves of deep interest, and require our careful consideration. Our Saviour often adverted in his instructions to the value of the kingdom it was his design to establish; the manner in which it would be extended among mankind; and the mode of its operation on the character and heart. "So is the kingdom of God," saith he, "as if a man should cast seed into the ground, and should sleep and rise night and day; and the seed should spring and grow up, he knoweth not how." In these, and other allusions which our Lord was wont to make to natural objects, we are not to press the resemblances too far; or to suppose that in every particular we shall find an analogy or likeness between the object selected, and the truth to be illustrated. It is sufficient that the general resemblance appear, and this suggests an important rule in interpreting the parables of our Lord. And it is with great beauty and exactness that the kingdom of heaven, or the religion of Jesus is compared to seed cast in the ground, because the whole process from germination to maturity is *natural*, *silent*, *gradual*, and *inexplicable*. In each of these respects, it illustrates the progress of the Gospel in the world without, and in the hearts of men.

1. In the first place, the progress of the gospel in the world has always been perfectly natural; i. e. entirely conformable to the nature of the gospel itself, and the nature of men. These two objects are as completely adapted to each other, and to the great result which is to follow, as the seed is adapted to the soil, and the harvest which is to succeed. The nature of the seed is *right*, the nature of the ground which is to receive it, is *right;* the sprouting, the growth, the ripening, and the fruit are all natural; there is nothing supernatural in the whole work. In the same manner, the nature of the gospel, and the nature of man have a mutual adaptation; and both united are suited to the production of the fruits of true

righteousness. It is as agreeable to the principles of human nature, that the gospel should be diffused among mankind, and gain their assent, and form them to holiness, as it is agreeable to the nature and properties of the seed, and of the ground, that plants should advance to maturity and produce their respective fruits. The Creator of all—the Father of our spirits is the author of this mutual adaptation. He made it; His hands formed and prepared it: giving to earth the properties by which it is capable of producing at once the beautiful and the useful; the noxious and the salutary. In like manner, He is the author of human nature: of the several powers, i. e. intellectual and moral as well as corporal, which constitute human beings. Everything pertaining to our constitution, is the workmanship of God. Whatever there is in us, strictly and properly natural, is to be considered as the work of God. Those capacities, by which we distinguish between truth and error; by which we acquire knowledge, approve virtue, and feel an inward satisfaction, when we practice it;—the affections by which we love our fellow-beings;—all these capacities were formed and implanted by God Himself. These capacities are adapted to the means of instruction and improvement, which are furnished by the same divine hand. And particularly are they fitted to receive light and influence from the gospel: in other words, adapted to progress in religious wisdom and virtue. This gospel is itself, in an eminent sense, the gift of God. It is called by an Apostle His unspeakable gift. And, as it was given for the *benefit*, so is it admirably adapted to the *nature* of man. It addresses him as a being, capable of examining and understanding truth; capable of perceiving the weight of evidence; of choosing and pursuing the good, and of shunning the evil: of loving his Creator, and his fellow-men; capable, too, of being swayed by sufficient motives.

Now, if men were destitute of these capacities, or if the system of religion presented, was not adapted to them, the wisdom of the Creator as manifested in His Word, would be less conspicuous than it is in His outward works, the material world. And in the greatest and most precious of His gifts, we should want the tokens of a wisdom and kindness, which we at once discern in His inferior works.

From this view it follows, that the progress of the gospel among men is as strictly natural, i. e. as entirely conformable to the nature of the gospel and the nature of man as the growth of plants is natural, agreeable to the nature of the soil, and of the fruit it produces. This sentiment is confirmed by

every view we take of the history of the progress of Christianity. This progress has been such as to show, that the evidences and the doctrines of the gospel are adapted to the intellectual powers of mankind; that its precepts are suited to the growth and perfectness of their virtue; that the objects it presents to their desire and pursuit are congenial to their moral capacities; that its promises and consolations are fitted to their encouragement and comfort.

We do not deny, on the contrary we fully believe, that the gospel was at first, and for a considerable period attended by supernatural evidence, by the evidence of miracle and of prophecy. But we think, that this evidence is as entirely adapted to the nature of men as any other species of evidence. While this continued to be exhibited by the preaching of the gospel, this pure religion made unexampled progress. Multitudes, wherever its truths were proclaimed in their original power became converts to its faith. A great part of the Roman empire became Christian in the true sense of the word. They forsook their idolatrous worship and their vices, and led peaceful, sober, righteous lives, as it commanded them. They submitted moreover with singular meekness and patience to the reproaches and persecutions they thus incurred.

When the reign of miracles ceased, the proof derived from miracles did not cease. Though they were no longer to be witnessed, the evidence derived from authentic history abundantly proved that they had once been performed: and had Christianity retained its original simplicity, it would probably have continued with rapid advances to gain the belief, and to persuade the souls of men. For this is certain, that in proportion as it is presented in its own simplicity and consistency, as it came from the lips of the great Teacher himself, it is suited to gain the assent, and to command the veneration of men. And, that on the contrary, in proportion to the corruptions that have been attached to it, and—what is worse—mistaken for a part of it, infidelity has prevailed. Christianity, then, in its pure state, or as found in the New Testament, is adapted to the nature of man, and fitted in its evidences, doctrines and precepts to make progress in the world. And what is here specially to be remarked is, that this progress is as agreeable to the nature of the human mind, as the growth of the plant is agreeable to the nature of the soil. In neither case, is there anything in the operation special or supernatnral.

By the same reasoning, it may be shown that the effect of the gospel on the individual character and disposition is strictly according to nature. Whatever kind or degree of divine

influence, separate from the natural influence of the truth, may be supposed—(and such, undoubtedly, *may be* supposed,) it will still be found agreeable to the laws of the human mind, and to the principles by which man is actuated, nor can it be distinguished from any other influence. We might as well talk of a special power in the growth of vegetables, or in the improvement of science, as in the increase and power of religion. We might as well attempt to distinguish the divine power in vegetation—which, who will doubts is exerted there —from the natural influence of the soil, the rain, and the sun; and say, this effect is produced by the rain, and this by the sun, but *this* comes immediately from the power of God—we might as well make such a distinction as this—as to talk as some do of common grace, and special grace, or to say, that one can make a man only moral, but the other can make him truly religious. This would be like saying, that common power makes the stalk and the ear, but special power the full corn in the ear. The truth is, "all is of God." God is in all and through all, and with all. The gospel is His work; and it is naturally and universally adapted to produce all the influences on the human character, which are necessary to the perfection and happiness of men. It has the same power to give them *holiness* as to give them *instruction;* to make them *religious* as to make them *moral;* to lead them to love God and their fellow-creatures, from the heart, as to lead them to the performance of outward duties. To say, that it is not, would be as inconsistent as to say, that the ground is fitted to make the plant *grow*, but not to make it come to maturity.

Besides, we are in danger of being deceived by a latent fallacy in some common expressions, as to the nature of religion, and the manner of becoming religious. I refer now to such phrases as "experiencing religion," "finding religion," "meeting with a change:" now it is true of these, and similar expressions so frequent in the lips of those who undertake to utter themselves upon the subject—that they are apt to arise out of mistaken views of the nature of religion, and of the real and only manner, in which men become religious. The fallacy may easily be detected by substituting some term, which is equivalent to religion, or which denotes some moral excellence. Who should think, for example, of saying, that such a person had experienced truth, modesty, honesty, temperance, or industry? Or who would think of describing a real improvement in the character of men, by saying that there is a concern or special attention to charity, to diligence, to humility, to purity, to the love of God, or to benevolence?

Who would dream of saying that he had "*found*," these virtues, or "*met with them*," except as denoting that he had seen them practised by others?

The truth is, these are things to be practiced or done, not to be met with or found; and requiring attention not as distinct, separate objects of pursuit, but as essential parts of the whole character and life. Then only can we be said to give attention to industry, honesty, or temperance, when we live in the habitual practice of these virtues—wherein with simplicity and sincerity, we are having our conversation in the world.

So also in reference to the most spiritual exercises of the Christian life—the only mode of "*meeting with*," as the phrase is technically used, repentance towards God, and faith towards our Lord Jesus Christ, is habitually to cherish or exercise these affections; in other words, to be truly penitent, and to believe from the heart.

But what I would here particularly remark is, that the gospel is as naturally and as fully adapted to produce one of these excellencies in the human character as another. In other words, it is naturally fitted to produce them all. It has the same natural tendency to cherish in us devout affections towards God, as it has to cherish social affections towards our fellow-men. We have no more reason to think, that our wise and kind Father has given us a system of moral instruction, which is inadequate to the full growth of our virtues, and which without a *special grace superadded*, would leave us essentially defective, than we have to suppose, that he has rendered the earth capable of producing merely the blade or stalk, while a special power is requisite for the maturity of the grain.

2. In the second place, let it be observed, that the progress of the gospel and the manner of its operation on the human character is *silent*, like the growth of the plant. The innumerable operations that are going on in the vegetable world, silent and almost imperceptible, though exceedingly beautiful and salutary in their effects, are apt emblems of the silent progress of religion in the world *without*, and in the human soul *within*. The affections and virtues, in which it consists, are noiseless and peaceful. Its influence is, to repress ostentation and parade, to make persons modest, retiring, contented at home, contented with a little, contented in obscurity, distrustful of themselves, slow to speak, still slower to promise, not disposed to exalt themselves as standards and guides, as wiser or better than their fellow disciples and fellow-men; not given to anger, and clamor, and evil-speaking, merely be-

cause others do not adopt their opinions; but willing that their fellow-beings should think, and judge, and act for themselves, without being subjected to human censure or condemnation. When we consider the descriptions our Saviour gave of his own kingdom or religion, we shall perceive, that the *mode of its operation* is silent, though its *effects* are visible and glorious. He resembles it to *leaven*, which was hid in three measures of meal till the whole was leavened. This suggests the secret and noiseless operation of religion both on the face of society, and in the soul. He also declared, "the kingdom of God is within you." "It cometh not with observation." "It is not a kingdom of this world." His apostle instructs us, that the kingdom of God is not meat and drink: but righteousness, and peace, and joy, (in the Holy Ghost.) All the descriptions, moreover, which the sacred writers have given of the virtues, which constitute the Christian spirit, denote the silent, nay, even imperceptible manner, in which Christianity operates upon the character; showing abundantly, as in the beautiful description of St. James, of pure and undefiled religion, "that the wisdom that is from above is, first pure, then peaceable, gentle and easy to be entreated, full of mercy and of good fruits, without partiality, and without hypocrisy."

3. In the third place, the progress of the gospel among men, and the manner of its operation on human character, is gradual, like the processes of nature in the vegetable world. It has been shown, that these were *natural* and silent. It remains to show, that they were also *gradual*. And in general it may be observed, that all valuable effects in the moral and spiritual world, all useful progress in religious knowledge and virtue, are *gradual;* not sudden or violent, but like the natural growth of the nobler animals, of man as compared with the inferior creation, slow and almost imperceptible. That this is not only the simple fact, but that from the very nature of the subject, it should be expected, is obvious to all just reflection. For, observe: is not the moral effect of any truth in exact proportion to the degree in which that truth is understood? And keeping this principle in view, we easily perceive, that the operation of Christian truth, or the gospel, on society, and on the hearts and conduct of individuals must be gradual. Like every other comprehensive system of truth, it requires to be long and diligently studied. For it is a system of doctrine as well as of morals; and it includes a history, preceded and foretold by prophecy, the one illustrating the other, and each alike peculiar in its nature, and involving the

most important consequences. And as to the doctrines, though they are in general simple and practical, yet do they embrace a great variety of subjects, and have connections with many branches of learning. Instead of being understood at a glance, they must be examined with care; and this examination must be patiently continued and repeated, even for months and years, before we can attain any adequate or extensive knowledge of Christian truth. I do not mean, that deep research, or that great learning is essential to the understanding of duty or of the things pertaining to salvation. For these, he that runneth may read, and the humblest mind may comprehend. And obedience itself, the spirit of obedience, and the good and honest heart shall never fail of light—according as it is written—"If a man will do the will of God, he shall know of the doctrine." Still, amidst all that may be said of the simplicity of Christian truth, and of its adaptation to the humblest comprehension, knowledge is a gradual work; progress in knowledge demands time; and the moral influence of knowledge, i. e. the effect of truth upon character and life demands yet more. No truth, however in itself important, can make a man good or holy, but in as far as that truth is understood. Every error that is incorporated with it has a tendency to counteract its purifying energy. Accordingly, it will be found, I do not mean universally, (for doubtless there are exceptions, and eminent virtue and high spiritual attainment have sometimes been found in minds of the humblest cultivation,) but it will be found, I mean generally, that the characters of men have approached perfection in proportion to the correctness, at least freedom from gross error, of their religious views.

This remark is fully illustrated in the case of the Apostles. How much better men did they become after they were instructed fully, and clearly understood the religion they preached. As long as they held the error, common to their nation, of expecting a temporal kingdom and a temporal prince, they were selfish, ambitious, worldly. But afterwards, when they were taught its spirituality, that it was not a kingdom of this world—they were ready to count all things as loss for the excellency of the knowledge of Christ.

The same sentiment is strongly illustrated in what history teaches of the characters of Christians in the long reign of darkness and superstition, which followed the primitive or early ages of Christianity—what blindness, and what sin do we find united.

And even at the present day, how imperfect are the characters, and how erroneous are the view of multitudes bearing

the Christian name, in regard to some of the most obvious duties, and some, too, of the most important truths of our religion. What narrow and imperfect, yea, what crude and mistaken views of the perfections of God, of the duties of man; the obligations of justice and honesty, of truth and fidelity; of the sin and mischief of pride, avarice, revenge, evil-speaking, uncharitableness, and falsehood. You may find multitudes, who are all zeal in what is popularly termed religion, and who are forward to rebuke the dullness and the coldness of their neighbors; but whose characters are exceedingly defective in some of the most essential social virtues. They have a zeal for God, and that, not always according to knowledge, but such as it is, coupled with bitterness and censoriousness towards their fellow-men. In respect to the great evils, which before the light of the gospel prevailed through human society—war, slavery, and the condition of women, Christianity doubtless has done much towards their alleviation or removal, and towards the introduction of better opinions, and a better spirit. But though more than eighteen hundred years have passed away, much darkness, and much error and sin remain. It is evidently the will of God, that the progress of light and knowledge and virtue among his children, shall be a gradual progress. With Him, who inhabits eternity, one day is as a thousand years, and a thousand years as one day. And though all flesh had corrupted their way, and the world was lying in wickedness, he suffered centuries upon centuries, and one generation after another to pass away, before He sent his Son to redeem it.

Christianity is destined to triumph finally over error and sin in all their forms. It is destined to elevate the human character, for it invites, and by the power of its truth, and the encouragement of its motives and the richness of its promises, it enables us to walk worthy of Him, who has called us to his kingdom and glory. It sets before us the example, and it aids us in the imitation of a glorious virtue. And in proportion as its doctrines are received in their simplicity, and its sanctions in their solemnity, we may confidently trust, that it will bring men to God. But of the times and the seasons, we may not speak. The Father hath put them in his power. We must not measure the counsels of heaven, which embrace all ages and all climes, and all worlds by *our* narrow vision. For we are but of yesterday, and our days are as a shadow. Nor are these great ends to be accomplished suddenly: neither by human might and wisdom alone, "but by my spirit, saith the Lord of Hosts."

P. S. [The note on this page is suggested to the writer by an excellent work, just published, entitled: "Observations on the Influence of Religion upon the Health and Physical Welfare of Mankind, by A. Brigham, M. D.," in which with great fairness, judgment, and seriousness, the writer, himself an eye-witness and careful observer, exposes the evils of protracted meetings, nightly conferences, and those excitements attending what are technically termed Revivals of Religion.]

NOTE.—The various effects produced by religious emotion; and especially in much of the religious excitement produced by revivals, protracted meetings &c., have been justly compared by judicious physiologists, to the effects produced by disease, by animal magnetism, and by excitements of the nervous system. "It is a curious fact in the history of human nature," says a recent discriminating and excellent writer, who in his professional capacity had been a frequent witness of the bad effects of high religious excitement upon the physical frame, "that sometimes an immense assemblage, while listening to an eloquent man, become almost passive instruments in his hands. Nor is it certainly less curious, but more painful to the friend of rational Christianity, and the lover of his kind, to know to what extravagances of feeling and of action, the power of sympathy alone may betray us.

What effects may be produced upon the imagination, upon the nervous system, and thence upon the whole physical frame, let the history of the strange miraculous cures said to have been wrought at the tomb of the Abbe de Paris (undeniably the fruit of an excited fancy, and confident expectation,) let the history of the French Prophets, exhibiting the mighty power of religious frenzy in affecting the body and the mind; let the example of the children of St. Roche; or to come nearer home, the history of some of the supposed revivals in religion, more especially among the young, presenting melancholy examples of temporary excitement, of mental delusion, and in instances not a few, of deplorable insanity—let these, I say, and others that might be adduced be sufficient to declare the error and the danger of relying on preternatural operations; of ascribing to a special operation of God, what is the mere delusion of man. See Influence of Religion on Health, by Dr. Brigham.

ART. XIV.—THE CLOSE OF THE YEAR.

"Seeing then, that all these things shall be dissolved, what manner of persons ought ye to be in all holy conversation and godliness," 2 Pet. iii. 11.—What a strange and various thing is human life! How wonderful, and how different from each other the scenes enacted on this theatre of earth! Here goes a traveller, cold and suffering, into the everlasting snows of some mountain-peak. There, behold the exhausted sailor driven through the sounding billows, while darkness and storm fall down upon the deep. There, see! men are cutting paths through hills and rocks, and there making seas to mingle their

waters by channels through the solid land. And, again, in that lofty tower, while the world sleeps, an eye, filled with wonder and delight, looks through the narrow tube, widening for human view the limits of the material creation. And again, in another portion of the canvass, flows a mighty river. For ages did it flow, and heard no sound but its own deep murmur. But now it groans under the wealth of nations, and many a cry of active toil echoes over its bosom through the day, or "pierces the ear of dull night." The innumerable tree-tops of the forest on its banks, which sang for centuries a lonely song, like some immense wind-harp, lo! they sink and vanish—for some magic wand waves over them, and shining cities spring from the ground, their forms changing, as we look, with a perpetual stir, as if they were but a new order of living, sleepless, creatures.

Certainly human life is a strange thing, and this earth a scene of wonders. But all is explained to us in the revelations made from heaven by Jesus Christ. In these revelations we are assured that this world is not man's *final*, as it is his first, abode—that it is only a scene of preparation for a world above itself,—that in this scene every man is left free to choose his own course, and build up his own character. This life is just what we should expect a life of probation to be for creatures constituted as men are. It is just what we should expect would be a brief life hastening to its own close and to the introduction of a higher life. "All these things shall be dissolved." And well does the Apostle exhort us in view of this solemn truth,—"What manner of persons ought we to be in all holy conversation and goodness!"

A rational curiosity would prompt us to turn our view inward to these mysterious capacities of ours, and outwards to the constitution of things mid which we live. And it would seem that in harmony with this prompting, the whole order of nature is established on the *plan* of soliciting us to reflection. Nothing seems intended to lap man into oblivious slumber. The heavens are now calm, and now convulsed. Now the zephyr fans the cheek, and anon the whirlwind uproots the forest. Now the orb of day bursts into the heavens, and the earth lies rejoicing in his light:—a few hours pass, and the burning lamps of other worlds hang in silence all over the solemn skies. The spring smiles, but not so long that the world is lulled into repose, ere comes the scorching heat of summer:—and soon the living green changes to the sober tints of autumn,—and before men have gathered the earth's abundance into the granaries, they hear in the far distance the roar *of the coming* winter-blast.

But what time, if we should select, seems so peculiarly appropriate to reflection, as the close of the year,—when the sun declining from the usual height of his mid-day tracks, moves with bowed head and beam aslant through the heavens, and the earth, putting off its air of fresh rejoicing, assumes the aspect of musing melancholy. We look back into the months that have passed, and the fresh tombs of friends stretch over the whole line of vision. We look forward, and can almost read the inscriptions on our own monumental marble. On how many new-made graves does the sun every evening set? Nay, at every step of his progress through the heavens, how many thousands of graves does his flaming eye behold into which it never looked before! His warm light falls on the cold corpses of young and old, the wise, the innocent, the beautiful. And how greatly uncertain it is, whether *we* survive again his annual course. Our names are in the urn,—and the hand of death is there selecting. God only knows who shall be drawn.

But whether we live through the days of the year that is begun, or not, there *is* a day which, as the Holy Word is true, we must all meet. It is "*the day of the Lord.*" We are to be judged for the deeds done in the body. At the voice of Jesus, the shades have left the sepulchre,—and the light of immortality streams through its long-darkened chambers. The voice, with which man cries out for knowledge respecting his own fate in futurity, no longer comes sounding back in barren echo to his ears. No longer does the truth, in some moment of precious influence flash in upon his understanding, and, then again, when he seeks to lay hold of it, vanish in deeper gloom, as to the eye of the wondering child vanishes the bright thunderbolt. To the wisest of the ancient sages,—to Socrates, and Plato, and Cicero,—the light from the world beyond came out dimly and struggling hard with clouds. "For verily I say unto you, that many prophets and righteous men have desired to see those things which ye see, and have not seen them, and to hear those things which ye hear, and have not heard them."

If, then, we believe in our own immortality, let us act as immortal beings. "Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might, for there is no work or device, or knowledge or wisdom, in the grave whither thou goest." And the whole burden of the Preacher's exhortation is that life in itself has no value. Life is naked opportunity. What is it to you, or to me, or to anybody, if it be not improved? It is a pendulum swinging in slow vibration over the calm face of a sleep-

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TO SUBSCRIBERS.

We have received many letters from our new Subscribers, desiring the early numbers of the Messenger, to be forwarded to them. The reason that this has not been done, is, that the first and second numbers are, and have for some time been, exhausted. Should our subscription list increase so as to warrant the additional expense, we shall strike off a second edition of these numbers, and will then forward them to those who have not received them. We have endeavored to send the packages of the Messenger for distribution in New-England, to James Munroe & Co., Boston. But we find that there is no cheaper mode of sending them than by mail, while every other way is subject to much uncertainty and delay. Our subscription price was purposely put low in order that our work might not be more expensive to distant subscribers, than periodicals published near by home and not subject to postage. In truth, by making the subscription price of the Messenger so much lower in proportion to its size than most publications, we do what is equivalent to paying the postage upon it. Those who will take the trouble to compare them, will find that there is not in New-England a single periodical of the size of ours, whose subscription price, is not more than the original cost of the Messenger and the postage united. James Munroe & Co. are agents for the work in New-England, and will receive payments and subscriptions.

Terms.—The Messenger is published on the first of every month, at Cincinnati: The subscription price is Three Dollars payable at the time of subscribing. Any communications for the Messenger may be directed to Rev. Edward Peabody, Cincinnati, Ohio.

But what time, if we should select, seems so peculiarly appropriate to reflection, as the close of the year,—when the sun declining from the usual height of his mid-day tracks, moves with bowed head and beam aslant through the heavens, and the earth, putting off its air of fresh rejoicing, assumes the aspect of musing melancholy. We look back into the months that have passed, and the fresh tombs of friends stretch over the whole line of vision. We look forward, and can almost read the inscriptions on our own monumental marble. On how many new-made graves does the sun every evening set? Nay, at every step of his progress through the heavens, how many thousands of graves does his flaming eye behold into which it never looked before! His warm light falls on the cold corpses of young and old, the wise, the innocent, the beautiful. And how greatly uncertain it is, whether *we* survive again his annual course. Our names are in the urn,—and the hand of death is there selecting. God only knows who shall be drawn.

But whether we live through the days of the year that is begun, or not, there *is* a day which, as the Holy Word is true, we must all meet. It is "*the day of the Lord.*" We are to be judged for the deeds done in the body. At the voice of Jesus, the shades have left the sepulchre,—and the light of immortality streams through its long-darkened chambers. The voice, with which man cries out for knowledge respecting his own fate in futurity, no longer comes sounding back in barren echo to his ears. No longer does the truth, in some moment of precious influence flash in upon his understanding, and, then again, when he seeks to lay hold of it, vanish in deeper gloom, as to the eye of the wondering child vanishes the bright thunderbolt. To the wisest of the ancient sages,—to Socrates, and Plato, and Cicero,—the light from the world beyond came out dimly and struggling hard with clouds. "For verily I say unto you, that many prophets and righteous men have desired to see those things which ye see, and have not seen them, and to hear those things which ye hear, and have not heard them."

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THE

WESTERN MESSENGER;

DEVOTED TO RELIGION AND LITERATURE.

Vol. I. APRIL, 1836. No. 9.

ART. I.—AGRARIANISM.

The POLITICAL GRAMMER OF THE UNITED STATES; Or a complete view of the theory and practice of the General and State Governments, with the relations between them. Dedicated and adapted to the Young Men of the United States: By EDWARD D. MANSFIELD, Counsellor at Law, Cincinnati:—Published by *Wiley & Long, New-York: Russell, Odiorne & Co. Boston: Corey & Webster, Cincinnati, &c. &c.* 1835—pp. 292.

AN ADDRESS delivered before the Phi Beta Kappa Society of Harvard University, 27th August, 1835—on the duties of educated men in a Republic—By THEOPHILUS PARSONS. Boston: *Russell, Odiorne & Co.* 1835—pp. 28.

HOME:—By the author of Redwood, Hope Leslie, &c.—*Boston and Cambridge: James Munroe & Co.* 1835. pp. 158.

EVERY year the study of constitutional law is spreading in our land. "Ten years since," as Mr. Mansfield says in the preface to this, the second and stereotype edition of his Political Grammer,—"the whole nation presented what, to a philosopher, must have been the anomaly of a people undertaking to carry out organic truths and precepts, embodied in a *written Constitution*, without even knowing what they were."—That this is no longer the case is well known by the fact that in little more than a year, a second edition of this work has been called for. And we think the author has done well to make this a stereotype edition, for when its merits are known and its worth weighed, it will, we think beyond doubt, become the text-book of schools and academies. Clear, condensed, and full of method, it is better suited to both teacher and scholar than any other yet published; and contains what is all-important, but no where else to be found, a connected and short view of the State Governments, their relations to that of the Union, and

the mode in which both act. To the contents of the former edition, Mr. Mansfield has added Washington's Farewell Address, and the Ordinance of 1787 for the Government of the North-West Territory; both papers of great value.

Of the details of the work we need not speak. The rapid sale of the first edition speaks all that need be spoken. We will only repeat that any student of American Constitutional law, young or old, will do well to gain an outline of his course from the Political Grammer; which outline may afterwards be filled up by the study of Rawle, Story, the Federalist, Elliott's Debates, and above all, the decisions of that great Statesman, and noble-minded man, John Marshall; a man whose life and writings should be the guide and counsellor of every youth that joins the American bar. And while it is in our mind we would ask, why the leading decisions of the Supreme Court upon the Constitution may not be given to the public in one or more volumes by themselves? Few but professional men can own the whole series of Reports, but all should have it in their power, to reach easily those opinions that have given form and strength to the great Bond of Union: they belong to the country, not to the profession, and are absolutely indispensable for the understanding of any text-book, excepting perhaps, the full edition of Story's Commentaries.

But, while the study of simple Constitutional law has been growing in our land; while boys and men, merchants and mechanics, have all gained more or less insight into the scope and meaning of the Instrument which makes us One,—there has been little, very little, done to unfold, and to make known those principles which are beyond and under our Constitution, and which make up the as yet semi-chaotic, Philosophy of Politics.

The sounds of party-eulogy and party-abuse rise from every hamlet and plantation between Canada and Texas; our periodicals reek with lying praise and yet falser blame; but where is the tongue or pen that gives us the Statesman's experience, or the Philosopher's researches? Men and measures are discussed on every hand,—but how? upon broad principles, or narrow grounds of expediency? with reference to eternal truth, or momentary good? Who thinks of talking about principles of policy?*—or where can we go to hear them discussed? When Lyceums and Institutes first came forward we thought that they would become the schools of political, as well as mechanical philosophy:—we trusted that the farmers and mechanics,

*The principles of policy, andpolitical principles, are very different things,—for by the last we mean a man's devotion to some political party; so that if he be not a partisan, in the eyes of most he has no political principles!

who must rule in a Republic, would in them be taught not only the laws that we have chosen to live by in these United States, but also those undying truths which were the germs, and are the life of our laws; we looked to see the Halls of those institutions become the temples of republicanism, less sacred than the temples of God alone; in them we hoped to bow down to the divine form of Freedom, placed,—not as in republican France, upon the ruins of the Almighty's altar,—but at His footstool, whose child and whose gift she is. But our hopes have been crossed; *practical* knowledge has been insisted upon, by which is meant that knowledge which deals with matter; or if biography has sometimes been taught in our institutes, it has been rather the skeleton of facts and dates, than the flesh, and blood, and living soul of that most important branch of history.

But what do we mean by Political Philosophy, if it be not constitutional law; is it the same with Political Economy? No; that speaks of the production and distribution of wealth; it tells us what is the most *economical* way of spending our money, but says nothing as to the *best* way. Look at any good household,—and every household is a little republic,—and you will find one system by which whatever is desired is obtained at the least expense of time, money, and labor; and another system by which it is seen what is desirable; the first is private economy, the last private philosophy. And so in the nation; those principles which point us to general education, a deep sense of religion, or strong armies and a full treasury, as our greatest good, differ wholly in kind from those which show us how to educate cheapest, or fill our coffers most readily: the former belong to Political Philosophy, the latter to Political Economy. Neither can be neglected by the statesman, and in our land the public should be ignorant of neither; but amid the clamor of party the calm voice of truth is too often unheard. Politicians, like religionists, are too apt to choose their creed and stick to it, ignorant and careless of the Truths upon which it is based. And here is one great ground of intolerance. If my plain creed is the standard, I think him that denies it dishonest; but if there be that to which both appeal as the ground of our differing faiths, I may there learn how my opponent may differ from me in all honesty and pureness. For this cause, the more God's Word is studied instead of human catechisms, and creeds, and paraphrases, the less of persecution will there be. And in Politics, the more our Constitution and the principles that originated and breathed life into it, are known, the less will political intolerance prevail.

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Now, it is all-prevalent. Men are excluded from society because of their political views. Administration and anti-administration men, in each other's eyes are not merely mistaken, but dishonest. An honest adherence to one side, seems to the other little less than insanity. It is strange, it is disgraceful, that while religious toleration is so much insisted on, political toleration should be scarcely known by name; that while the theologian who denies his opponent's honesty is stilled by the deep tones of general censure, the air is rent with the accusing shouts of partisans. It would seem to show that the former is the result less of principle than indifference.

Our object in these remarks is not to preface any general essay upon Political Philosophy; to treat that subject properly would require more years of study and experience than have passed since our birth. We can at most but call the attention of those, whose age and life fit them for the work, to it; we can but repeat that we believe the virulence, the folly, the illiberality, the short-sighted views of so many American politicians to be the result of a want of the philosophy of their profession. They are empirics, quacks; they deal in political panaceas; a Bank or an administration will, they think, cure or ruin every thing. This we wish might be done away; we would that more of our statesmen had that knowledge which Hamilton, Jay, and Washington made use of; if they had, the science of governing *well* would be studied more, and the art of merely governing studied less, than now.

The point to which we would call attention in this article, belongs to that part of Political Philosophy which relates to the condition and relations of society, as distinguished from that which relates to the forms and measures of Government. The intimate and sure connection that must exist between the social state of a people and their Government, has been, and is, too often overlooked. In the French revolution, loudly as Burke declaimed, and clearly as Morris prophesied, there were but few that could see the connection between the state of society in France and republicanism. And in this country, at this time, few, probably, think the social condition to be at variance with our public institutions.

Our purpose is to point to one spot where we think there is variance, and from which warlike and threatening sounds already reach us: to inquire as to the causes of this variance, and the hope of a remedy.

"What means the fearful cry which already resounds throughout our land, of the 'poor against the rich?' What means the fact, the pregnant fact, that the political aspirant,

who happens to be free from the impediment of conscience, or of principle, finds no surer way to rise than to join in the hue and cry against the aristocracy of wealth?" These questions are put by Mr. Parsons, in the very bold, strong, and searching address, the title of which we have given at the head of our article, and which we noticed some months since: they point directly to that defective spot in our social state, of which we have spoken.

But for one moment let us stop to speak of this address. It is marked less by eloquence than fearlessness; less by originality than truth. It tells in words too plain to be misunderstood by any, of the great danger our country runs from the flattery administered to the people: in words that need no interpreter, it points out the folly of supposing that a sovereign people is less liable to be injured by adulation, than a sovereign individual. That the king can do no wrong, is a despotic maxim that we cry out upon, but it is neither as absurd nor as impious as the claim that the voice of the people is the voice of God. For the way in which Mr. Parsons has set forth these truths, he should be thanked by all honest men of all parties.

And now, to return to our subject, there is an outcry of "agrarianism" abroad; and every where we see the working-men, or more properly the hand-working men, gathering numbers into parties. What do these things mean? and why are they?

By agrarianism we understand sometimes a disposition, and sometimes a system, that would attack the present rights of property. Not content with forbidding the law to aid individuals in the acquisition of wealth, it would make it strip them of their present possessions, and prevent future acquisition.

The folly and iniquity of such a system need not be pointed out. That the right to the accumulations of industry constituting riches, is the same with the right to the first fruits of industry, which form the daily bread of the daily laborer, is self-evident. There never has been, and never can be, an agrarian community. Those Roman laws from which we take the name, related, not to private property, but to the public domain, as Niebuhr and Savigny have fully shown; and the attempt of the French madmen, was, as a school boy might have prophesied, an entire failure. Were all men good Christians, there might be an approach made to that ideal state of society where none shall be very rich, and none poverty-stricken; but even an approximation to this state must result from individual principle, not public law.

A perception of these truths has prevented any important *direct* manifestation of a levelling spirit in our land, but indirectly the jealousy of wealth among us is fully visible. Without being the advocate of either party, we cannot but see in the support given by the people to the administration, while warring upon the United States Bank, an evidence of this jealousy.* The war, then, is already begun; and, unless the cause of this jealousy is removed, it will go on slowly, but certainly, till Republicanism crumbles into anarchy.

And what is its cause?

In every erroneous system there is a germ of truth. No creed, however monstrous, but rests upon some reality. The error, like the fiery beard of the comet, may flame from the horizon to the zenith, and fill the eye of the looker-on,—but somewhere there is an unseen nucleus. We believe it to be so with regard to agrarianism; we believe the general feeling, not that the rights of industry should be destroyed, but that something is wrong with regard to wealth,—to have its origin in the misty perception of a great truth, and of the general disregard of it. We believe that in one point, at least, the state of society in our country is opposed to Republicanism, and that this opposition is the parent of that feeling of which we have spoken; a feeling far more wide-spread than most of us suppose, swaying many who would shrink from an open attack upon property.

The great truth referred to may be stated in the language of Miss Sedgwick, in her most admirable little work, "Home." "Talent and worth are the only eternal grounds of distinction. It will be our own fault, if in our land, society, as well as Government, is not organized upon a new foundation. Knowledge and goodness, these make degrees in heaven, and they must be the graduating scale of a true democracy." The disregard of these truths, we look upon as not only keeping us back in our national growth, but as also forming the root of the great prevalent hostility to property; and for this cause, that property, in the place of knowledge and goodness, is made too much the graduating scale of our democracy. This the moneyless democrat perceives; he feels himself wronged; and to do away that wrong, inclines to, if he does not join that party which would destroy the cause of wrong-doing,—wealth.

* The same disposition to bring on a war against wealth, was shown in the insane, pitiable, and yet laughable attempts of the Ohio Legislature a month since, to repeal a charter just granted, and to prohibit the citizens of Ohio from carrying on business with the new United States Bank. These attempts were characterized by the cowardice as well as by the madness of Agrarianism.

That point in our social condition, then, (to repeat in another form what we last said,) which we think at variance with Republicanism no less than Christianity, is the moral rank and influence given to mere wealth, but due to talent, education, and character. A dim perception of this variance we look on as giving rise to the common feeling that something is wrong; as well as to the wish of the agrarian to cure this wrong by the equalization of property.

But some one may say that wealth is desired for the luxuries and bodily comforts it brings, and not for rank and influence given its possessor.

As this objection strikes at the root of our whole argument, we must consider it at some length.

Let the reader look back over his own personal experience, and then inquire whether, among the money-seekers whom he has known, the mass have been moved to labor by the hope of better food or raiment, as a means of simple sensual gratification,—or in the expectation that known wealth, costly clothes, and fine houses would increase their influence and standing? We would ask him to say from his own observation, if the bodily comforts of the rich exceed those of the independent hand-worker? Do they not rather fall short of his? That there are some, mostly belonging to the dissolute and needy, that desire money as a means to sensual pleasure, is undoubted; and probably no poor man passes through life without wishing for wealth as giving luxuries, but we are speaking now of the great mass, and of the permanent object for which they labor, not of a momentary impulse.

Again, if a man of wealth were thrown into a community of true Christians, with whom wealth was no passport to rank and influence, would he value his riches? or would a poorer man of the world envy him there, as he would in the world?

Again, why is there so much pomp, and display, made with money? Why are not the rich content to have warm and pleasant houses, and soft clothes, and to eat and drink in privacy? Is it not because they wish to have their wealth known and recognized? and why is this, but for the respect they know will be paid to it?

There is a fact also connected with the hostility to wealth in our country, which may give us some light; it is this, the opposition to the rich is not made by all those not rich, but by the hand-working-men, as we have called them. But there are two distinct classes beside the wealthy; one consists of these hand-workers, and the other of clergymen, lawyers, doctors, and writers,—many of whom are much poorer, and live in a

much less luxurious state than those mechanics who lead the working party. But this second class have no hostility to wealth, and, with the exception of a few discontented spirits, feel no jealousy of it. Why is this? It is because a poor lawyer or physician ranks higher than a printer of equal education, talent, character, and good breeding; his opinion is listened to, and has weight; the leaders of fashion speak with him; and the first men in the community receive him socially as an equal. But the printer has, equally, within him the love of influence; and when he sees one richer than himself in gold, but poorer in all knowledge and excellence, received with favor, where he dares not venture,—he feels wronged; he feels that he is degraded, while the other merits degradation; Reason, Republicanism, Christianity, all assure him that mere money can give no man a claim to respect, but finding that it does give that claim with the world, he either goes into business to become rich himself, or joins one of the professions, (which are consequently crowded,) or cries out upon this false talisman that so witches men's eyes.

And in England, at this moment, against whom goes the battle? Against the aristocracy, who claim rank and power, and not against the bankers of London. Or if the rich man is abhorred, it is the one that parades his wealth, and lays claim to distinction and standing; that has his chariot and outriders, his box at the opera, and his princely park for the summer; and not the old West Indian that drinks his two bottles of Madeira, and smokes his segar among the dusky piles of of Bishopgate street. Each may have his million, but he is envied to whom the world looks up, and not he that enjoys himself in a corner.

And in France, during both revolutions, the starving and mad mob, while engaged in sacking palaces, and destroying the marks of rank, refused to take the booty that lay about them.

A consideration of these things convinces us that wealth is desired and envied, by strong and energetic men,—not as a means to sensual pleasure, but as giving a claim to moral influence and standing.

We now come to the inquiry why this is not a just claim, or, why it is opposed to Republicanism.

The idea of a Republic is, that men shall be esteemed according to their merit. Under other forms of government, birth, wealth, or even physical power, may form the standard of rank: in a Republic none of these can have weight in themselves. Among savages physical power is meritorious; in their

view the best hunter and warrior is the best man. Among the semi-civilized, where education exists, but is not general, birth is a half guarantee of a good education as well as good blood. And when you come one step nearer our present condition, wealth affords probable evidence of industry, care, and moral habits, and is respected,—not for itself, but as proving them. But in the perfectly civilized state it is not evidence of these things; neither does birth guarantee superiority of education; and brute strength ceases to be merit, save in the eyes of the brutish. A new standard is now erected; intellectual power and culture, and moralcharacter. Suchisthe law of Republicanism and the Christian religionas applied to social rank. The pre-eminence of wealth is also anti-republican, because in a republic the mass rule, but in no land can the mass be wealthy; wherever civilization prevails however, the love of influence is the ruling passion. If therefore wealth have pre-eminence, the mass will be against it; but the end of government is peace, whereas a republic, where wealth gives influence, leads to war; the two things are therefore in opposition.

And what is the mistake which shuts out the great class of hand-working-men from cultivated society.

It is this: manual labor is taken as evidence of a want of education at least; while wealth and intellectual labor are received as proofs of the contrary.

In this statement we believe the cause of the whole difficulty will be found. Because in Europe bodily labor, ignorance, and vulgarity have gone so much together, we think them blood relations, and suppose the presence of the first cannot but bring in the two last. Instead of asking whether this printer or that cabinet-maker is as well educated and behaved, possesses as much talent and as high a character as the lawyer or physician next door, we take it for granted that he does not; though every body knows that free schools, manual labor colleges, and mechanics' institutes are giving our mechanics all needful learning—and as to manners we doubt much if the court-house be a better school than the work-shop. The presumption against farmers is going by, in consequence of the good sense of many young men of family and wealth, who have taken the plough into their own hands; but against mechanics the prejudice remains as of old.

We have now pointed to the spot in our social condition, where we think there is something at variance with republicanism; I have shown in what that variance is, and why it is; we now come to the question: can it be remedied?

The evil is, that an undue rank is assigned to wealth; and also, that an undue importance is assigned to employments; to both of which this common characteristic belongs,—that the mass, the profession, or occupation is too much thought of,—the individual too little.

With respect to these evils one of three courses must be adopted; they must either be left to run, as many would say, their natural course,—though we do not think the sins of artificial life ought to be thus put upon poor nature; or wealth must be equalized; or men must be taught not to respect mere wealth nor place, but to consider the intellect, education, and character of each individual, known by examination, and not by inference from his business, as giving him a claim to social influence and standing.

Which course should be adopted?

If we take the first, civil war and anarchy are almost certain, for there may, as truly, be a civil war in the halls of legislation, as the fields of battle. If we adopt the second course, we but take the shorter path to the same point, anarchy. How is it if we take the third? Wealth will neither be desired nor envied then as now; education and character, both attainable by all in this land, will be the things to which the ambition of all will be directed; the cry of Agrarianism will die away; the professions will no longer be crowded by incompetent deserters from the mechanic arts; and well behaved, well mannered mechanics will rank everywhere as highly as equally-deserving men of whatever station.

But how can the influence of wealth be done away, and merit be made the standard of rank.

It can never be done entirely, but we may approximate to it in many ways, and indeed are now doing so.

To say that the spread of Christian feeling and principle among men will tend to the desired object, is but another form of saying that Christianity opposes the prevalent worship of mammon; and yet there are many that would oppose what they thought a wrong in the commonwealth, but never think of opposing it by religion; very few, it is to be feared, see that the best principles of policy are wrapped up in the teachings of Jesus; and very few by making these teachings known in their remote consequences, would hope to heal the sores of a state; but we believe all good and statesmanlike, and substantial policy to be based upon, and flow logically from, the grand principles of human nature, and its guide, the Book of Life. A dissemination, then, of Christian truth; a thorough and unsectarian development and application of this truth to

every individual as a man, a citizen, and one member of a family, we believe to lie at the root of all reformation.

Next to this in importance we place the spread of education by manual labor schools, where the laborer may be instructed and yet not cease to be a laborer. The line now drawn between educated men and working-men must be done away; the farmer and mechanic must be educated; by which, we mean—not only that they must read, write and cypher, but that they must attain to those ends to the reaching which those things are means. Education is not only to fit men to buy and sell without being cheated, it looks farther than this life and its profits. Education, in this sense, may and must be given to the industrious and enterprising of our nation; those whose misdirected but honest energy now threatens the rights of property, would then stand its friends.

In the third place, we look to the efforts of the educated men in our republic; their duties have been fully and ably set forth by Mr. Parsons, in the address delivered at Cambridge. By their teachings, through the press, from the pulpit, the bar, the desk of the lyceum, they must fit this people for freedom; Christian freedom; pure republicanism, when money will have no power except that which is its own,—the power of buying so much labor, or the results of so much labor. The reformation of feeling with regard to wealth, if it begin at all, must begin with those who have the same rank and influence with the wealthy. They are to blame if the present unwholesome state of things continues. They must first become freemen, and then break the chains of others. And they not only must teach, but practice; they must receive and respect the printer, of good manners and character, while they turn from the rich gambler, or the time-serving attorney. They must be willing to become themselves hewers of wood and drawers of water; already is this done to some extent in the country, and the more it is done the better for religion and the republic; a little leaven leaveneth the whole lump,—and one man of educated and disinterested talent may give tone and standing to a great class. If the Russian Peter is to be honored because he became a shipwright for the mercantile welfare of his people, how much more deserving that man who gives up present rank for the eternal and all-embracing good of those about him.

We come then to these conclusions, that the respect now paid mere wealth, and the prejudice yet existing in favor of some, and against other occupations, is opposed to Republicanism; that the elements of warfare of necessity exist among us, our social condition being in these respects at variance with

our political condition: that this variance is to be done away, not by taking from the rich the wealth that is theirs, but by keeping from that wealth the respect which is our own; and also by examining the claims of individuals to social rank, instead of judging, on the principles of other ages and lands, respecting whole classes: and lastly, that the great means to be used in this good work are—the spread and developement of Christianity, the thorough education of the leading spirits of all occupations and professions,—the continual teaching of those now educated and influential, together with the practice, by them, of receiving as equals individuals from all lines of life, and also of bringing up to agricultural and mechanical pursuits many whose birth, wealth, and education would, on present principles, place them in the professions.

To effect any thing in this great work, there must be the action of very many, and those strong and well-knit minds. In the West, where society was born Republican; where the farmer and mechanic may be always independent; where manual labor schools are growing up rapidly; and where the prejudices of Europe have less force than elsewhere; we hope to see the experiment tried; here, if anywhere, we think it must succeed. A republican government, based upon a republican state of society, the world has never yet seen; before fifty years have passed, we trust that something like it may be the strength and glory of this great valley. J. H. P.

LIGHT AND WARMTH.

The nobler spirits enter upon life with joyful confidence. They believe to find in the outer world that which swells in their bosoms, and warm with lofty zeal, devote their faithful arm to Truth.

But all is so small, so narrow, that after a short experience they strive only to rescue themselves in the crush of the world; and at last, the heart in cold proud rest, closes itself against love.

Alas! the clear rays of knowledge do not always warm—happy are they who do not pay for them with their heart. Therefore join to the clearness of the man of the world the earnestness of the enthusiast. SCHILLER.

Art. II.—UNITARIANISM IN THE WEST.

I recently made a short journey in Illinois, which has furnished me with a few facts of an encouraging nature. They are calculated to confirm us in our hopes of the rapid progress of truth, if its friends are but faithful to it. I am more than ever convinced, that if Unitarian doctrines are not extensively received in this western land, it will not be because men's minds are unprepared for them, but because those whom God has sent will not go on their mission. Let them remember that their condemnation is very great, who, when their Lord cometh to reckon with them, are constrained to answer, "We digged in the earth and buried our Lord's money." The object of my journey was to visit Peoria, on the Illinois river. This is a flourishing village, most beautifully situated at a point of the Illinois where the river widens into what is called Peoria Lake. The natural location is the most perfect that I ever saw, and could not be improved. The ground rises gradually from the river, at an angle suitable for streets, and spreads out into a wide and level table-land or prairie. There is room for a city of the largest size, without any expense being incurred in grading: the ground is all ready for houses and streets. This is an advantage rarely enjoyed by the river towns of Illinois and Missouri. The banks of the rivers are generally either so flat as to be overflowed, or so bold as to be inaccessible. Peoria will therefore profit the more by it, and will undoubtedly be a town of some magnitude and considerable importance. It has a good back country, a good river navigation, and an enterprising population. The number of inhabitants is now about eight hundred; probably more. There are among them many New Englanders, and some highly cultivated families. I went up the river by steam boat and did not reach the town until 11 o'clock Sunday morning, and supposed of course that I was too late to preach that day. But two or three individuals thought the attempt worth making, and after dinner notice was passed round from mouth to mouth, that I would preach in a public room in a tavern, at 7 o'clock. The room could not contain more than eighty or ninety, and I found it very full. The audience was remarkably respectable, and comprised, as I was told, and from their appearance should have judged, many of the most enlightened and influential members of the community. I preached from the words "In understanding be ye men," and was gratified by their close attention. On Tuesd

evening I again preached to about the same number, giving a brief statement of Unitarian doctrines.

The result of this partial and by no means systematic effort was, that a number of individuals authorised me to write for some one to come out and preach three or four months in their village, so as to make a fair experiment in forming a society; they agree to defray all his expenses in travelling and staying with them. Here then is a good opening, and if a suitable person can be obtained, who will make a small sacrifice for the sake of doing a great deal of good, there is no doubt of a large society being soon established. At present there are but two small societies in the village, both Presbyterian, one of the "old school," the other of the "new." The former has a small house of worship, but so few male members, that it was necessary to go out of the church to make up the requisite number of trustees; it is also very unpopular. The "new school" have no house, and meet in a school room. There was formerly an Episcopal minister there, who preached in the room where I preached, and his audiences were quite numerous, although there was *not one* Episcopalian in the place. He was a good preacher, and was supported by Unitarians, who, to their credit, be it said, are always ready to uphold any mode of public worship which is conducted with a liberal spirit, even if it is not that which they prefer. Since he left them, they have not generally attended any where, because they found little comfort or improvement in going to church, where they were preached at as heretics. In truth the church-going portion of the population embraces a very small part of the male inhabitants. Hardly any body goes to church. And this, not as I was assured by some who themselves have not been to church for several months,—not because they do not wish to go, but because there is no place where they can go profitably. Many of them have always been accustomed to attend public worship, and now read their Bibles carefully, and are ready to make personal sacrifices for the sake of regular religious instruction. The number of those who do not call themselves Unitarians, and perhaps do not know what it is, but who are ready to contribute to the support of a church founded upon broad and rational principles, is very considerable. Upon the whole, I think the prospect in Peoria nearly or quite as good as it was in St. Louis when we began here. That town will never be so important a place as this must be, but a society established there now would grow with the town and exert a great influence upon the whole vicinity. There is no part of Illinois which promises more than the section of fifty miles about Peo-

ria, and already it includes several considerable villages. At Tremont, a new settlement composed chiefly of New Englanders, and not more than fifteen miles from Peoria, there is now an opening, and many have expressed their conviction that if our tenets were preached there now, the majority of the town would unite in supporting them. At present they have no formed churches, although not less than one hundred families. Why shall we lose such opportunities?

At Pekin, another village, 10 miles from Peoria, I have been requested to preach, and shall do so before long, but do not know with what probability of success. Now is the time for our exertion. I have uniformly found that prejudice and indifference prevail in proportion with the population. Now we have a fair chance to try what our doctrines are worth; the opportunity daily grows less; and we should remember, that with very many, the question is, whether they shall become Unitarians now, or Christians never.

On my return to St. Louis, I stopped at Jacksonville, where a college under President Beecher is established. I ascertained that there was a society of Christians—or as they are often called, much to their own regret, Campbellites—in the place, and although unacquainted with any of them, called upon one of their elders, and introduced myself as a Unitarian preacher. I was received very cordially, and Sunday morning I preached in a small school room, which was, however, very crowded. Their ruling elder, or pastor, is Barton W. Stone, one of the founders of the Christian Connexion, a man of remarkable mind and the best feelings. He welcomed me as kindly as the best friend could have done, and told me that they would be always ready to hear me. In the evening I heard him preach. The room was crowded almost to suffocation, and his discourse was eminently calculated to arouse strong feeling. Four persons came forward, after the sermon, to make a profession of faith, and join the Church. The profession was just what it ought to be; "My son—my daughter," said the old man, "you profess to believe that Jesus Christ is the Messiah, the Saviour of the world. The response was given, and he continued, "and it is the earnest purpose of your heart, as God gives you strength, to receive him as your master and do his will." This was answered, and he said, "may God strengthen you in your purpose." Here was the whole, and it was inexpressibly touching. His venerable age and patriarchal manner added very much to the solemnity. The new converts were to be baptized on the next day.

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The Christian connexion is increasing every day, and is

making a revolution in the religious sentiments of the West. They proceed upon the principle of perfect freedom in inquiring, and reject all creeds but the Bible. I was delighted with their true Christian liberality. For instance, I told Mr. Stone that a society might be gathered in St. Louis, if they would try the experiment. But he answered, that there was no need yet; "if *you* succeed, it will answer every purpose." Christian union and brotherhood is their watchword. They attribute much of their great increase to their preaching the simple unity of God. I consider their wide spread as very encouraging to us. It will make our work easier and more pleasant.

My letter is already longer than I intended, and I shall leave some things unsaid, which I will send at another time; there are other places of which I wish to speak, particularly of Alton, Illinois. W. G. E.

St. Louis.

Since I wrote the above, I have heard from Peoria, that a gentleman there has given us a lot of ground for the erection of a church, and that perhaps a building will be erected quite soon. This summer, if they procure a preacher, their meetings will be held in the court-house, a new and large building. We expect to break ground for our church here by the first of next month, (March,) if the cold weather does not return.

A BEAUTIFUL BRIDGE.

The waves run under me, the carriages run over me, and my builder has kindly allowed me to go over, also myself. SCHILLER.

[Whoever has stood on one side of the bridge over our canal at Louisville, will understand Schiller's meaning. Looking at it from a little distance, it seems absolutely to be springing across the canal.]

EXPECTATION AND FULFILMENT.

The boy launches into the ocean with a thousand sail—the old man gets into harbor rescued by a single boat. SCHILLER.

THE COMMON FATE.

See, we quarrel, we contend—opinion and inclination divide us; but, in the mean time, your locks and mine are both growing grey. SCHILLER.

Art. 3.—CHANGE NOT.

Be ever thus; though years must roll,
  And add their wrinkles to thy cheek,
Stil let thy ever youthful soul
  In word and action live and speak.

Unknowing of a wicked thought,
  Untouched by any act of sin,
And all ungoverned and untaught,
  Save by the monitor within,
Thou shalt know nothing of the things
That breed earth's countless quarrellings;
Yet, of the learning of the sage,
The poet's rhyme, the scholar's page,
All that is pure and true shall be
A gift of instinct unto thee;
And so, as guiltless, and as wild,
Thou shalt live on, and die a child.

When merry spring, with crown of flowers
Comes dancing through the budding bowers,
Thy laughing eye, and voice of song
Shall swell the chorus of her throng;
And though the birds be all about,
  And many a bee upon the wing,
Thy jocund tone shall mark *thee* out,
  The very spirit of the spring.

And when the days of winter come,
And all is tempest, all is gloom,
Thy sunny cheek and sunny eye
Shall chase that tempest from the sky;
And though in ice be bound the earth,
Thy loving hope and careless mirth
Shall make it summer round our hearth.
  Then ever, ever, be the same
As pure, as thoughtless, and as wild;
A woman—yet a little child;
  For thus from God you came.

J. H. P.

TO PROSELYTE MAKERS.

Only give me a place to stand upon outside of the earth, said Archimedes, and I can easily move it. Only let me go outside of myself, for a moment, and I can become *your* follower. Schiller.

Art. 4.—THEODORE.—Chap. II.

We left our friend in a midnight conflict with himself concerning the choice of his future profession. His love for Teresa appeared at least to win the ascendancy, but without wholly conquering his purpose of remaining true to his mother's wishes. He could not sleep till toward morning, when a light slumber fell upon him. The sun was high when he left his bed and went to his window. The fair region, which, shut in by pleasant hills, stretched down toward the sea, lay spread before his eyes warmly lighted with the rising sun. Like spring birds returning to their homes, all his youthful remembrances came crowding into his full heart.

* * * * * * *

With some embarrassment, heightened by his tenderness, Theodore greeted his mother. He felt a slight inward compunction at having thought of being untrue to her. His unquiet and sleepless night had made him weak; he could not look upon his mother without emotion, and she also was deeply affected at finding her loved son again beside her. While Frederica was showing Landeck her little menagerie, the mother led Theodore to the beds of Auriculas, which were now in full bloom. These, his favorite flowers, which he had formerly tended with great care, now looked at him with their clear eyes, as if about to ask him whether he really meant to forsake them. A tear fell from his eye, and he turned away.

After his mother had put to him various questions with respect to his pursuits, she at last said—But you have told me nothing yet, dear Theodore, of your theological studies. You know that though I cannot comprehend the learned part of the matter, I yet take great interest in every thing which is essential and truly productive, and you can tell me much that will also be of use to me.

Theodore collected his thoughts and replied—I confess that I was purposely silent about these things, and have not even, for some time past, written about them to the good old Pastor. Neither of you can understand the present state of the theological world, what new discoveries have been made, what surprising views have been brought forward, into what a labyrinth of doubt we have been introduced. I have not hastily given into these ideas, I have honestly struggled and battled with them; but I cannot conceal from you that I have relinquished all my early convictions.

The mother looked at him for a moment; but her mild eye soon lightened up again, and she said—It will not be so bad as that! Theologians often contend about words and forms; and when a new system is brought forward, the elders raise a cry of heresy, as if the church of Christ was to be swept away; but after a few years it appears that all is as before, that only the form of language alters, or that a view which is true and necessary, has been brought more prominently forward. I have read how the pious Spener and his party were opposed by those most zealous for the orthodox faith, and yet at last it was seen, that this school, though rather one-sided, yet exercised a beneficial influence on the interests of vital piety. I remember that your dear father frequently conversed with the pastor about these contentions, and that the end of them always seemed to be, that truth came victorious from the combat. You are now too young and too rash to find the right way immediately, but you will by and by discover it. Do not fancy that what for a thousand years and more, has been the foundation of salvation for men, can be changed or shaken by a new doctrine. Christ yesterday, to-day, and forever—that is my motto—and to that do you keep also.

Ah! dear mother, replied Theodore, that which now moves the theological world, is something quite different from any former strife of which you may have heard. The whole Christian faith, with its foundations and main pillars, is now in question. You will be shocked to hear that many of the later theologians doubt the divinity of Christ, and hold him to have been only the wisest of men.

If I took this in earnest, replied the mother, I should certainly think it a serious matter, but I cannot consider it to be any thing more than a dispute about words. Christ has himself said, that also others were called Gods before himself, and that he whom the Father has sanctified and sent into the world, ought so much the more to be called the Son of God. If your new theologians only consider him to be the wisest of the children of men; if they only believe that he was the way and the life; then to be sure, I cannot wholly pardon the self-will with which they deny his divinity, but still I believe it to be nothing more than self-will. Can they deny that grace and truth have come to us through Jesus Christ, and that their own high prized wisdom is only a result of the wisdom of Christ. Be undisturbed, my son, added she—you will yet get through these difficulties. But pray, speak with our friend and teacher, the Pastor, who will certainly be able to give you satisfaction.

Theodore was glad to break off the conversation, and soon set out to pay a visit to the Pastor.

* * * * *

The schoolmaster, who was an old friend and playmate of Theodore, soon perceived him, and came out to greet him. Theodore enquired after the condition of the school, and a long conversation followed upon the education of the people. Theodore had also obtained many modern ideas on this topic, which he transferred to the teacher.

The Pastor, who had seen him from his garden, came up, and also took a part in the conversation.

When the bell had called the master away, and Theodore went with the Pastor into his house, the latter observed—I see you have become acquainted with the latest ideas upon popular education, and seem to lay more weight upon the culture of the understanding, and upon enriching it with knowledge, than appears to me correct. Each one should be intelligent and skilful in his circle—carry on his farming operations with understanding, and help to order the affairs of the community. But this can best be taught him by life and experience, and for this purpose he does not need any natural history or other sciences, of which he will only carry away disconnected fragments. The elements of the geography and the history of the country are all which I have added to the plan of the school; other things are taught while explaining the Bible; and after religious instruction, writing and accounts are the principal things. Arithmetic gives that exercise of the understanding which common people have the only need of; after that, reading the scriptures and religious instruction stimulates the mind sufficiently.

Theodore expressed his doubts concerning the suitableness of much reading of the Bible for the young, since the language of scripture is often unintelligible: since strange oriental notions and images are there frequently introduced; and besides many of the stories he thought objectionable; so that he declared himself of opinion that it was necessary to put into the hands of the young only a selection from the Bible.

The pastor was very decidedly opposed to this idea, and maintained that the young should be always made acquainted with the whole Bible. But since it was impossible to read the whole book through in the school, he had charged the teacher to select the most striking and instructive passages, and supply the chasms by a short narrative. But it generally appeared, he said, that the children read over at home the portions which had been omitted.

Theodore reminded him of the accounts of unchaste and wicked actions which are contained in the Bible story, and asked whether they did not think that they made an injurious impression upon the young. But the pastor positively denied it, and remarked that the simple, natural manner in which the scriptures spoke of these sexual relations, took from them all their hurtful influence, and did not kindle even an injurious curiosity among the youth; and when he appealed to Theodore's own experience, he was compelled to admit it.

But Theodore went further, and objected, that the religious teachings of the Bible were often conveyed in notions peculiar to the times, and connected with circumstances which could only be cleared up by learned investigations. He particularly pointed out the place which the pastor had explained the evening before, and sought to shew him that the doctrine of no justification by the works of the law, was only directed against the prejudices of the Jews of that time, and ought not to have been taken up into our confession of faith. The law, said he, is only the Mosaic law, and since we have nothing to do with that, we have nothing to do with that doctrine.

I see by this, replied the pastor, that you have been into the school of those innovating theologians, of whom I before warned you.

And now arose between them a lively discussion concerning the doctrine of justification, which produced no mutual understanding, and could lead to no agreement, since the disputants started from wholly opposite principles. Theodore understood by faith nothing more than that moral truth of conviction by which alone a man can obtain a satisfied conscience, or in the language of scripture, can please God. The pastor, on the other hand, understood by faith the believing reception of the grace of God in Christ, and further he could give no clear account of it. Theodore asserted that a man might be happy solely through virtue; that he, by means of the freedom of his will, was in a condition perfectly to fulfil the moral law; and that only by active improvement he could make good his past faults, and that in this alone consisted the forgiveness of sins. But the pastor denied that man could do any good by his own strength, and maintained that all virtue was sin which did not come from faith. When Theodore opposed him with arguments derived from reason, his antagonist supported himself on the authority of divine revelation in scripture, and so they went continually farther apart. With such doctrine as this, at last exclaimed the pastor, you will be able to produce no edification.

Theodore was painfully conscious that he had offended his

old fatherly friend. He begged pardon of him, and confessed to him with deep emotion, that he had himself already felt that with these convictions he could not fill the profession of a preacher. Alas! added he, much consolation is lost to me thereby; and yet I cannot go back from opinions to which I have been brought by a serious investigation, and he then related the first conversation he had with his mother, and told him how lightly she regarded what had given him so much uneasiness.

She was indeed wrong, replied the pastor, in considering these false doctrines as nothing more than learned paradoxes. Yet I can by no means agree that you should give up the study of theology. With these opinions you cannot become a good and happy man, and for the sake of your own peace of mind, you must endeavor to regain your lost belief. He then advised him to attend the lectures of another older professor at the University, who had the reputation of orthodoxy, and to busy himself studiously with the writings of the earlier church fathers. These, said he, also made use of philosophy, but kept it subordinate to faith. Theodore promised to do so, and gave him his hand as pledge.

The pastor then enquired whether he was not willing to preach in the village church. Theodore doubted whether he could do it without disturbing him and his mother, whilst he yet could only say what he earnestly believed. But the pastor encouraged him to do so, saying—You will, perhaps, by seeing how little such a doctrine is suitable for popular instruction, find your way back from your confused opinions. Theodore promised to prepare for this preaching, and the two friends parted with cordiality.

It was hard work for Theodore to prepare this sermon. He was doubtful what subject to choose, and when he had determined on one, his style of treating it appeared too cold and dry, and he wrote it over twice. At last he had finished it, and the day arrived on which it was to be delivered. The whole village came together, the church was full, and none of Theodore's family staid away.

The discourse treated of prayer and its efficacy, and its principal contents were as follows. We ought to pray only for spiritual blessings, as virtue and wisdom, and leave all that concerns our temporal well-being in God's hands. We should receive what he sends us, be it joy or sorrow, with submission and entire acquiescence. If we pray thus, and do it earnestly, we may be sure of an answer, since an earnest prayer carries with it the earnest wish to possess spiritual blessings, and thus

makes the human will one with the divine. Theodore's manner was remarkably good for a beginner; the villagers praised his delivery, and his friends commended his appearance. But the impression of the sermon was nevertheless not of the most advantageous kind.

The pastor was the first who pronounced his judgment upon the discourse. He praised not only the good delivery, but also the clear and simple arrangement of the sermon, and, for a first attempt, its extraordinary perspicuity; but he found the contents too refined and intellectual, and the view given of prayer not altogether just. The Christian, said he, may pray also for temporal blessings, if he, in imitation of Christ adds, *not my will, but thine, be done.* And then you have forgotten that we should especially pray for power to do right, without which our best will is worth nothing.

Theodore had now no wish to dispute with him, for he was anxious to know what impression his discourse had made upon his mother, and he hastened home. He found her in great emotion. This sermon, said she, has strangely moved me, I know not whether to be pleased with it or not. I see that you can make a good preacher; but I also fear that you was right in thinking this doctrine very different from the old. I have not been taught to think of prayer as you do—I have never prayed in this manner—and do not now pray so. You know I believed my prayer the cause of your father's cure from his first illness, and at present I pray daily for yourself and Frederica. Shall I now leave it off?

This made a deep and painful impression on Theodore. He cried, No, dear mother, you must not leave it off! and he fell with tears into her arms. His heart was conquered, but his head was not.

Frederica said that he preached almost exactly like the new fashioned preacher in the neighboring city. Thus, without meaning it, she touched Theodore's feelings deeply, for he knew that this preacher had at first attracted great numbers by the charm of novelty, but that now he had an empty church.

Theodore spoke in the afternoon with some sensible villagers, and they could not conceal from him that he had caused little edification with his preaching.

All these judgments were not a little mortifying; but yet he let himself be persuaded by his mother to make a second attempt. A relative had come to pay a visit, who wished much to hear Theodore preach. In order not again to come in contact with doctrinal notions, he chose a moral theme, and spoke

of self-command, showing its value for virtue, and giving the means of obtaining it.

With respect to this discourse the old pastor afterward made to him the following remarks. I by no means object to moral preaching; I often choose similar subjects myself; there are also in the Bible many moral exhortations. But yet one should know how to excite a love and a zeal for morality, and to set forth in a living manner its inward, living essence. You seem to me to have only considered the external works of virtue, and, as it were, its mechanism—not its inner life. Self-command has in itself no value, since a bad man can employ it; it is but the instrument and tool of virtue, which consists solely in a good state of the sentiments. It is, to be sure, hard to describe the essence of virtue; but Christ has been given us as an example and model of it, to which we can ever look. Whoever lives in communion with him, needs no description. Love will lead him to the right aim. And since Theodore has made no use of this, he has not found the way to the heart.

His mother was not exactly displeased with his second sermon, but neither was she particularly pleased, and Frederica said, that this sermon made her very sad, that she could not go to work so seriously; she did what her heart prompted, and could not consider long about it; and thus she expressed an opinion very like the pastor's, that where there was an impulse of the heart, all moral preaching was unnecessary. But Theodore could not comprehend this, for having studied morality as a science, he prized too highly its merely scientific exposition. But all this indisposed him yet more to the profession of preacher.

Art. V.—LETTER FROM HUMPHREY MARSHALL.

[Among the other papers belonging to the Western Messenger, the following letter was put into my hands. The sickness and absence of the former Editor must excuse our apparent incivility in neglecting to notice it for so long a time. I omit those parts of the letter which the author says "are not for discussion,"—and add a few remarks.] Editor.

To the Editor of the Western Messenger.

Sir,—I am a subscriber to the Western Messenger, and just having read No. 2, I proceed to express my pleasure at

its tone, and manner of treating its subjects; and especially those of a religious character; and to say that your publishers will be paid its price. Of all men, surely *Christian Preachers* ought to be the most charitable and courteous to each other. On this topic, however, nothing more.

Seeing, or supposing that I have seen, an invitation to laymen who have read scripture, to communicate the result of their researches to the Editor of the "Messenger," and thinking myself within that description, I am emboldened to make an inquiry which may lead to further communications on the subject so every way interesting as the soul of man. I pray you, sir, what is it? It seems to be a reasonable question, and should be answered distinctly, before there is much more disputation about it. Is it the eonic or demon soul of the ancient Bramins? Or if not, what then? For I do confess that the scriptures have not taught me—at least, I could not learn from them what it is. While to me it is an object of great solicitude. If it is the mere human intellect, the organ of man's moral powers only, then I shall own that I have an idea of it, and a reference to the brain may serve for illustration. I languish for information, and have reason to believe there are others as ignorant as myself—though they may have less desire for knowledge. If you answer this application, please let it appear as the text of your commentary.

I am, very respectfully,

Your humble servant,

Frankfort, Sept. 16, 1835. H. MARSHALL.

REMARKS. *What is the soul?* This question may either mean—In what sense is the term *soul* used in the scripture, and by Christians generally? What do they understand and signify by it? Or else Mr. Marshall may mean to ask, What is the *essence* of the soul? Is it spiritual or material, or in other words, is there any soul at all? We will try to answer both questions.

The scriptures do not, any where, so far as I know, undertake to define the term soul. They use the word in the popular sense, with the meaning given it by all nations and in every language. In no language which I have heard of, is a term wanting to express this idea. The scriptures do not reveal to us that we have a soul—they take it for granted Common sense reveals that to us. I do not mean that common sense reveals to us what its nature or essence is, but common sense teaches us that there is something in man which thinks and feels, chooses, acts, loves, hates, hopes, fears, suffers, rejoices. This constitutes his personality—this makes his identity—this is his I. We take it to be an undeniable fact that men have universally agreed that there is a principle within us answering to this description. I say *universally*—perhaps I should qualify my remark, by excepting a few philosophers and metaphysicians. Just so there have been a few metaphysi-

cians who have denied the existence of their bodies, and of any outward world. These exceptions prove the rule.

The Bible, then, takes its stand on human nature—on common sense—on the universal reason of man, when it uses the term *soul*, and the idea it designates. It assumes a fact which the intellect of the race had already established—that there is something in man, which, for want of a better word, we may call his soul.

But now, if you ask what this soul is; meaning, what is its nature, what its essence; we must at once admit our ignorance. I neither know its essence, nor that of any thing else. I only know its qualities. *Within* me, I perceive the phenomena of thought and emotion; I refer them necessarily and inevitably to a subject—to something which thinks and feels. *Without* I perceive the phenomena of color, hardness, extension, form; I refer them necessarily and inevitably to a subject, to something which is hard, solid, colored. These phenomena are broadly distinguished from each other, by the manner in which they are perceived. The former are perceived by the senses—the latter by consciousness. The subject of the former I call body, of the latter soul.

I consider therefore that it is just as certain that we have a soul, as that we have a body. What we know of either are only qualities, not the essence. But we are as certain that we think and love, as we are that we see and hear. And by an original law of the mind which acts inevitably and universally, we conclude on perceiving color, that there is something colored, on perceiving thought, that there is something which thinks.

In our seventh number we have an article to which we would direct the attention of readers who wish for further light on this topic. This article is headed "Souls and Bodies," and numbered XVI. on the cover.

Art. VI.—CHANNING ON SLAVERY.

We heard of this book from all quarters before we saw it. First we heard that an edition of three thousand copies had been sold immediately. Then we saw some remarks of Mr. Leigh in the United States Senate, in which he expressed his surprise, that the amiable and eloquent author should have written a work which appeared to him to contain abolition doctrines. Directly after, we saw the book violently attacked, and its author shamefully abused in the Boston Statesman. Abuse from that quarter, however, has by thoughtful men been considered as praise. Then we saw it spoken of with unqualified approbation by the Boston Register, and Recorder. The first being an Unitarian paper, might be expected to praise whatever came from Dr. Channing—but the other being the Calvinistic print, was an unimpeachable witness. The editor of this last speaks of the book as a neutral ground, a point of union for those who were opposed to slavery, and also opposed to Abolitionism, agitation, and immediate Emancipation. It seems to lay aside all party feelings, and speaks of the book and its author with a generous and noble spirit of respect and sympathy.

After this, we met with a Reply to the work, written, it was said, by the chief prosecuting officer of the State of Massachusetts. The substance of this reply seemed to be—"Dr. Channing is a divine—therefore, a mere theorist—therefore, he had no business to write on this subject. I am a practical man—I judge of things by my five senses. In theory, slavery is no doubt bad—bnt in practice it is very good. No doubt it is all wrong—who denies it? But then it gives us sugar and cotton. It came to us from the Past, let us send it on to the Future. Let us leave it to our children to attend to—if there is danger and evil in it—let it fall on their heads. Let Dr. Channing keep to his preaching, and not meddle with these matters." Such censure as this must, no doubt, have been highly gratifying to Dr. Channing. We once heard a very wise man say, "I never read a book till I have seen it commended by a sensible person, or censured by a fool."

Of course, we felt a strong desire to get at the work itself And now, having read it, we pronounce it in our judgment, the best production of its author. In thought, unanswerable—in expression, clear, concise, and strong—in spirit, not merely *religious*, but *Christian*. Springing from the deepest fountain of duty, it flows out in the purest current of love.

> Though deep, yet clear; though gentle, yet not dull;
> Strong, without rage; without o'erflowing, full.

How many there may be in Massachusetts that would object to such a publication, we know not—but this we know, that in KENTUCKY their number is very small. We are not afraid to discuss this or any other subject; we are not in the habit of using a gag-law; if a man has any thing to say, let him be independent, and say it. We may not agree with him, but we will not shut up his mouth. The people of Kentucky have never been afraid of discussing this subject, or having it discussed before them. We have heard lectures, we have participated in debates, in which every thing was said that could have been spoken in a free State. The excitements which raged through the land during the last summer—the threatened insurrections in the South, may have made it necessary to restrict this liberty in some places. But there was no part of the Union so free from that agitation, so calm, so self-possessed, as Kentucky. Dr. Channing, therefore is in great error with respect to one slave-holding State, at least, when he says, (p. 105,) "In the slave-holding States, freedom of speech is at an end. Whoever should express among them the sentiments respecting slavery which are universally adopted through the civilized world, would put his life in jeopardy, would probably be flogged or hung." We nowise feel either our back or neck to be jeopardized by writing and printing this article. And we think we may assure Dr. Channing, that when, by the influence of the "Statesman newspaper"—the author of "Remarks on Channing's Slavery,', and other such worthy men, it becomes dangerous for him to speak his mind in Boston, he may come to Kentucky, and say what he will—so he keep to his present courteous and gentle manner of expressing himself.

To give an idea of the book and its design, we will extract nearly the whole of its introduction:

"The first question to be proposed by a rational being is, not what is profitable, but what is Right. Duty must be primary, prominent, most conspicuous, among the objects of hu-

man thought and pursuit. If we cast it down from its supremacy, if we inquire first for our interests and then for our duties, we shall certainly err. We can never see the Right clearly and fully, but by making it our first concern. No judgment can be just or wise, but that which is built on the conviction of the paramount worth and importance of Duty. This is the fundamental truth, the supreme law of reason; and the mind, which does not start from this in its inquiries into human affairs, is doomed to great, perhaps fatal error.

"The Right is the supreme good, and includes all other goods. In seeking and adhering to it, we secure our true and only happiness. All prosperity not founded on it, is built on sand. If human affairs are controlled, as we believe, by Almighty Rectitude and Impartial Goodness, then to hope for happiness from wrong doing is as insane as to seek health and prosperity by rebelling against the laws of nature, by sowing our seed on the ocean, or making poison our common food. There is but one unfailing good; and that is, fidelity to the Everlasting Law written on the heart, and re-written and republished in God's Word.

"Whoever places this faith in the everlasting law of rectitude must of course regard the question of slavery first and chiefly as a moral question. All other considerations will weigh little with him compared with its moral character and moral influences. The following remarks, therefore, are designed to aid the reader in forming a just moral judgment of slavery. Great truths, inalienable rights, everlasting duties, these will form the chief subjects of discussion. There are times when the assertion of great principles is the best service a man can render society. The present is a moment of bewildering excitement, when men's minds are stormed and darkened by strong passions and fierce conflicts; and also a moment of absorbing worldliness, when the moral law is made to bow to expediency, and its high and strict requirements are decried or dismissed as metaphysical abstractions, or impracticable theories. At such a season, to utter great principles without passion, and in the spirit of unfeigned and universal good-will, and to engrave them deeply and durably on men's minds, is to do more for the world than to open mines of wealth, or to frame the most successful schemes of policy.

"Of late our country has been convulsed by the question of slavery; and the people, in proportion as they have felt vehemently, have thought superficially, or hardly thought at all; and we see the results in a singular want of well defined principles, in a strange vagueness and inconsistency of opinion,

and in the proneness to excess which belongs to unsettled minds. The multitude have been called, now to contemplate the horrors of slavery; and now to shudder at the ruin and bloodshed which must follow emancipation. The word Massacre has resounded through the land, striking terror into strong as well as tender hearts, and awakening indignation against whatever may seem to threaten such a consummation. The consequence is, that not a few dread all discussion of the subject, and if not reconciled to the continuance of slavery, at least believe that they had no duty to perform, no testimony to bear, no influence to exert, no sentiments to cherish and spread, in relation to this evil. What is still worse, opinions either favoring or extenuating it are heard with little or no disapprobation. Concessions are made to it which would once have shocked the community; whilst to assail it is pronounced unwise and perilous. No stronger reason for a calm exposition of its true character can be given, than this very state of the public mind. A community can suffer no greater calamity than the loss of its principles. Lofty and pure sentiment is the life and hope of a people. There was never such an obligation to discuss slavery as at this moment, when recent events have done much to unsettle and obscure men's minds in regard to it. This result is to be ascribed in part to the injudicious vehemence of those who have taken into their hands the care of the slave. Such ought to remember, that to espouse a good cause is not enough. We must maintain it in a spirit answering to its dignity. Let no man touch the great interests of humanity, who does not strive to sanctify himself for the work by cleansing his heart of all wrath and uncharitableness, who cannot hope that he is in a measure baptized into the spirit of universal love. Even sympathy with the injured and oppressed may do harm, by being partial, exclusive, and bitterly indignant. How far the declension of the spirit of freedom is to be ascribed to the cause now suggested I do not say. The effect is plain, and whoever sees and laments the evil should strive to arrest it.

"Slavery ought to be discussed. We ought to think, feel, speak, and write about it. But whatever we do in regard to it should be done with a deep feeling of responsibility, and so done as not to put in jeopardy the peace of the slave-holding States. On this point public opinion has not been and cannot be too strongly pronounced. Slavery, indeed, from its very nature, must be a ground of alarm wherever it exists. Slavery and security can by no device be joined together. But we may not, must not, by rashness and passion increase the peril.

To instigate the slave to insurrection, is a crime for which no rebuke and no punishment can be too severe. This would be to involve slave and master in common ruin. It is not enough to say that the Constitution is violated by any action endangering the slave-holding portion of our country. A higher law than the Constitution forbids this unholy interference. Were our national union dissolved, we ought to reprobate, as sternly as we now do, the slightest manifestation of a disposition to stir up a servile war. Still more, were the free and the slave-holding States not only separated, but engaged in the fiercest hostilities, the former would deserve the abhorrence of the world and the indignation of Heaven, were they to resort to insurrection and massacre as means of victory. Better were it for us to bare our own breasts to the knife of the slave; than to arm him with it against his master.

"It is not by personal, direct action on the mind of the slave that we can do him good. Our concern is with the free. With the free we are to plead his cause, and this is peculiarly our duty, because we have bound ourselves to resist his efforts for his own emancipation. We suffer him to do nothing for himself. The more, then, should be done for him. Our physical power is pledged against him in case of revolt. Then our moral power should be exerted for his relief. His weakness, which we increase, gives him a claim to the only aid we can afford, to our moral sympathy, to the free and faithful exposition of his wrongs. As men, as Christians, as citizens, we have duties to the slave, as well as to every other member of the community. On this point we have no liberty. The Eternal Law binds us to take the side of the injured; and this law is peculiarly obligatory, when we forbid him to lift an arm in his own defence.

"Let it not be said we can do nothing for the slave. We can do much. We have a power mightier than armies, the power of truth, of principle, of virtue, of right, of religion, of love. We have a power, which is growing with every advance of civilization, before which the slave-trade has fallen, which is mitigating the sternest despotisms, which is spreading education through all ranks of society, which is bearing Christianity to the ends of the earth, which carries in itself the pledge of destruction to every institution which debases humanity. Who can measure the power of Christian philanthropy, of enlightened goodness, pouring itself forth in prayers and persuasions from the press and pulpit, from the lips and hearts of devoted men, and more and more binding together the wise and good in the cause of their race? All other powers

may fail. This must triumph. It is leagued with God's omnipotence. It is God himself acting in the hearts of his children. It has an ally in every conscience, in every human breast, in the wrong doer himself. This spirit has but begun its work on earth. It is breathing itself more and more through literature, education, institutions, and opinion. Slavery cannot stand before it. Great moral principles, pure and generous sentiments, cannot be confined to this or that spot. They cannot be shut out by territorial lines or local legislation. They are divine inspirations, and partake of the omnipresence of their Author. The deliberate, solemn conviction of good men through the world, that slavery is a grievous wrong to human nature, will make itself felt. To increase this moral power is every man's duty. To embody and express this great truth is in every man's power; and every man can do something to break the chain of the slave.

"There are now a few persons, who, from vulgar modes of thinking, cannot be interested in this subject. Because the slave is a degraded being, they think slavery a low topic, and wonder how it can excite the attention and sympathy of those who can discuss or feel for any thing else. Now the truth is, that slavery, regarded only in a philosophical light, is a theme worthy of the highest minds. It involves the gravest questions about human nature and society. It carries us into the problems which have exercised for ages the highest understandings. It calls us to inquire into the foundation, nature, and extent of human rights, into the distinction between a person and a thing, into the true relations of man and man, into the obligations of the community to each of its members, into the ground and laws of property, and above all into the true dignity and indestructible claims of a moral being. I venture to say there is no subject now agitated by the community, which can compare in philosophical dignity with slavery; and yet to multitudes the question falls under the same contempt with the slave himself. To many, a writer seems to lower himself who touches it. The falsely refined, who want intellectual force to grasp it, pronounce it unworthy of their notice.

"But this subject has more than philosophical dignity. It has an important bearing on character. Our interest in it is one test by which our comprehension of the distinctive spirit of Christianity must be judged. Christianity is the manifestation and inculcation of Universal Love. The great teaching of Christianity is, that we must recognize and respect human nature in all its forms, in the poorest, most ignorant, most fallen. We must look beneath "the flesh," to "the spirit."

The Spiritual principle in man is what entitles him to our brotherly regard. To be just to this is the great injunction of our religion. To overlook this, on account of condition or color, is to violate the great Christian law. We have reason to think that it is one design of God, in appointing the vast diversities of human condition, to put to the test, and to bring out most distinctly the principle of love. It is wisely ordered that human nature is not set before us in a few forms of beauty, magnificence, and outward glory. To be dazzled and attracted by these would be no sign of reverence for what is interior and spiritual in human nature. To lead us to discern and love this, we are brought into connexion with fellow-creatures, whose outward circumstances are repulsive. To recognize our own spiritual nature and God's image in these humble forms, to recognize as brethren those who want all outward distinctions, is the chief way in which we are to manifest the spirit of Him, who came to raise the fallen and to save the lost. We see then, the moral importance of the question of slavery; according to our decision of it, we determine our comprehension of the Christian law. He who cannot see a brother, a child of God, a man possessing all the rights of humanity under a skin darker than his own, wants the vision of a Christian. He worships the Outward. The Spirit is not yet revealed to him. To look unmoved on the degradation and wrongs of a fellow-creature, because burned by a fiercer sun, proves us strangers to justice and love, in those universal forms which characterize Christianity. The greatest of all distinctions, the only enduring one, is moral goodness, virtue, religion. Outward distinctions cannot arrive to the dignity of this. The wealth of worlds is "not sufficient for a burnt-offering" on this altar. A being capable of this, is invested by God with solemn claims on his fellow-creatures. To exclude millions of such beings from our sympathy, because of outward disadvantages, proves, that, in whatever else we surpass them, we are not their superiors in Christian virtue.

"The spirit of Christianity, I have said, is distinguished by Universality. It is universal justice. It respects all the rights of all beings. It suffers no being, however obscure, to be wronged, without condemning the wrong doer. Impartial, uncompromising, fearless, it screens no favorites, is dazzled by no power, spreads its shield over the weakest, summons the mightiest to its bar, and speaks to the conscience in tones, under which the mightiest have quailed. It is also universal love; comprehending those that are near and those that are far off, the high and the low, the rich and poor, descending to

the fallen, and especially binding itself to those in whom human nature is trampled under foot. Such is the spirit of Christianity; and nothing but the illumination of this spirit can prepare us to pass judgment on slavery.

These remarks are intended to show the spirit in which slavery ought to be approached, and the point of view from which it will be regarded in the present discussion. My plan may be briefly sketched.

1. I shall show that man cannot be justly held and used as Property.

2. I shall show that man has sacred and infallible rights, of which slavery is the infraction.

3. I shall offer some explanations to prevent misapplication of these principles.

4. I shall unfold the evils of slavery.

5. I shall consider the argument which the scriptures are thought to furnish in favor of slavery.

6. I shall offer some remarks on the means of removing it.

7. I shall offer some remarks on abolitionism.

8. I shall conclude with a few reflections on duties belonging to the times."

We give also the whole of the third chapter, headed, Explanations.

"I have endeavored to show in the preceding sections that slavery is a violation of sacred rights, the infliction of a great wrong. And here a question arises. It may be asked, whether, by this language, I intend to fasten on the slaveholder the charge of peculiar guilt. On this point great explicitness is a duty. Sympathy with the slave has often degenerated into injustice towards the master. I wish it, then, to be understood, that, in ranking slavery among the greatest wrongs, I speak of the injury endured by the slave, from whatever motive or spirit it may be inflicted. But this motive or spirit determines wholly the character of him who inflicts it. Because a great injury is done to another, it does not follow that he who does it is a depraved man; for he may do it unconsciously, and, still more, may do it in the belief that he confers a good. We have learned little of moral science and of human nature, if we do not know that guilt is to be measured, not by the outward act, but by unfaithfulness to conscience; and that the consciences of men are often darkened by education, and other inauspicious influences. All men have partial consciences, or want comprehension of some duties. All partake, in a measure, of the errors of the community in which they live. Some are betrayed into moral

mistakes by the very force with which conscience acts in regard to some particular duty. As the intellect, in grasping one truth, often loses its hold of others, and by giving itself up to one idea, falls into exaggeration; so the moral sense, in seizing on a particular exercise of philanthropy, forgets other duties; and will even violate many important precepts in its passionate eagerness to carry one to perfection. Innumerable illustrations may be given of the liableness of men to moral error. The practice which strikes one man with horror, may seem to another who was born and brought up in the midst of it, not only innocent, but meritorious. We must judge others, not by our light, but by their own. We must take their place, and consider what allowance we in their position might justly expect. Our ancestors at the North were concerned in the slave-trade. Some of us can recollect individuals of the colored race, who were torn from Africa, and grew old under our parental roofs. Our ancestors committed a deed, now branded as piracy. Were they, therefore, the offscouring of the earth? Were not some of them among the best of their times? The administration of religion in almost all past ages has been a violation of the sacred rights of conscience. How many sects have persecuted and shed blood! Were their members, therefore, monsters of depravity? The history of our race is made up of wrongs, many of which were committed without a suspicion of their true character, and many, from an urgent sense of duty. A man born among slaves, accustomed to this relation from his birth, taught its necessity by venerated parents, associating it with all whom he reveres, and too familiar with its evils, to see and feel their magnitude, can hardly be expected to look on slavery as it appears to more impartial and distant observers? Let it not be said that when new light is offered him he is criminal in rejecting it. Are we all willing to receive new light? Can we wonder that such a man should be slow to be convinced of the criminality of an abuse sanctioned by prescription, and which has so interwoven itself with all the habits, employments, and economy, of life, that he can hardly conceive of the existence of society without this all-pervading element? May he not be true to his convictions of duty in other relations, though he grievously err in this? If, indeed, through cupidity and selfishness, he stifle the monitions of conscience, warp his judgment, and repel the light, he incurs great guilt. If he want virtue to resolve on doing right, though at the loss of every slave, he incurs great guilt. But who of us can look into his heart? To whom are the secret workings there revealed.

"Still more. There are masters who have thrown off the natural prejudices of their position, who see slavery as it is, and who hold the slave chiefly, if not wholly, from disinterested considerations; and these deserve grat praise. They deplore and abhor the institution; but believing that partial emancipation, in the present condition of society, would bring unmixed evil on bond and free; they think themselves bound to continue the relation, until it shall be dissolved by comprehensive and systematic measures of the state. There are many of them who would shudder as much as we at reducing a freeman to bondage, but who are appalled by what seem to them the perils and difficulties of liberating multitudes, born and brought up to that condition. There are many, who, nominally holding the slave as property, still hold him for his own good and for the public order, and would blush to retain him on other grounds. Are such men to be set down among the unprincipled? Am I told that by these remarks I extenuate slavery? I reply, slavery is still a heavy yoke, and strips man of his dearest rights, be the master's character what it may. Slavery is not less a curse, because long use may have blinded most, who support it, to its evils. Its influence is still blighting, though conscientiously upheld. Absolute monarchy is still a scourge, though among despots there have been good men. It is possible to abhor and oppose bad institutions, and yet to abstain from indiscriminate condemnation of those who cling to them, and even to see in their ranks greater virtue than in ourselves. It is true, and ought to be cheerfully acknowledged, that in the slave-holding States may be found some of the greatest names of our history, and, what is still more important, bright examples of private virtue and Christian love. There is, however, there must be, in slaveholding communities a large class who cannot be too severely condemned. There are many, we fear, very many, who hold their fellow creatures in bondage, from selfish, base motives. They hold the slave for gain, whether justly or unjustly they neither ask nor care. They cling to him as property, and have no faith in the principles which will diminish a man's wealth. They hold him, not for his own good, or the safety of the state, but with precisely the same views with which they hold a laboring horse, that is, for the profit which they can wring from him; they will not hear a word of his wrongs; for, wronged or not, they will not let him go. He is their property, and they mean not to be poor for righteousness' sake. Such a class there undoubtedly is among slave-holders; how large their own consciences must determine. We are sure of it; for under such circumstances

human nature will and must come to this mournful result. Now, to men of this spirit, the explanations we have made do in no degree apply. Such men ought to tremble before the rebukes of outraged humanity and indignant virtue. Slavery, upheld for gain, is a great crime. He, who has nothing to urge against emancipation, but that it will make him poorer, is bound to Immediate Emancipation. He has no excuse for wresting from his brethren their rights. The plea of benefit to the slave and the state avails him nothing. He extorts, by the lash, that labor to which he has no claim, through a base selfishness. Every morsel of food, thus forced from the injured, ought to be bitterer than gall. His gold is cankered. The sweat of the slave taints the luxuries for which it streams. Better were it for the selfish wrong doer of whom I speak, to live as the slave, to clothe himself in the slave's raiment, to eat the slave's coarse food, to till his fields with his own hands, than to pamper himself by day, and pillow his head on down at night, at the cost of a wantonly injured fellow-creature. No fellow-creature can be so injured without taking terrible vengeance. He is terribly avenged even now. The blight which falls on the soul of the wrong doer, the desolation of his moral nature, is a more terrible calamity than he inflicts. In deadening his moral feelings, he dies to the proper happiness of a man. In hardening his heart against his fellow-creatures, he sears it to all true joy. In shutting his ear against the voice of justice, he shuts out all the harmonies of the universe, and turns the voice of God within him into rebuke. He may prosper, indeed, and hold faster the slave by whom he prospers; but he rivets heavier and more ignominious chains on his own soul than he lays on others. No punishment is so terrible as prosperous guilt. No fiend, exhausting on us all his power of torture, is so terrible as an oppressed fellow-creature. The cry of the oppressed, unheard on earth, is heard in heaven. God is just, and if justice reign, then the unjust must terribly suffer. Then no being can profit by evil doing. Then all the laws of the universe are ordinances against guilt. Then every enjoyment gained by wrong doing, will be turned into a curse. No laws of nature are so irrepealable as that law which binds guilt and misery. God is just. Then all the defences which the oppressor rears against the consequences of wrong doing, are vain, as vain as would be his strivings to arrest by his single arm the ocean or whirlwind. He may disarm the slave. Can he disarm that slave's Creator? He can crush the spirit of insurrection in a fellow-being. Can he crush the spirit of justice and retribution in the Almighty? He can still

the murmur of discontent in his victim. Can he silence that voice which speaks in thunder, and is to break the sleep of the grave? Can he always still the reproving, avenging voice in his own breast?

"I know it will be said, 'You make us poor.' Be poor, then, and thank God for your honest poverty. Better be poor than unjust. Better beg than steal. Better live in an almshouse, better die, than trample on a fellow-creature, and reduce him to a brute, for selfish gratification. What! Have we yet to learn that "it profits us nothing to gain the whole world, and lose our own souls?"

"Let it not be replied in scorn, that we of the North, notorious for love of money, and given to selfish calculations, are not the people to call others to resign their wealth. I have no desire to shield the North. We have, without doubt, a great multitude who, were they slave-holders, would sooner die than relax their iron grasp, than yield their property in men to justice and the commands of God. We have those who would fight against abolition, if by this measure the profit of our intercourse with the South should be materially impaired. The present excitement among us is, in part, the working of mercenary principles. But because the North joins hands with the South, shall iniquity go unpunished or unrebuked? Can the league of the wicked, the revolt of worlds, repeal the everlasting law of heaven and earth? Has God's throne fallen before Mammon's? Must duty find no voice, no organ, because corruption is universally diffused? Is not this a fresh motive to solemn warning, that, every where, Northward and Southward, the rights of human beings are held so cheap, in comparison with worldly gain?"

Slavery may be a necessary evil in certain places and times, but it never can be a good. Dr. Channing, therefore finds a ready answer to the sophisms by which we sometimes see the evils of the system denied. For example, page 94.

"It is often said, that the slave does less work than the free laborer. He bears a lighter burden than liberty would lay on him. Perhaps this is generally true; yet when circumstances promise profit to the master from the imposition of excessive labor, the slave is not spared. In the West Indies, the terrible waste of life among the overworked cultivators, required large supplies from Africa to keep up the failing population. In this country it is probably true that the slave works less than the free laborer; but it does not therefore follow that his work is lighter. For what is it that lightens toil? It is Hope; it is Love; it is Strong Motive. That labor is light, which we do

from the heart; to which a great good quickens us; which is to better our lot. That labor is light, which is to comfort, adorn, and cheer our homes, to give instruction to our children, to solace the declining years of a parent, to give to our grateful and generous sentiments the means of exertion. Great effort from great motives is the best definition of a happy life. The easiest labor is a burden to him who has no motive for performing it."

* * * * *

"We are farther told that the slave is freed from all care, that he is sure of future support, that when old, he is not dismissed to the poor-house, but fed and sheltered in his own hut. This is true; but it is also true that nothing can be gained by violating the great laws and essential rights of our nature. The slave, we are told, has no care, his future is provided for. Yet God created him to provide for the future, to take care of his own happiness; and he cannot be freed from this care without injury to his moral and intellectual life. Why has God given foresight and power over the future, but to be used? Is it a blessing to a rational creature, to be placed in a condition which chains his faculties to the present moment, which leaves nothing before him to rouse the intellect or touch the heart? Be it also remembered, that the same position which relieves the slave from anxiety, cuts him off from hope. The future is not, indeed, haunted by spectres of poverty, nor is it brightened by images of joy. It stretches before him sterile, monotonous, expanding into no refreshing verdure, and sending no cheering whisper of a better lot.

"It is true that a free laborer may become a pauper; and so may the free rich man, both of the North and the South. Still, our capitalists never dream of flying to slavery as a security against the alms-house."

* * * * *

"Our slave-holding brethren, who tell us that the condition of the slave is better than that of the free laborer at the North, talk ignorantly and rashly. They do not, cannot, know, what to us is matter of daily observation, that from the families of our farmers and mechanics have sprung our most distinguished men, men who have done most for science, arts, letters, religion and freedom; and that the noblest spirits among us would have been lost to their country and mankind, had the laboring class here been doomed to slavery. They do not know, what we rejoice to tell them, that this class partakes largely of the impulse given to the whole community; that the means of intellectual improvement are multiplying to the laborious as fast

as to the opulent; that our most distinguished citizens meet them as brethren, and communicate to them in public discourses their own most important acquisitions."

* * * * *

"But still we are told the slave is gay. He is not as wretched as our theories teach. After his toil, he sings, he dances, he gives no signs of an exhausted frame or gloomy spirit. The slave happy! Why then contend for Rights? Why follow with beating hearts the struggles of the patriot for freedom? Why canonize the martyr of freedom? The slave happy! Then happiness is to be found in giving up the distinctive attributes of a man; in darkening intellect and conscience; in quenching generous sentiments; in servility of spirit; in living under a whip; in having neither property nor rights; in holding wife and child at another's pleasure; in toiling without hope; in living without an end! The slave, indeed, has his pleasures. His animal nature survives the injury to his rational and moral powers; and every animal has its enjoyments. The kindness of Providence allows no human being to be wholly divorced from good. The lamb frolics; the dog leaps for joy; the bird fills the air with cheerful harmony; and the slave spends his holiday in laughter and the dance. Thanks to Him who never leaves himself without witness; who cheers even the desert with spots of verdure, and opens a fountain of joy in the most withered heart! It is not possible, however to contemplate the occasional gayety of the slave, without some mixture of painful thought. He is gay, because he has not learned to think; because he is too fallen to feel his wrongs; because he wants just self-respect. We are grieved by the gayety of the insane. There is a sadness in the gayety of him, whose lightness of heart would be turned to bitterness and indignation, were one ray of light to awaken in him the spirit of a man."

And, lastly, for we must stop our quotations, page 100.

"But the slave, we are told, often manifests affection to his master, grieves at his departure, and welcomes his return. I will not endeavor to explain this, by saying that the master's absence places the slave under the overseer. Nor will I object that the slave's propensity to steal from his master, his need of the whip to urge him to toil, and the dread of insurrection which he inspires, are signs of any thing but love. There is, undoubtedly much more affection in this relation than could be expected. Of all races of men, the African is the mildest and most susceptible of attachment. He loves

where the European would hate. He watches the life of a master, whom the North American Indian, in like circumstances, would stab to the heart. The African is affectionate. Is this a reason for holding him in chains?"

The substance of this book seems to be—Slavery is a wrong and evil; but it does not follow, that immediate emancipation is right, or that the slave-holder is a sinner. No good man should sleep over this subject, he should think and pray upon it; but it rests with the slave-holding states, and no others, to point out the time and the way in which slavery is to cease. The people of the North have a right to form and express opinions on this subject; but they must do it so as not to endanger the peace and tranquillity of the South, and must never address the slave, but only his master. To all which we say, Amen.

FOR THE WESTERN MESSENGER.

Art. 8.—HELP FOR THE SOUL.—No. 1.

"Suffice it, that every heart knows what it has to suffer, and to struggle with."

Religion waits to be thy helper.

An interest excited in the mind as to its religious welfare, is very often the first thing which directs it to the consideration of itself, of its nature, capacities, operations, affections, its wants, desires, hopes, fears; indeed, in thousands of instances, an interest in their religious welfare has first excited men to the contemplation of mind, as separate from matter and superior to it, of spirit and spiritual agency: of the wide range, vast conceptions, noble works of which the spirit of man is capable; of the universal agency, of the Infinite Attributes of the Spirit of God; thus opening to their view the spiritual world; the contemplation of an existence separate from these gross elements, which narrow the view, limit the powers, and enslave the soul to the service of what is low and earthly.

Watch the motions of thy spirit; remember that in proportion as evil thoughts fill the mind, good ones are shut out. And if evil acts proceed from evil thoughts, what shall be his life, whose soul is barred of all holy desire, and pure feeling?

Early watch it. As life opens, there are visions too beautiful to be coldly turned away from, but not too beautiful to deceive. Former mysteries are to be disclosed. The whole soul, in the freshness of powers just beginning to testify their existence and impelling to the search of boundless good to be obtained it

knows not how or where, is pressing on tocompass the heights and depths of its untried being.—Many voices say' "beware." Venerable forms are standing in the way to check the unbridled speed; but their hoary locks melt away like the gray mist before the fiery spirit as it passes on to the revelations of good and evil that are unfolded in the life of man. It is human nature. A dull temper, or a perfect discipline few have, will hearken to the words of experience and believe them all true; but the earnest soul will choose to determine for itself what is to be sought and what is to be shunned. But consider. There was once a garden in which all was fair and fresh and beautiful, fitted to delight the purity of innocence; in that garden was a tree of the knowledge of good and evil, and the longnig to take of the fruit of that tree was the blight that made our world a sullen waste. There is a garden of youth, in which all is freshness and beauty, where, too, the desire to know good and evil is the blight of hope, the death of peace. Say, young man, that the powers must have free range, to know their limits and what will satisfy. But remember, impressions made are not erased. Disease may cloud the memory awhile. Action and pleasure may afford a temporary refuge. But calm thought, night silence, revealing you to yourself, the hour of better feelings, these will bring up shapes of evil in contrast with the earliest visions where conscience pointed you to no dark shades, and you will strive to shake off the spell of the foul spirit. But put them down you cannot. You have once welcomed them to the secret chambers of your soul, made them cherished inmates there, sold yourself in slavery to them, to a bondage from which, who knows whether eternity shall ever set you free? Do you choose to seek for yourself the boundaries of knowledge and enjoyment in this life? Consider whether such a course, however much it may extend your view of human error, will help to establish the peace of your soul.

"It is a lesson oftener learned than loved,
All knowledge is not nourishment."

A. C. P.

ART. 9.—THE WAY FOR A CHILD TO BE SAVED—*With Engravings—Written for the Children's Fireside scene.*—New York: *published by Leavitt, Lord & Co:* Boston:—*Crocker & Brewster*, 1835.

When a scheme of religion is brought down to practice; when an application of its principles is made to the development

of the human being, and the very *modus operandi* is pointed out;—we may have some chance of understanding what is really meant by the proposition which constitutes its theory and sets forth its principles. Should we have undertaken to find a test by which to try the various systems which have been set up and called christianity, we could not have fallen upon a better one than the title of this book suggests to us. Let every sect come forward and tell us "the way that a child may be saved," according to its doctrines, and the great controversy will begin to draw to a close, especially if every sect is as faithful as the writer of this book has been, to involve no principles in its practice for which its creed does not give it literal authority. Calvinism is here stripped of all the mysterious language and the vagueness of proposition, which, while it has secured it from the lists where it might have been met and overthrown, has also given the understanding of its professed recipients a chance to escape such conclusions as the opponents of Calvinism have from time to time ventured to assert would be inevitable, if an attempt to reduce it to practice in education or discipline should be made. We are told in words that admit of no double meaning, what sin is, "exactly" what are "its consequences:" and "exactly what to do" moreover, the human being that is addressed is not a transgressor of many years but is in that condition of childhood to which Jesus expressly declared he wished every man to restore himself, in order to be fit for the instruction and influence which were to open out the kingdom of heaven within him. We have a single case of humanity, and the design is to show, how divinity is to be brought to bear upon it, in order to save it from sin. In answer to the question what is sin? We will use the words of our author,—words that we should have deemed ourselves unjust to have framed and put into the mouth of any Calvinist, however truly his formula of faith might seem to warrant such practical conclusions; and than which we cannot conceive we could have found any more effective, had we wished to display the absurdity and utter want of moral sense, into which we think this creed has a tendency to betray those who undertake to reduce it to practice.

"Children begin to sin when they are very, *very* young. One evening there was a little boy playing upon the carpet before the fire, while his father and mother were sitting by the table. His name was James. He was whipping his stool, with a whip that his father had given him. He wanted to make his stool run; he saw that it had some legs, and so he thought it could run. But the stool could not run, because it was not alive.—

At last, his mother said, now it is time for James to go to bed; and she stooped down to take him up to undress him.—James was so little that he could not talk, but he knew what his mother was going to do, and he did not want to go to bed, so he began to struggle and to cry, and he tried not to let his mother take him up. She did not mind his crying, and as she was stronger than he was, she took him up, and said be still.—James knew what his mother meant, but he would not stop crying and struggling.—Then his father looked up and shook his head at James, and looked as though he was displeased. James was afraid of his father, so he stopped crying, but he felt very ill-natured, both against his father and his mother, and was not sorry that he had been so wicked as to displease them. His mother, pretty soon, carried him into the little bed-room, and put him to bed. But he would not look pleasantly, and as soon as he was where his father could not hear him, he began to cry again, though not very loud, and at last cried himself to sleep. His mother was very sorry that her son had been so wicked. She knew very well that if he continued to feel and to act so, he would grow up to be a very bad boy, and would at last make a wicked and miserable man, so she went away by herself, and prayed that God would forgive him for his sin, and change his heart, and make him good and obedient and submissive.—Then she went to James' bed again, and found him sleeping quietly. His cheek was laying on the soft pillow, and one of his hands was hanging over the side of the bed. He seemed sleeping very happily, though his eyes were rather red, because he had been crying.

His mother looked at him a few minutes, and was very unhappy to think that he had a heart that made him do wrong. She wanted to wake him up and tell him how wicked it was to be selfwilled and obstinate, and to contend thus against his parents, and try to make him feel sorry for it, and ask God to forgive him. But then she remembered that he was so little that he could not understand telling much, and that it would not do any good to wake him up.

So his mother put his little hand under the bed clothes, so as to keep it warm, and then kissed him. Then she went away, and left him to sleep until the morning. Now a great many children are selfwilled and obstinate, even when they are very small. They show it in just such ways as James showed his bad spirit, and this is sin.

Perhaps some who read this will say, or at least will think, that when such little children act as James did, that they are not much to blame, because they are so small that they scarcely

know what they are doing. But they do know perfectly well what they are doing. James knew perfectly well that his mother wanted him to go to bed, and that he did not want to go; and instead of yielding submissively to her who had been so kind to him, and had taken such great care of him all day, he was ungrateful and unsubmissive and stubborn. It is true, he did not know how much pain it would give his parents, and how bad and miserable such a spirit would make him in future years, if he indulged it, he did not know all that we know about the *nature* and consequences of sin; but he knew enough. He acted freely, and his little mind perceived the circumstances of the case enough to enable him to act understandingly, and so, although he was so small that he could not talk nor go alone, he was not too small to commit sin, great sin; to displease God, destroy his own peace of mind, and make his father and his mother unhappy!" pp. 10—15.

Do we confess to exaggeration of feeling, when we say that we turned away from this passage with an amazement that could find no words to express itself? And this, we exclaimed, is an exposition of that 'theological entity,'—the sin which is inevitable to a human being—generally called 'total depravity,' though some modern Calvinists allow that this is rather too severe a name for it? And is it possible that any system of religion which calls itself christianity,—the religion of eternal childhood, can so shut up the apprehending soul of a parent, that the very exercises of a child's spiritual nature, before it has a finite understanding, sufficiently formed to distinguish the animate from the inanimate creation, should be mistaken for *sin*? Is it possible that the evidence of the spirit's individual power, and faithfulness to itself, should be wept over as a proof of its having strayed from its Heavenly source, and by her who had received it thence so lately?

The child, whom our author describes, has not, as we gather even from his own showing, yet descended from the overpowering presence of the infinite, out of which the spirit comes,—into the region of the finite. He has not got so far as to realize dead matter. He cannot conceive such a fact as that 'the stool' may not run. His own consciousness of life and spirit is still the one fact, which is transfered to every object, and combination of circumstances around him; and spirit is as yet the only standard by which he tries whatever he apprehends. He has not arrived to the discipline of discrimination and restraint, which are therefore not as yet duties for him, though they are now to be offered, perhaps; for this lesson, which is to be learnt for social purposes, is the great les-

son of human life. But, in learning to comprehend his fellows and find in each a creature like himself, may the child not turn away from his God? Or, to use other words for the same thing, lose faith in the impulses of his own spirit? Yet such is the influence of the constant exercise of the senses, while it is learning its relations in time and space, that, ununless the social influences are entirely an address to the affections and moral powers, a materialization will take place. The natural union of the spirit with the Father will be destroyed, as far as the consciousness of its mind is concerned; unless the mother, or whoever assumes her duties, remember and act upon the annunciation of the Angel, "that holy thing which shall be born of thee, shall be called the Son of God;" and, like Mary of old, "ponder in her heart" all the demonstrations which her child gives, of the spirit that is within him.

A system of discipline, including restraints and punishments, and, after the understanding of the child is formed, admitting in some instances of the employment of physical force, will grow, it is true, even one of this elevated view;—but the arbitrary command to a little infant of 'be still,' and from her the influence of whose spirit is to carry on the office of shaping and bringing out the spirit of her child into this world,—an office not fulfilled when its body was organized; and the uncherishing, perhaps artificial look of displeasure, from him who only by purely and sincerely loving receives the right of invoking it from the infinite depths of unconscious Being, into an earthly habitation,—are no part of a wise education. They are cool attempts to quench and degrade the spirit to following physical laws.

To the thoughtless and superficial, this language may seem to be exaggerrated. But it falls below the demands of the occasion. If there are subjects of vital interest, they are the questions, what is the essence of sin, and what is the essence of virtue? Our author seems to us to have answered the first question with the answer to the second. He states the essence of sin to be that faithfulness to one's own spirit, expressed in will, which is a duty,—until the being is able, by his understanding, to see that the will of another is more purely spiritual than his own; while we believe that this allegiance to spirit in himself, is the first privilege of virtue. No language can be strong enough therefore to express our sense of the greatness of this mistake. Lest we should be misunderstood we will examine the given case, and make comments upon it.

A child, according so our author, resists the will of his parents, who wish him to go to bed before his own physical nature consciously craves rest. Why does he resist? The author, who has stated the phenomena of the case so beautifully, that we cannot but express our admiration of his accurate observation—as far as *phenomena* are concerned, gives us all the data by which to answer this question. The unreflecting infant is in the earnest play, which is generally, with a child, an exercise of spirit; and certainly is, in this case; for we are expressly told that his imagination is so vividly at work, that the newly formed understanding does not yet discriminate between what lives and what does not live. Is not the spirit following its own laws, and very high laws, in personifying the object of attention, and loving it? Even our author does not intimate that whipping the stool and expecting it to run is wrong; but he seems also not to see that it is more than indifference, that it is positively right; that, if it is not, strictly speaking, a moral exercise, yet it is a spiritual one, as is every exercise of a child, which is more than automatic, or for bodily pleasure. We would not claim for the art of eating or drinking in a child of that age, any greater power than that it is merely indifferent, which our author would doubtless grant; but a childs earnest play, the exercise of its imagination, and its patient and determined pursuit of an end, is absolutely spiritual action, and cannot be wrong while the moral nature is yet undeveloped.

In the midst of such plays as this, the child is rudely interrupted, and he followsthe impulse of his own spiritual nature, in stead of yielding towhat is but a circumstance to him. What does this evince, but the strength of his spirit? It issaid that he knew very well that his mother wanted him to go to bed. Granted. She also knew very well that he wanted to play out his play. How is he to know which *will* is the right one? How does any one know which *will* is the right one?—Parents, says our author, do every thing for the child; give it food, clothing, and take care of it! Supposing that the foundation of a parents right to his child's confidence and obedience is, that he has given it food, clothing, and even a body; (which is a proposition we do not grant,)—a child cannot be bound by these considerations until he has understanding enough to apprehend them; and how is a child, who can neither speak nor go alone, to appreciate such circumstances? But the child's disobedience makes the parents unhappy: The child, however, is not responsible for that, if the unhappiness in the case is possibly referable to any other cause; such as the absurd no-

tions of the parents, for instance. Indeed, in examining this case philosophically, we find that the child was right, and the parents alone were wrong. The mother, without reverence for the little one whose angel always beholds the face of our Father; without a careful observation and appreciation of the state of mind which its untaught tongue may not make known; and forgetful of the warning not to offend one of these little ones; rudely interrupts his spiritual exercises, (as we must be allowed to call an infants play;)—tears him from the plaything which his overflowing soul has endowed with life:—and why? because it is convenient to herself, perhaps, to put him to bed just then; or she thinks it is best for his body that he should go to bed at a certain hour—a rule that may or may not be wise, but which is certainly arbitrary;—or because she thinks it important that he should have the habit of passive obedience, no matter to whom or what, a principle which may be, and we think is, the opposite of Eternal truth. Even granting that the child made a mistake in point of fact, he did not desert his heart or himself in his wilfulness; but his mother, in her wilfulness, did desert her heart; and she made the greatest mistake that could be made,—the mistake of using physical force to repress the child's spiritual activity, when she might, by the influence of her own, have made it change from one spiritual exercise into another. Instead of obeying his mother's spirit in love, which, we grant, would have been higher than to obey his own imagination, he was made to yield to mere physical force, which always, as far as it is done, only makes the spirit evil, a devil; for devils can be nothing else, even in the imaginations of those who believe in their substantial existence, than spirits who obey lower laws than those spiritual ones which speak within them, of their creation.*

We will remark, in passing, that when we thus endeavor to prove that a very young child's very resistance to the opposing will of others is generally right, even when mistaking its object;—we do not mean to say that children should not be led into obedience, and that even physical force may not be spiritualised and adopted to this end. We shall take up the positive view of the subject bye and bye. At present it has been our object only to show that there was no sin in the case, which our author states for the express purpose of explaining what sin is. And we have done this out of respect for his evident good faith, and honest fairness. He shows us, simply, what is

*We never felt so strongly the absurdity of a spiritual existence (subsistence) wholly evil, as while attempting this definition of a devil. Could Omnipotence create, or sustain in existence a being having no element of himself!

the result of the Calvinistic theory in his own mind, what explanations it affords him of what he sees. He is also a beautifully accurate observer of the phenomena, as we have already stated. He even tells us of the "*happy sleep*" which immediately followed this "great, very great sin;" after the child had exhausted himself with struggling and crying, an unconscious little martyr—as we think—to his spirits' violated right; nay, he even tells us of the mother's kiss, maugre the creed which had worked her up into the absurdity of praying for God's forgiveness of its "wicked heart." But though we know the power of a false creed to sophisticate and make artificial the character, we doubt whether any imaginable creed could bring a mother of common sense or common feeling, to really believe that her child, in such a case, was wicked, or needed the forgiveness, for which she was formally praying.—A scholar in his closet, pledged like this author to a creed, and looking at all facts, only to find exponents of it, may, by the subtleties of logic, derive such a conclusion from his false premises, and not feel its falsity; but there is no mother, who would not know it was false, through the exercise of a higher faculty than the deductive. Her heart would tell her so, though she could justify it by no argument of words. We affirm, therefore, to the author of this book, that he is utterly mistaken,—when he thinks that "a child who cannot speak or go alone, can commit sin, great sin, displeasing God, and destroying his own peace of mind,"—and the case he describes, is not sin;—for the very phenomena he states, prove that the child was doing right, and was faithful to the highest law revealed to the consciousness of his mind. And here lies the fundamental error of the book.

But now let us turn to the positive view of the subject. How is a child to be saved? In other words, what is moral education, and how is it to be so represented to the subject of it, that he may himself co-operate, even from the first, in the great work of development? A great and important truth is suggested in addressing the child himself, as this book does. The child *is* to be addressed even from the beginning;—and, before it can "talk or go alone," or even understand words—it can be made to co-operate, by addressing to it the natural language of the heart, which precedes, and should ever accompany the communication of words. And in order that this language should be consistent, it is important to know what is to be aspired after, and what is to be avoided from the very first:

"The child is Father of the Man."

The first question, however, is not—what is sin, its nature,

and its consequences? but—what is virtue, its nature, and its issues? For the answer of the first question, can only be an unproductive negative; but the answer of the second, must be full of principles, opening out methods, and shedding light on practice.

What then is virtue? Virtue is that action of heart, intellect, and physical nature, which, springing from spiritual principles, consciously tends to the full and harmonious development of the individual towards an ideal perfection, according to spiritual laws. And spiritual principles are God's ideas or purposes; i. e. his substantial Being;—spiritual laws (or His will,) are the goings on of these ideas into actions;—and the development of an individual spirit, in its conscious conformity to, and union with God. The subsistence of spiritual principles in a human being is his innocence; which is far more than negative good. The development, whether considered actively or passively, is virtue. Virtue is strong and mighty, according to the sincerity and energy of the active developments; and it is beautiful, according to the balance and harmony and right adjustment of the spiritual faculties with relation to each other. Therefore,—for a being to be capable of virtue, he must *feel*, in the first place, or have sensibility to all other beings;—and in the second place, he must be able to *read* his own feelings, or he must have in his mind a consciousness of his heart; and in the third place, he must feel again in view of himself in his relations to other beings, and in view of his states of feeling and mind in relation to the perfection of his being; for it is this growth, which constitutes his moral nature within his spiritual—and ruling over it.

Virtue, therefore, in the first place, implies a conscious existence as a component part of the spiritual world. The soul of man must be substantial spirit, even as God is substantial spirit, or there is no principle of virtue. A principle means a beginning,—something to begin with which is real and substantial: and if a man's soul is not of this substantial spirit, which God breathed out of himself when man became a living soul, it can be only the temperament of a material organization, which is no more the beginning of virtue, than unorganised matter is the beginning of vegetation. And if man has no consciousness of the spiritual laws within him; which are but spirit put in motion, he does not experience any spiritual action, and so is incapable of good or evil, which is but a portion of that action. The doctrine of materialism, i. e. the doctrine that the soul is of the body, and not of the spirit of God, is but other words for the doctrine of man's original and

total alienation from God; for there can be no more of God in a man whose soul is but the temperament of his body, than there is in unorganised matter; and conversely, the doctrine of original alienation from God, being equivalent to declaring that the soul is but the result or temperament of a material organization, is materialism, however little some of its holders may think so. Indeed, if we may keep to the strict definition of spirit, to say that it is entirely alienable from God, is equivalent to saying that it is annihilated. There is, however, beauty and truth, in calling the degree of sin, which, even for a time, lays asleep moral sensibility—spiritual death. In the heartful language of Scripture, which is always the language of the whole soul, those persons, who are for the time being lost in appetite and outward thing, are called "*dead in sin*" and are said to be *lost*. But this language is plainly not philosophically true, for *the lost* are *found; the dead is alive again*, according to the same Scripture; which addresses with encouragement, even the maddest prodigal of the family of God.

To pursue this subject still further, (at the risk of virtual repetition, for it is the very root of the matter;)—virtue implies, in the second place, that the spirit is in action. Nevertheless all spiritual action is not virtue. There must be harmonious, proportionate, and rightly adjusted spiritual action. There are divers spiritual powers or operations:*—there is the power of apprehending general truths, which is not, strictly speaking, a moral power, and a great degree of which may exist together with great sin;—there is the power of being delighted with beauty, which may be highly exercised in company with very sinful exercises of soul;—while there are powers more strictly moral, such as the powers of sympathy with a fellow creature, of generosity; of self sacrifice for the rights and happiness of others; of gratitude to a benefactor, and especially of moral delight in an appreciation of excellent beings. No person can hear these spiritual exercises named, without feeling that the latter are of a higher character than the others. And it is when these latter—these moral powers —are predominant in the right proportion, that an individual is virtuous, or a good spirit, making progress in the appreciation and enjoyment of the plan of the universe, in communion with its creator. When we all are moral and spiritual, we shall be able to say with Jesus, "I and my father are one," which is the end presented by Jesus, in his prayer at the supper, as a state to be aspired after by men, and which must

*See first Corinthians, chap. xii. and xiii.

consequently be attainable on the other side of the grave, if not on this.

The reservation of the last sentence is made, because man's capacities of virtue in this world do differ, if we take the race as it is. An individual's capacity of virtue in this world, depends, in the first place, on his original depth of feeling. This is different in different souls, or, as the phrenologist and some others say, is manifested in different degrees to their individual consciousness, according to their material organizations, (which amounts to the same thing practically.) A person of little original sensibility may be a sincere and even a beautiful virtue, but he cannot be a great and powerful one. He cannot be one to communicate deep and enduring spiritual impulses to his fellow beings as individuals; far less can he make moral eras in the progress of society, speaking to an age or ages with effective energy. Why was Jesus Christ so pre-eminently mighty to save; why was it his duty to be the Saviour of all men? Was it not because—so inexhaustible was his sensibility, that he felt for all men; and so immeasurable was his understanding, that he comprehended all the possible wanderings of the spirit within him, and framed his doctrine to meet them? We will venture to say there is no individual that ever studied his character, for many years, who found a limitation to him; who could say, here is a case for which Jesus Christ could not feel, or which he could not understand. Calvinism does homage to this fact, when it speaks of his infinite sufferings, and declares that he was not man. No; he was not the Calvinist's man. He was not the materialists man,—of whatever sect he names himself. He was the man of a genuine spiritualist alone; and on any other theory to call him a man is indeed injustice. None, however, can say that there is degradation in the view of a spiritualist humanitarian, who says that Jesus was a man of absolutely unbounded sensibility; and whose gift of intellect was commensurate, wherewith he read his own sensibility; and whose goodness was divine, for on this broad basis of sinless power there was a growth which enabled him to look down, like God, upon his blinded brethren, and see into and beyond their sins. Even those whose sin was so great, that he was long in comprehending it; those blind leaders of the blind, who turned religion into means of serving their own selfish wills; on whom, in his lifetime he cried Wo! (not indeed in an execration, but in a lamentation of surpassing eloquence,) even those were included in his last prayer, and their only excuse presented;—which prayer and excuse are the image of God's mercy in the will of man; being even an

exercise of it, and finishing him who offered them, as a complete manifestation of divine goodness, or, to use the burning language of Scripture, *God manifest in the flesh!*

But it may be asked, does not this view of spirit and virtue imply too much. Does it not make man—God? This is precisely the cavil which was made by the Jews to Jesus, when, setting forth the same doctrine, he said, "I and my Father are one." "Thou, being a man, makest thyself one with God," said they. But Jesus did not allow such an interpretation of his words; he answered, "Is it not written in *your law, I said, ye are Gods?*" If he called them Gods, unto whom the word of God came, (and the Scripture cannot be broken,) say ye of him whom the Father hath sanctified and sent into world, thou blasphemest, because I said I am the Son of God? If I do not the works of the Father, believe me not. But if I do, though ye believe not me, believe the works, that ye may know and believe that the Father is in me, and I in him." The spiritualist of modern time may paraphrase and generalize the argument thus: The relation between God and the spirits of men is better expressed perhaps, by the word generation than creation. We are all generated from God, just as some sects have supposed that Jesus alone was. And do not accuse me of blasphemy, because I claim this relation to God, and community of nature with Jesus. It is but what has always been implied when you have said *there is a spirit in man.* It is only in proportion as I have spiritual action, that I claim this divine nature. Whatever may be your impressions of me as an individual, do not disbelieve in the existence and character of spiritual nature when it acts before you; for even so much faith will lead you at last to know and believe that the source of spirit is in union with me, and by a very different principle from that by which the stone is in union with its creator.

Jesus evidently felt, beyond all things, that the establishment of this spiritual principle in the understanding, was all important. Indeed his life was given to the work of making it acknowledged by a few persons, and he seemed to trust his disciples and followers with the work of developing and applying it. And the very source of that corruption of doctrine which has resulted in the distinction of Trinitarian and Unitarian, is a misapplication of the language used by Jesus to rouse men's conceptions of the spirit within them to the true standard. Thus he states the absolute being of the spirit of men—independently of time and space in such expressions as these: "Before Abraham was, I am—God is not the God of the

dead, but of the living.—The living Father hath sent me, and I live by the Father—I proceeded forth and came from God—I am from above—I am not of this world—As the Father knoweth me, so I know the Father—That which is born of the flesh is flesh, and that which is born of the spirit is spirit—I am the living bread which came down from heaven. If any man eat of this bread, he shall live forever.—He that came down from heaven, even the Son of Man, who is in heaven: (let it be observed here that it is the Son *of man* and not the Son *of God* which is *in heaven*) what if ye shall see the Son of man ascend up where he was before?—It is the spirit which quickeneth; the flesh profiteth nothing: the words that I speak unto you, they are spirit and they are life. And in answer to Philip, when even after all this, and much more, which we have not time to quote or reason upon, he desired that the Eternal spirit should be exhibited to his senses: Have I been so long with you, and ye have not yet known me Philip? Believest thou not, that I am in the Father, and the Father in me?"

But it is not necessary to repeat all such expressions, which we believe to have been all intended to set forth the spiritualist doctrine, and which may be applied to all spirits, although he uses the word I. There was a beautiful fitness in his saying I, instead of being more general;—because he was addressing materialised men, and he alone of all the adult living, had not assumed upon his nature any thing inconsistent with its spiritual origin. He had alone preserved his heritage. But we must observe that he did not confine such expressions strictly to himself. He always applied them just as broadly to childhood.—Whosoever receiveth one of these little ones in my name, receiveth me.—Of such is the kingdom of heaven.—Take heed that ye despise not one of these little ones; for I say unto you that in heaven their angels do always behold the face of my Father who is in heaven.—Out of the mouths of babes and sucklings thou hast perfected praise.—Thou hast kept these things from the wise and prudent and revealed them unto babes. Whosoever shall offend (or cause to offend) one of these little ones *who believe in me;* it were better that a millstone were hanged about his neck, and he were cast into the depths of the Sea.—Verily I say unto you, except ye be *converted*, and become as little children, ye shall in no wise enter the kingdom of heaven.—Whosoever shall humble himself as a little child, the same is greatest in the kingdom of heaven.—Except a man be born again he cannot see the kingdom of God.

Now, in what does the doctrine of these two sets of texts differ from that of the spiritualist poet, in the two following extracts from the Ode on Immortality.

"The soul that riseth in us—our life's star
Hath had elsewhere its setting,
And cometh from afar;
Not in entire forgetfulness,
And not in utter nakedness,
But trailing clouds of glory do we come,
From God, who is our home;
Heaven lies about us in our infancy!"

"Thou, whose exterior semblance doth belie
Thy soul's immensity;
Thou best philosopher! who yet dost keep
Thine heritage; thou Eye among the blind,
That, deaf and silent, reads the eternal deep,
Haunted forever by the eternal mind,—
Mighty Prophet! Seer blest!
On whom those truths do rest,
Which we are toiling all our lives to find,
(In darkness lost, the darkness of the grave,)
Thou over whom thy Immortality
Broods like the day, a master o'er a slave,
A Presence which is not to be put by;
THOU LITTLE CHILD! yet glorious in the might
Of heaven-born freedom."

We have thus briefly stated the principle and nature of virtue and the spiritualism which is its basis; and on which all true education, all intelligent self-cultivation, in fine, all salvation, is to be built. How is this to be made practical; that is, can children be made partakers of this creed by the aid of others; and how?

We answer that they can; but not by unspiritualized physical force; not even primarily by reasoning; which is not by any means the first action of their souls,—but by a more subtle operation of our spirits on theirs. For there is a principle in our natures called sympathy, of which no one is ignorant, though we cannot explain it any more than we can the instinct of self-preservation; in other words, it is no more true that a human being has a natural regard for his own being, than that he has a natural feeling of the being of others. Neither of these principles, although spiritual, are moral in themselves. But their proportion to each other in action is an important part of the moral character of an individual; "Thou

shalt love thy neighbor as thyself," being the second commandment, and pronounced by Jesus as like unto the first.

The word sympathy has a passive signification by its etymology; though it is used in common parlance in an active sense also. For the active operation of sympathy, our language, however, has a much more adequate and beautiful word—Inspiration. And this is the first principle of education.

The word inspiration* applied to the action of human beings on each other, is perhaps new. But the action itself, for which there is no other just name, is not new. The very reason, perhaps, why it has not been recognized and named as a principle of education, is because it is so universal; just as the principle of attraction escaped the notice of all observers of nature, until the days of the practical Newton, though its phenomena had been exhibited in every motion of the universe since the creation. From the beginning of time, the action of human beings on each other, has been in proportion to the inspiring power of one party, meeting the sympathies and aspirations of the other. Temper and conduct, expressed by tone and manner, convey feelings and sentiments, or rather make them up in the souls to which they are addressed, as truly as words convey ideas, or make them up in the understanding. Common language abounds with idioms which involve this universal fact. Common life abounds with particular facts which prove it. The waiting-woman who was accused of witchcraft because she made the Italian countess do whatever she chose to ask her, replied, in her own justification, that it was only the natural influence which a strong mind has over a weak one. Almost all willing obedience in human society, and even much that is not willing, but seems instinctive, may be referred to the same cause. How few pursue the right merely because they see it! How easy is it to do what those we venerate or love desire us to do! What life does the same proposition receive from the lips of an earnest speaker, that fell cold and powerless from one who repeated it by rote, and did not send it from the intimate convictions of his soul! In fact, human life, in all its relations, is but a varied exhibition of this principle of action. All movement, progress, the spirit of every age, is but the result of it; and it is because the loftier souls of men have the power of waking up a spirit kindred to themselves, which otherwise lies slumbering, unconscious of itself, that they become the prophets of future times. No

* During the interval that this article was laid by, for it was mislaid, the following passages have appeared in another place; we retain them here, however, in order to preserve the unity of the whole.

great era but must have had its prophets, whether they uttered the prophesy in words or not; for there must have been men to bring it about, who elaborated its spirit in the silence and depth of their own souls. But we will only make one other remark on this endless subject. The inspirations of men have a various moral character. Our power of inspiring depends on our own and others' original depth of feeling. But the character of our inspirations depends upon the right regulation of our sensibility, and the relative worth of the objects toward which it is directed. If we feel for ourselves rather than for others; or for a few rather than for the many; or for things rather than for beings; and inspire our little ones and others with such a disproportioned and falsely directed spirit, "it were better for us that a millstone were hanged about our necks, and we were cast into the uttermost depths of the sea." It was by inspiration, and a very good one, that Lycurgus induced all the rich people of Sparta to divide their lands and become poor, for the sake of the body politic. And there must also have been inspiration, and not a little, from that mind or those minds, that, having devised the system of the Asiatic religious polity, had the power to make it so universally accepted, that it was established; though it does violence to so many of the feelings of men. It was inspiration, from the mind of Peter the Hermit, which first turned all Europe in a crusade upon Asia. It was inspiration that produced the adoption of the monastic system. So there is much inspiration in domestic life, of a most deleterious character, and many families are moulded by a will which is not moral, though it is too plainly productive of will in others, not to be admitted spiritual. There is, however, a step down from the spiritual world, what may be taken; and this is done in education and legislation, (which latter is but the former applied to adults,) whenever the method of inspiration is abandoned for that of mere physical force. The result of this is imbecility and weakness. It is also the ultimate result of all the spiritual action which is not governed by the moral power. The time came when the generous spirit died out of the institutions of Lycurgus, and then Sparta was a military despotism. The men who devised the religious despotisms of Asia, have long since died, and left institutions and idols that have degraded the race below men. St. Francisco, St. Dominique, Ignatius de Loyala have passed away with their fervent piety, their disdain of bodily privation, their self-sacrificing spirit of martyrdom; and left their well meant *rules* to crush the spirit of men. And when a

parent loses faith in the power of his own soul to influence, and of his child's soul to receive the influence of his spirit, and puts his ultimate trust in a rod, or a rule, or a formula of doctrine, his child, as far as he is mastered by them, is injured vitally. This may be done ignorantly on the part of a parent, who may not understand the inspiration he is capable of giving. But it is no less fatal in its effects, because of that circumstance; for neither can his child understand it, or guard himself against it. He will become deceptive in self-defence, or utterly imbecile in will, unless he resist it altogether; which latter alternative endangers all that is beautiful and faithful within him. It will be obvious also, that it is of the last importance to have the spiritual power pure and moral. The parent or teacher should make it his first business to know himself; for most surely he will transmit his moral character by inspiration to his child, in just such proportion as circumstances allow him to have any influence, and the child has any sensibility.

The case of the little child, on which we have already bestowed so much attention, was open to this one great principle of education alone. As his understanding was not sufficiently developed to read his own sensibility, and know his relations to others, he was not morally responsible whatever he did. He was yet in the power of his parents, and they were wholly responsible for the state of his feelings. And by inspiration, something might have been done to arrange his little spirit, or mould his temper and save him future trouble. He might have been directed from the plaything he was loving, by presenting a new object to his senses or fancy. A smile or a tone might have animated or persuaded him away; and even the idea of *be still*, might have been communicated by gentleness, serenity, and deep love in the mother's manner, and the father might have aided, by beaming life and joy of his own on its sympathetic soul, instead of looking a displeasure, which must have been either ill-temper or artifice. At any rate, if two full grown Christians, with all the aid that nature gives to parents who love one another and love their children, could not command the spirit of a child who could neither talk nor go alone, it must needs be, that their hearts and Christianity were very defective, or that the child was diseased, or was sleepy to a degree that was equivalent to disease. Perhaps the latter was the case; if it was, there was no more sin in his crying and resistance, than if he had cried or convulsively struggled with any other bodily discomfort.

We should not have said so much on a case, which, as has

great era but must have had its prophets, whether they uttered the prophesy in words or not; for there must have been men to bring it about, who elaborated its spirit in the silence and depth of their own souls. But we will only make one other remark on this endless subject. The inspirations of men have a various moral character. Our power of inspiring depends on our own and others' original depth of feeling. But the character of our inspirations depends upon the right regulation of our sensibility, and the relative worth of the objects toward which it is directed. If we feel for ourselves rather than for others; or for a few rather than for the many; or for things rather than for beings; and inspire our little ones and others with such a disproportioned and falsely directed spirit, "it were better for us that a millstone were hanged about our necks, and we were cast into the uttermost depths of the sea." It was by inspiration, and a very good one, that Lycurgus induced all the rich people of Sparta to divide their lands and become poor, for the sake of the body politic. And there must also have been inspiration, and not a little, from that mind or those minds, that, having devised the system of the Asiatic religious polity, had the power to make it so universally accepted, that it was established; though it does violence to so many of the feelings of men. It was inspiration, from the mind of Peter the Hermit, which first turned all Europe in a crusade upon Asia. It was inspiration that produced the adoption of the monastic system. So there is much inspiration in domestic life, of a most deleterious character, and many families are moulded by a will which is not moral, though it is too plainly productive of will in others, not to be admitted spiritual. There is, however, a step down from the spiritual world, what may be taken; and this is done in education and legislation, (which latter is but the former applied to adults,) whenever the method of inspiration is abandoned for that of mere physical force. The result of this is imbecility and weakness. It is also the ultimate result of all the spiritual action which is not governed by the moral power. The time came when the generous spirit died out of the institutions of Lycurgus, and then Sparta was a military despotism. The men who devised the religious despotisms of Asia, have long since died, and left institutions and idols that have degraded the race below men. St. Francisco, St. Dominique, Ignatius de Loyala have passed away with their fervent piety, their disdain of bodily privation, their self-sacrificing spirit of martyrdom; and left their well meant *rules* to crush the spirit of men. And when a

wait for a further development of understanding before we talk about right and wrong, yet the time must come when personal responsibility commences. And supposing a child does not determine to have his own way rather than a better one, till he is seven years old for instance, then—would not the act be sin? Perhaps so, and perhaps not. Many questions are to be asked before we can determine. Has the child received all the inspirations from those around him, after which he has aspired; has his heart even found a sufficiently sympathetic atmosphere? or has his unfolding understanding been met with wise instructions? How far he is guilty depends on these circumstances, in a great degree. We admit, however, that the time comes, when he does begin to act for himself; when he can understand these himself in one of the agents by whom he is to be inspired and directed. And *after having fairly felt and seen the duty which he owes to himself, if he neglects it, he sins.* In the simplest case of sin on human record, the case of Adam and Eve, not a single unfavorable circumstance is allowed to exist. Nature was abundant; the claim on the affections was supreme, for every thing was benefaction; the inspirer of the idea of duty and responsibility was no less than God in his own purity. And yet Eve sinned, and in the very ease of her heart;—she stooped, in the wickedness of unreflective enjoyment to her materialized understanding;—she obeyed the law of a being of lower nature because she could understand its issues in the perfection of that nature. Instead of studying *herself*, and endeavoring to understand her own innocence and its promise, under the guidance of a faith worked out by gratitude, and enlightened by the instinctive reason which had told her man was the superior race;—She doubted her heart, she gave her fresh soul to the study of the outward; and so she did wrong. Nor did it end there—for she inspired her husband with the same falsehood and perversity she had originated in herself. The act was a trifle, like the one in the book before us; but the explanation of it is a system of spiritual philosophy. These remarks hold equally whether that story tells a fact or is the first fable of antiquity.

If sin, then, is the practice of the soul in its duty to itself, the first object of education should be, to watch for the earliest terminations when this duty of acting on one's self can be apprehended by the understanding, that the child may have no interval of power unenlightened and unemployed. But the first book put into his hands to lead him to work out his own salvation, if it would open upon him the nature and obligation of this duty, must not commence with a disquisition on sin. It

been remarked to us, the philosophers of seven years old can look through, but for the extreme popularity of the works of which this is one of a series; which popularity shows the state of a portion of the public mind. This totally inadequate philosophy of human nature pervades the whole series of books put forth by the Messrs. Abbot, while their complete mastery of the medium of communication with the common place understanding, and their procrustean treatment of the Calvinistic system in endeavoring to make it lie on the bed of a narrow utilitarian philosophy, gives them the *entree* of a class of minds, who need the inspiration of principles more than the methods of art; or, to speak more plainly, who so much misapprehend the true ends of education, that it is not safe to trust them with a knowledge of the ease and pleasure of "adopting means to ends."*

We must also confess ourselves to have been stimulated by hearing that the "case of conviction" which a few years ago sent a shuddering horror through a portion of our community, was not universally condemned by the orthodox: and that within a few months, *a mother* had purchased copies of it to distribute. In this case, where the action was done, and related as an example, by one whose other works give him a decidedly high rank among the Inspirers of good things in our community, (especially a late discourse,)—a child of about the same age as that described in the book before us, was made to submit its will to its father, who determined, by what divine right he himself knows, to compel him to take a piece of bread from his hand, and who succeeded, by a process of starvation, in effecting this object, though at the imminent peril of the child's life, and, as many physicians have declared, of its reason. Nor even where this murderous act has been condemned, has it seemed to us that it has always been thoroughly understood, and condemned on the right principle. It has not always been seen, that if it took effect, the injury to the soul of the child must have been greater than to its body. Here the child's imagination had probably made the piece of bread, which was brought back again, and associated with so inflexible a countenance as we cannot but believe must have accompanied it, an object of intense fear; under the influence of which passion its will at last became imbecile. No moral idea could have been awakened.

It may be said, however, that supposing these cases are given up, and it should be allowed that it was necessary to

* See the Teacher. There is a chapter with this title, if we remember rightly.

Art. 10.—THE SCEPTICAL TENDENCIES OF CALVINISM.

Calvinism, we believe, is a system essentially sceptical, and, if pushed to its remotest consequences, ends in atheism. If some of its positions are sound, it is impossible to demonstrate the existence of God; if others are unimpeachable, the Deity, if he exists at all, has no moral attributes.

In the present article we shall confine ourselves to the latter considerations; and in particular shall attempt to show that Calvinism denies the *justice* of God, presuming that it will readily be inferred, by a similar course of reasoning, that it denies every moral attribute of the Deity.

In pursuing the argument, we shall not insist on the question, pertinent as it may seem, whether we are at liberty to ascribe the attribute of justice to a Being, who creates men (*a*) with such natures that they will sin and *only sin* for ever, and then, when he has impressed on them this irresistible vicious impulse and aversion to all good, permits all but a chosen few to take the straight path to hell. Strange, beyond measure, that any man can believe this to be the work of a just God.(*b*) But we do not insist on this; for it will be replied, we suppose, that we have no right to judge the acts of the deity by the dictates of our blind minds and "despicable justice." We prefer to rest our conclusions on the admissions and express declarations of Calvinistic authorities.

Indeed, that there is no such thing in the divine nature as justice properly considered, is not so much an inference from any acts which Calvinism ascribes to the Deity, as it is a part of the basis of the system without which it could not stand a moment. If God is not properly *just*, the course of conduct which it ascribes to him is *right*. The system rests on this paradox.

By justice, we understand a practical conformity to those ideas of rectitude implanted by his Maker in the nature of man, and which, when they preside in his bosom as the lofty and unbending rule of his conduct, make *him* the most venerable of human beings. According to this view of justice, we unavoidably assume positions like the following; that it would *not* be just in a parent to punish a child for disobe-

(*a*) No Calvinist will deny, we presume, that God is the *Creator* of men.

(*b*) I do not suppose the *natural depravity* of the posterity of Adam is owing to the course of nature only; it is also owing to the *just judgment of God*."—*Edwards on original sin, Ch. II. Works, Vol. VI. p.* 434.

should be full of inspirations;—of every thing that tells of the power and glory and beauty of nature; and even when vice is introduced, it should be but as the foil of an excellent virtue, on which the heart may rest and feed. A simple statement of the science of human nature may be made intelligible very early, through poetical illustrations. The allegory of the captive in the Sabbath recreations,* Platonic as it is,—would be felt in the soul, and analysed in the understanding, of the same children to whom is presented this execrable allegory of the Nobleman's Son: (with the doctrine of which, by the way, it is totally inconsistent.) We have seen such an effect of "Krummacher's Moral Table" upon quite young children, as convinces us of the possibility of their understanding the inspirations within them; at least if they have the help of a sympathetic and intelligent guide of their attention.

It should also be a large portion of a manual for a child, to reason out and explain the methods of discipline, which is nothing else than provident assistance to the principle of self-government; and worth nothing except it enlightens and prepares for the latter. And, in this connection, may come the examination of individual faults, which is but a part of self-knowledge; together with a complete philosophy of the ministry of pain, which if children have been duly inspired, they will have partially appreciated before. We know that such a book as this, will fall into children's hands who have suffered from the want of a cherishing or wisely disciplinary education, and who therefore have many faults. But if the cases presented are less dark than their own, they may be trusted to modify the principles to their own cases, for children must have indeed been deluged by the flattery of others, or driven far away from nature by severity, who are not inclined to be severe upon themselves. Moreover, it is better that some should escape convictions of sin, to the extent that they are guilty, than that any should be disheartened, or discouraged, or terrified. We have seen children whom such a book as this of Mr. Abbots, presented at a certain time of their experience, would have driven distracted, or into idiocy, unless it should have been, by a provision of nature, turned away from, on the perusal of its first deadening chapter.

THE AUTHOR OF RECORD OF A SCHOOL.

*There is one of the books published by the Messrs. Abbots.

life, and others foreordained to everlasting death."(*a*) The rest of mankind God was pleased, according to the unsearchable counsel of his own will, whereby he withholdeth or extendeth mercy as he pleaseth, *for the glory of his sovereign power* over his creatures, to pass by, and to ordain then to dishonor and wrath for their sin, *to the praise of his glorious justice.*"(*b*) We presume that no Calvinist will be disposed to deny that the meaning of all this is at least, that God's highest and last motive to action is his own glory. In our view, it means more. It makes glory the sole motive. For to say that *all things* are done for one and the same end, which is to say that *nothing* is done for any other end, is to exclude the idea of any other end, and consequently, every motive except the accomplishment of that end. Hence, that God has ever acted on the principles of justice, or that the attribute of justice belongs to his nature, it is impossible to determine. It would be impossible to affirm it, even were there events in the divine administration which should approve themselves to our notions of rectitude. For a being whose sole motive is his own glory, may sometimes do acts apparently just, but they can be only accidentally such. They cannot prove that he is a just being; for if actions of an opposite character would more certainly accomplish the end, they would be performed. An act of a tyrant, though just, may be dictated only by his selfishness, nor can it afford the slightest proof that he will ever do another act of the same nature. In the case of a being governed solely by a regard to his own glory; all actions both good and bad, proceed from the same source, and illustrate the same selfish purpose. Thus, to advert to a doctrine professed by some of those who framed the Westminster Confession of Faith; and which led them to speak of "elect infants" in that document (*c*)—the salvation of the elect, and the damnation of the *infant*, would equally illustrate the divine glory. We conclude, therefore, that to represent the glory of God as the end of all his actions, is to make it impossible to determine whether the attribute of justice belongs to him?

(*a*) III. 3. (*b*) III. 7.

(*c*) "As to those who are condemned to eternal death solely on account of original sin, their condemnation to eternal death is the consequence of Adam's transgression alone. But many *infants* depart from this life in original sin, and consequently are condemned to death solely on account of original sin; *therefore, the condemnation of many infants to eternal death is the consequence of Adam's transgression alone.*"—Twissi, Gul, vindiciae Gratial, Potestatis, ac Providential Dei, etc. Edit. ult. fol. Amst. 1638. Lib. I. Parsprim, sec. 2. p. 43. This horrible doctrine of infant damnation is a genuine shoot from the stock of Calvinism, as the elder Calvinists well knew, and did not flinch from asserting. Nor do we see how any Calvinist "in good consistence with himself" can deny it.

Such an attribute he *may* possess, as man has dormant faculties; but we cannot know it. We do not know that he has ever acted upon it. To us it is as if it were not.

If it shall still be pretended that the attribute of justice belongs to the divine nature, it must be that sort of justice by which he is bound to respect himself, and no other—a justice which gives us no assurance except that he will exert his *power* to effect his own purposes—and which may belong to any despot. That this in the only sense in which the Confession of Faith ascribes the attributes of justice to God, we shall now proceed to show on unquestionable authority. For this purpose we need only make a few references to Dr. Twiss, the prolocutor or speaker of the assembly of divines by whom it was framed, and who has recently been extolled by a high authority in the Presbyterian church as its "living expositor." "If we can refer to him, it is as if we could call Washington, or Jefferson; or Hamilton, or Adams, and question them concerning the meaning of a passage in the Declaration of Independence."(*a*)

In the work to which we have referred in the last paragraph but one, this thorough and unflinching advocate of Calvinism, maintains that God is not bound to *manifest* his justice at all. "For," speaking of predestination and reprobation, he says, "these acts do not proceed from mercy and justice as their immediate source, *but from an unlimited liberty of action. Nor is he* [God] *bound at all to manifest either his mercy or his justice.* In accordance with this, he has a digression in which he attempts to prove, that *God may torment an innocent creature at pleasure*—(probatur posse Deum creaturam immerentem affligere, seu pro libito cruciare.) In this digression he proceeds to prove—1, that God may torment an innocent creature at pleasure; 2, that he may torment him *forever* without violating his justice; 3, that he may inflict on him the *pains of hell*—(pœnam infernalem)—nay, that *he may torment him to an infinite degree*—(in infinitum.)(*c*) Again, in language

(*a*) Dr. Beecher. See report of his "Trial and acquittal before the Presbytery of Cincinnati, on charges preferred by Joshua L. Wilson, D. D. Cincinnati, 1835," pp. 44 and 99.

(*b*) Lib. I. Parsprim. Sec. 2, p. 43.

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hardly less revolting, he says, "The sin of Adam, I acknowledge, was not ours as if committed in our proper persons, it was rather the sin of our nature than of our persons. But we existed even then in the loins of Adam, as Levi in the loins of Abraham, when he paid tythes to Melchizedeck, and this sin is made ours by the imputation of God, so *that it has exposed innumerable infants, guilty of this sin and no other, to divine wrath.* * * * These judgments of God are tremendous, I confess, but just. Nor are they to be brought before the tribunal of human wisdom or justice, or to be weighed or set aside by our rules of reason or equity. Especially since God the Creator is at liberty to treat a creature, *however innocent*, in any manner he pleases, whether he is pleased to annihilate him, *or to inflict upon him any torture whatever.*"(*a*) Now to affirm that God is not bound to manifest his justice and assert that he may inflict infinite torments on innocent creatures, would seem to be not *very* far from denying his justice altogether. No one, therefore, will be surprised, we think, to hear him say, that "*there is no justice in God properly so called in respect to his creatures*; that is, by which he is bound to respect them;" and still more emphatically, "I acknowledge no other justice in God but that by which he wisely [fitly] orders all things to effect his own purposes."(*b*)

This, it is very true as our readers, we suppose, need not be told, is not *justice*, or any thing like it. Nevertheless, it is all that Calvinism allows for the comfort of the human creature. Nor will it be denied, we think, that what is so emphatically asserted by this *living expositor* to whom we have referred, cannot be very far from the intention of the Presbyterian Confession of Faith.

We have now only to inquire how we know, on the principles of Calvinism, *that the judge of all the earth will do right?* What evidence have we of all this? So far as we can discern, none whatever. To say that he will be just to himself, and faithfully do whatever is necessary to accomplish his own de-

train] to the manifestation of the divine justice. For condemnation is the act of the judge, and should proceed according to retributive justice. But justice does not appear in the damnation of the reprobate. For justice condems none but the guilty. But *to be a reprobate, by no means signifies to merit damnation.*"—Lib. I. Pars. I. sec. 4, p. 52: the meaning of which we take to be that *justice* may condemn only the *guilty*; but the *divine sovereignty may damn the innocent.*

(*a*) Lib. III. Sec. 5, Errat. 6. p. 687.

(*b*) Lib. II. Pars. I. 5, pp. 325–426. Elsewhere he says, "I conclude, therefore, that that justice [in respect to the creature] by which it is pretended the divine liberty is bounded, is *a chimera*, founded on none, or no tolerable reason or right."—Lib. I. Parstat. Digr. I. p 287.

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that is lovely and venerable in moral excellence. Calvinism represents the Deity as ordaining all things for his own glory; Unitarianism discerns in the great object of creation the diffusion of happiness and good. The latter recognizes to its fullest extent the justice of the Deity and unhesitatingly affirms that he will be just to his creatures; the former sees no other justice in God but that by which he is bound to respect himself. The one is a system of hope; the other of despair.

In what we have said of Calvinism, we have simply expressed our own views and convictions. We have spoken of it as a system, and have been commenting on a work,—let it be remembered, formed two centuries ago. We have said nothing to the prejudice of those who now adopt it as their standard of faith. They, as we, profess to be governed by the pure truth of Christianity; and hence the many proofs that Calvinists have given of unquestionable goodness. They are good in spite of Calvinism. But we are unfeignedly sorry that such a system should still be so closely interwoven in the mind of any man, with the purifying, consoling and elevating doctrines of Christ.

Meadville, Pa. J. Q. Day.

NEW YORK THEOLOGICAL REVIEW.

The last number of this periodical contains an article upon the Sermons preached in New York after the great fire in that city. This article speaks of the Sermons preached by Messrs. Dewey and Ware, without a single sneer or contemptuous comment, direct or indirect. We like to notice every sign of increasing liberality among those who differ from us and therefore mention this. We rather think it the first time that an Unitarian work has been mentioned in a Calvinistic review without some condemnatory remark. We feel really grateful for this liberality, though it is almost like satire to express satisfaction at not being abused. But we do not mean to be satarical, we are actually thankful for this negative favor.

However, every rose must have its thorn, and as the great Spenser has told us that an ounce of sweet is worth a pound of sour, we were prepared to take our dose of vinegar with equanimity. It was well we were, for presently in a Review of Abbot's Young Christian and Corner Stone we found it gravely urged against those books that they were liked by Unitarians. The Reviewer seems to be one of those who thi

the right way of converting a man to your opinion, to displease and offend him.

While speaking of this Review, we should like to ask whether its Editor, Mr. L. Woods, jr. has ever apologized for his shameful calumny upon Dr. Priestley, noticed by us in No. 6? We hope, for his sake, that he has; though we have not met with any such apology. We respect that young man, and believed when he was brought to see the baseness of such a slander, his conscience and heart would lead him to retract it. In turning over, not long ago, a copy of Hahn's "Lehrbuch des Christl Glaubenis," we were surprised to find the whole passage in which Priestly is accused of Atheism. This makes the matter worse. It was bad enough for a foreigner to make such an assertion, yet ignorance might be his excuse. But for an American Theologian to translate it into English is inexcusable.

In addition to the testimony of Robert Hall and Dr. Parr, given in our sixth number, we recommend the following extracts to the attention of Mr. Woods—one from Sir James McIntosh, the other from Coleridge, whom it is now the fashion of many orthodox people to admire.

"Chillingworth was called an infidel by the zealots of his age, because he was moderate, candid, and rational; *in the same manner that imposters, clad in the disguise of bigots, now call Priestly worse than an Atheist.*"—*Review of Gibbon.*

"Lo! Priestley there, *Patriot, and Saint, and Sage.*
"Him, full of years, from his loved native land
"Statesmen blood-stained, and Priests idolatrous,
"By dark lies maddening the blind multitude,
"Drove with vain hate. Calm, pitying, he retired,
"And mused, expectant, on the coming years."

S. T. Coleridge, 1794.—Ed.

UNITARIANISM IS GOING DOWN.

So say Messrs. Reed and Matheson. By the kindness of a friend we have received a sermon preached by the Rev. Aaron Bancroft, D. D. at the termination of fifty years of his ministry, in the town of Worcester, State of Mass. From it we extract the following facts.

"Calvinism was the predominant faith through this section of the Commonwealth when my residence in Worcester commenced. Several ministers in this vicinity then thought fa-

vorable of liberal doctrines, but they expressed their opinions in qualified language, and with a single exception, the system of Calvin was not openly attacked from the pulpit. Mr. Rogers, of Leominster, preached pointedly against election, for which his people brought a charge of heresy against him, and he was expelled from the pulpit. At the commencement of my ministry, the question respecting the Divine Unity was not agitated; if individuals, clergymen or laymen, among us had this faith, they had it to themselves before God.

The religious condition of this county at the commencement of my ministry has already been stated. Twenty-one societies decidedly Unitarian are now established; and not an inconsiderable number of these are among the most numerous in the county. We have two associations of Unitarian ministers."

May the next fifty years witness a similar "going down" of Unitarianism in every State of the Union.—*Ed.*

THE LINWOODS, &c.

By the Author of Hope Leslie, &c.

No one, we think, who has read "Home," by the same author, can help regretting that she has written the Linwoods. Not that there is any thing very objectionable in this work, but because it is, comparatively, flat and powerless. Others may be differently affected, but we have just risen from a perusal of this tale, without any very vivid impression left on our mind, and only a recollection of a good many imperfectly sketched characters, some of which are unnatural, and others common-place *novel*-style. She introduces several great men, Washington, Putnam, Lafayette, Clinton, &c. without making us at all more acquainted with them than we may be from any abridgement of history. Her Hero, Eliot Lee, intended to be a beau ideal, is an honest patriot, a good man, whom we esteem, but not very real, and certainly a bad love-maker. Herbert Linwood, intended to be very love-able, excites too little esteem to be admired, and is, notwithstanding, the talk about natural affection, very unfeeling in his sudden forgetfulness of his unhappy Bessie. However, we ought not to condemn so decidedly without more elaborate analysis, for which we have no room. The *moral* of the book is uniformly good, and some very good lessons well taught. The book, therefore, will certainly do no harm, and probably some good. The faults are chiefly in the execution, and although probability is often violated, good results are in some manner always brought about; good principles are maintained "though the blank verse halts for it" This could not be otherwise from Miss Sedgwick. But her "Home" is so much more! so exquisite, so finished a picture! so unambitious, too. She is in her sphere there, and it is a better sphere than camps and ball-rooms afford. The perfect description of what a religious home ought to be, will excite many to imitation. The author of such a book must possess a superior mind and a truly lovely character. W. G. E.

the right way of converting a man to your opinion, to displease and offend him.

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"Calvinism was the predominant faith through this section of the Commonwealth when my residence in Worcester commenced. Several ministers in this vicinity then thought fa-

hension. The laity equally refuse, declaring that they leave all these matters to the clergy; they are not learned. But to thought, to understanding, to the action of the free intellect and unshackled mind, we would unfold the pages of God's revelation; believing that He is light, and that in Him is no darkness at all.

2. That this may be done, we contend in the second place, for FREEDOM. "Where the Spirit of the Lord is, there is liberty." We would have the intellect freed from all outward bondage, and only bound by the deepest sentiment of responsibility to God, and reverence for Truth. Therefore we oppose all creeds which are not confined to the language of scripture, and every influence which can trammel the mind.

3. We devote our pages in the third place to setting forth the power of LOVE. The manifestation of love is the essence and power of Christianity. A perception of the love of Christ is the condition and beginning of true repentance. A faith and unshaken trust in this love is the element of the religious life. Evil is to be overcome by good, hatred by love, ingratitude by renewed kindness, rebellion by mercy and forgiveness, and the long suffering of God is to bring men to repentance. Herein, we believe, lies all the genuine power of the gospel, and not in denunciation; not in the display of wrath and vengeance, not in the excitement of terror, anguish, and horror. We would have men fear sin and its consequences; we do not make void the law; but we would have them prey with Jeremiah, O Lord grant that we be not afraid of THEE.

4. The last great principle for which we labor is that Religion should be considered a LIFE. Not prayers, not sabbaths, not sacrifices, make up religion; but a life consecrated to God. The religion which does not show itself in the market, the shop, the family meeting, the festive entertainment, as well as in the church, is no religion. Here is a principle not enough understood. We desire to show, therefore, that religion can pervade every thing, and ought to do so. In this Magazine, therefore, we treat of many topics, literary, scientific, philosophic, economical—but we would speak of all in a religious spirit. We would contemplate all in a religious light—from

TO READERS.

The readers of the Messenger will share our grief, when they perceive that it has become necessary to pass it into the hands of a new Editor. Let us offer our fervent intercessions that the accomplished and able friend who has been called by the dispensation of Providence to wander through a southern clime in pursuit of health, may be restored to us with added powers of usefulness, and that all the works which knew him may know him yet again.

Nine numbers of our Magazine are now before the public, and have been generally received with favor. The present appears a fit occasion for stating anew the subjects to which this work is devoted.

That we have a distinct object we would by no means deny. We make no professions of neutrality or indifference. We are not devoting our strength and wearing out our hearts, to entertain our readers for a passing hour. We wish to insert no article, on any topic, which does not strike deeper than the surface. We write neither for money nor literary reputation, nor for the love of writing. Did we not believe our little work an instrument in the hands of God, for diffusing sound opinions, and scattering liberal principles in Religion, Morals, Philosophy—we would throw our pens away, and this should be the final number. We devote this work to the establishment of certain principles, which we think needed in the Church of Christ. It is given,

1. First to UNDERSTANDING. Our motto is, "In understanding, be men." We find the condition of the church not unlike that described in the vision of Isaiah, the son of Amos—ch. xxix. 11, 12. "The vision of all has become unto you as the words of a book that is sealed, which men deliver to one that is learned, saying, Read this, I pray thee; and he saith, I cannot, for *it is sealed;* and the book is delivered to him that is not learned, saying, Read this, I pray thee; and he saith, *I am not learned.*" The clergy refuse to reason on religious truth, declaring it to be mysterious and sealed to human compre-

hension. The laity equally refuse, declaring that they leave all these matters to the clergy; they are not learned. But to thought, to understanding, to the action of the free intellect and unshackled mind, we would unfold the pages of God's revelation; believing that He is light, and that in Him is no darkness at all.

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the standing point of Christianity. Religion has been hurt by being looked upon as a separate business, a thing apart from practical life. We would have every thing baptized into religion.

These are our fundamental principles. We wish to set forth Religion as a matter of thought and understanding—of Freedom—as the power of love—as something to animate the whole Life. We devote all our efforts to this—our time, our labor, our thoughts. Silver and gold have we none; what we have, we give. But since printers must be paid, and paper has a price, we depend on our friends to procure us subscribers and to forward payments in due season. Let all who love the principles we maintain, feel it a duty to help us in this work. It cannot go forward except our friends, scattered through the West, are willing to take some pains that it should. We leave it with them. Trusting in God, we will try to do our part; let them do theirs.

We return our hearty thanks to our valued contributors who have lightened our work thus far. We hope they will continue to aid us. Committing the whole result to Him in whose hands are all events, and praying for his blessing on our weak efforts, we go forward to our task. Ed.

TO SUBSCRIBERS.

Hitherto, from unavoidable causes, the Magazine has not been published with much regularity. If any subscribers have not received all the numbers, they are requested to give notice of it and they shall be sent. Those who have not paid for the first volume, are requested to forward the amount to one of the gentlemen whose names are on the cover.

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THE WESTERN MESSENGER

IS PUBLISHED IN LOUISVILLE, KY.

On the first day of every month. Terms, Three Dollars a year payable in advance. Subscriptions and payments received by

A. C. Patterson, - - -	Buffalo, N. Y.
J. Q. Day, - - - -	Meadville, Pa.
J. Kay, - - - -	Pittsburg, Pa.
Flash & Ryder, - - -	Cincinnati, Ohio.
J. F. Clarke, - - -	Louisville, Ky.
Wm. T. Berry, - - -	Nashville, Tenn.
Wm. G. Eliot, - - -	St. Louis, Mo.
James Monroe & Co. - -	Boston, Mass.

Benj Barnwell
Pittsburg
Pa

THE

WESTERN MESSENGER;

DEVOTED TO

RELIGION AND LITERATURE.

N^o X.

MAY, 1836.

LOUISVILLE:
PUBLISHED BY THE WESTERN UNITARIAN ASSOCIATION.
BOSTON: JAMES MUNROE & CO.

MORTON & SMITH, PRINTERS.

1836.

...ne Sheet.....Postage, under 100 miles, 4½ cents; over 100 miles, 7½ cents.

...ST FILE CO APR 1910

THE

WESTERN MESSENGER;

DEVOTED TO RELIGION AND LITERATURE.

Vol. I. MAY, 1836. No. 10.

Art. 1.—A SERMON,

On Faith and a Good Conscience.

By Rev. Francis Parkman, Boston, Mass.

I Timothy, I. 19.

Holding faith and good conscience, which, some having put away, of their faith have made shipwreck.

It is a solemn truth, that a sound or a correct faith may be held with a bad conscience; and it is an equally solemn truth, that such faith will not avail either to holiness of living, or to acceptance with God; and these are the truths which the Apostle intimates in the text, and which it will be the object of this discourse to illustrate.

They are truths which approve themselves at once to our judgment. All rational views of religion, every just conception we can form of the will of God concerning us, and of our obligations, conspire to teach, that faith of itself cannot avail: that however just or well founded, may be a man's religious speculations, they cannot avail him, either as motives to action, or as grounds of hope, unless dwelling in a pure heart, and expressed and made manifest in a holy life.

This sentiment is maintained with great clearness and energy, by the Apostle James, in his admirable epistle, written to instruct and comfort the dispersed of Israel, and to show them the necessity, especially under the trials to which they were exposed, of approving their faith by their mutual charity and all the works of righteousness. It is not in the power of words to express more forcibly than does he, the necessity of virtue to render faith acceptable. We are taught, in the most explicit manner, as if it was a truth we were most

in danger of forgetting, that without it *faith is dead.* And the apostle of my text confirms the same sentiment, when, in writing to Timothy, he says, "That very charge by the authority, which belongeth to me as a teacher, I commit unto thee, son Timothy, that thou mightest fight under it the good warfare, keeping to faith and a pure conscience; remembering that "the end of the commandment is charity: out of a pure heart and a good conscience and faith unfeigned."

And happy were it, if this doctrine, entering so essentially into the very nature of religion, had been kept in view. It is to the forgetfulness of this truth that we must ascribe some of the most serious practical errors that have prevailed in the church. Men have overlooked the principle, that faith is an instrument, and not an end—the means of virtue and holiness, and not virtue itself; that a man may have all faith, and the truest faith, and as far as speculation goes,faith perfect and entire, wanting nothing; and yet that faith be held with an ill conscience and a wicked life. Now, the doctrine of my text is that a faith, thus held, is of no avail.

1. In the first place, there must be a good conscience *in regard to the manner of forming it.*

The soundest faith may be a mere prejudice, if it come only through education, parentage, the influence of early instruction, the force of mere authority, or any of those nameless undefinable, but all-powerful influences, to which every man from infancy to manhood, and through the successive period of his life, is exposed. If he take up his faith only as it come to him from his fathers, with the teachings of the nursery, with the associations of early childhood, from the contagion or sympathy of example, because it is the faith of others, who choose that it should be his also, from hope of man's favor or fear of man's displeasure,—in fine, from any other source than personal conviction; then that faith is to him a mere prejudice, and however correct it may be as a speculation, it is nothing more and nothing better than a speculation to the individual who thus holds it.

He, therefore, who would satisfy his conscience in the forming of this faith, must draw that faith from the word of God, and not from the traditions or commandments of men. He must examine for himself, and not be satisfied with a prejudice or an impression. In regard to the fundamental doctrines, or what are commonly called the essentials of religion, he is happily not in danger of greatly erring, nor obliged to submit to a very tedious process of examination; yet his faith, even upon these, few and simple as they are, he does not hold

with a good conscience, unless he builds them upon his own personal investigation. He owes it to the greatness and importance of the subject; and to his own interest in the great salvation, not to receive even truth blindly or ignorantly. The being and perfections of God, the mission of his Son, Jesus Christ, the divine authority of his religion, the doctrines he inculcated, and the duties he enforced, should all be the subjects of his investigation. Otherwise, they may fail of being to him, whatever they may be to others, of any practical value. He is bound as a creature of God to employ his reason on the faith offered to his acceptance; to improve the means of knowledge that are put within his reach; he must compare the weight of testimony; and whenever there appears sufficient evidence to command his belief, that belief must be yielded. He must neither, on the one hand, reject what is true, nor yield himself blindly to what is false.

Nor let this spirit of honest investigation be confounded for a moment with a spirit of indifference, and still less with a spirit of scepticism, that disposes a man to doubt of every thing; the offspring, as will be found, of ignorance and vanity; of ignorance that is too blind to discern the nature or the strength of evidence, and of vanity, intent so fondly upon self, that it neither cares for, nor is willing to find the truth. For from this union of vanity and ignorance, as has been well exposed, is to be traced much of the infidelity, that at all different periods has lifted itself up among men. There are those who love the distinction of differing from others; of showing themselves superior to the prejudices and superstitions of the multitude; who disdain, forsooth, to be led by priests; who read and hear, not to enquire, but to cavil and deny; as if mere doubting were an evidence of superior sagacity and intellectual skill.

2. We must hold our faith *charitably*. The very end and scope of the commandment is charity. It is not enough, as we have seen, that it be a sound faith; or that it be the result of a thorough and impartial investigation. We must connect with it so much distrust of ourselves, and such conviction also of the possibility, after all, of our being in an error, that we shall regard with great tenderness and courtesy the impressions, and what to us may seem even the errors of others. We shall not feel ourselves justified under any pretence of zeal for the truth, by any clearness of conviction or assurance of faith, as to our own views, in condemning our brother, in denying him the Christian name, in withholding from him the charities, which independently wholly of his faith we owe him, as a

partaker of a common nature, as a child of God, and as a brother of the great family of man; as one, moreover, for whom Christ Jesus died. For in doing this, we walk not charitably. We forget that the very end of the commandment is charity, out of a pure heart and a good conscience and faith unfeigned.

3. Nor, thirdly, is it sufficient that we hold our faith with the approbation of our conscience: for that conscience may be erroneous; it may be a mistaken or perverted conscience, and may betray us into fatal errors. How many faults, nay, brethren, how many crimes, foul and dreadful crimes, have been committed in the name and for the sake of conscience. The whole history of the Christian Church, specially of the persecutions its faithful disciples have in different periods endured, is the history of the errors of a deceived or misguided conscience. The murderers of the Lord Jesus, at the very moment they were plotting with wicked hands and baser hearts to slay him, would not enter within Pilate's Hall, lest, forsooth, they should be defiled, and unfit to eat the Passover. *Murder* was in their hearts, but they were afraid to tread with their feet a Roman tribunal, because that would unfit them for sacrifice. Well did the Master say, "I will have mercy and not sacrifice;" and the knowledge of God rather than burnt-offerings. Even the beloved disciple, who for his mild and gentle spirit Jesus loved, could call down fire from heaven upon those Samaritans, who would not receive his Lord. Peter, in a transport of well-intended, nay, generous passion, lifted his sword against one of the servants of the High Priest. And what, says Paul, the servant, the faithful Apostle, of his own rash but conscientious zeal, "I verily thought with myself that I ought to do many things contrary to the name of Jesus of Nazareth: which things I also did at Jerusalem, and many of the disciples did I shut up in prison, and being *exceedingly mad* against them, I persecuted them even unto strange cities. Yet did he say; "Men and brethren, I have lived in all good conscience even to this day." "I was zealous towards God, even as ye all." And doubtless we must concede—(the judgment of charity, which is a judgment according to truth, demands it) that many things contrary to the spirit and even letter of the religion of Jesus; many bitter reproaches and cruel tortures have been inflicted under the misguidings of a deluded conscience. It is not enough, therefore, that we act from conscience. We must take care to enlighten it, we must not suffer pride, prejudice, interest, real or imaginary, to obscure or prevent it. We must pray, "Lord, open mine eyes, that I

may see. What is dark do thou enlighten, and what thou commandest, help me to obey.

4. And fourthly, having taken care to enlighten conscience, we must act in fidelity to its commands. We must not attempt to evade them. If it shows us a duty, that duty must be performed. If it calls from us a sacrifice, we must not only feel willing to make, but we must go forth *and make it*. We must not think to deceive or to deal craftily in so sacred a matter. There must be simplicity, even the simplicity that was in Christ, first, that we may learn, and then that we may follow the suggestions of conscience. We must be enabled to say, with the chosen people, "Whatsoever the Lord commandeth, that we will do." "Here, Lord, are we, do with us as seemeth good in thy sight."

And here I cannot but remark, that in interpreting the moral law, or in our enquiries in any given case for the way of duty, whether we consult the simple suggestions of reason, or the surer dictates of inspired truth, it will be safest to adopt the first and most obvious sense, that, I mean which offers itself first before interest or passion has warped our judgment or corrupted our hearts. For as the great law of equity commends itself at once to the unperverted mind, and the precepts of our religion find a ready sanction in every breast, so the first views of moral distinctions are most likely to be correct. A man, therefore has reason to suspect himself, when he finds himself hesitating in any particular instance as to the course of duty. I do not mean that there are no doubtful or difficult cases, where the most conscientious and faithful may not honestly pray, "Show me the way in which I should walk." But how seldom are we at a loss when we are called to judge of the duty of another: and when a man pretends that he cannot determine what is his own, it may not uncharitably be suspected, that it is his inclination struggling with his conscience, and his interest or his passions, unwilling to submit themselves to the law of God. You may imagine cases of conscience, and they may exercise, if you please, as they did in days that are gone, the skill of the casuist, but God hath set, written, his own monitor in the human breast. He hath showed thee, O man, what is good. The Gentiles, who have no written law, still show the work of the law written in their hearts; "The way of life to the wise, that he may depart; and the way of life is a high-way, so that none need err therein.

5. Yet further, if we would hold our faith with a good conscience, we must be faithful and true in the fulfilment of all our relative duties. In order to this, we must have truth in

the inward parts, and on our lips there must be no guile. This is our rejoicing, says the apostle, the testimony of our conscience, that in simplicity and sincerity, not with fleshly wisdom, but by the grace of God, we have had our conversation in the world. And if we would be partakers of the same joy, we must do injury to none. We must defraud no man; we must render to all their due; we must speak the truth to our neighbor from the heart. No man holds his faith with a good conscience, though he understand all mysteries, and have all knowledge, if he withhold his just dues from his brother; if he neglects, when he is able, to discharge his just debts; if he be faithless to the trust reposed in him; if he permit himself in any species of deception or fraud.

But it is not enough that we abstain from wrong, it is not enough that we are righteous only. We must fulfil the whole law of love. If we would have the answer of a good conscience, we must put away all bitterness and wrath, and evil speaking, and be kind one to another, tender hearted. He that would hold his faith acceptably to God and approved of men, must be candid in his judgments, moderate in his censures, and more ready to forgive than to revenge. He must abstain from ungenerous suspicions, from evil surmises, from malicious reports. He must not so much as render evil for evil, but ever follow that which is good towards all men.

In truth, it will be found, that the habitual exercise of the kind and generous affections is essential to the answer of a good conscience. He must be a stranger to the true peace of the soul, who gives indulgence to his resentments, to bursts of anger, or habitual ill-will.

And if, through the imperfection of our nature, the weakness of our principle, or the strength of temptation, we have transgressed, then doubtless it is indispensable to the quieting of our conscience, that we make all the reparation in our power. We can never say, "return unto thy rest, O my soul," after we have gone astray, till we have sought pardon from God, and from our fellow creature. If we have sinned wilfully against God, we must expiate it by deep contrition, by humble confession, by supplication for pardon, and by holy vigilance for the time to come. If the offence be against our brother; the reparation must be proportioned to the injury. The duty of restitution is the undeniable dictate of justice. In vain shall we look for peace with God, while we suffer ourselves in enmity against our fellow men. No prayers, however frequent or fervent, no charities, however bountiful, can find acceptance or blessing, as long as we retain what is not

our own; as long as we keep treasures unjustly acquired, or permit any known injury we have committed by word or deed, against the interests or the reputation of our brother, to remain unatoned..

Finally, that we may know how far we have fulfilled our duties, and wherein we have failed, we should often examine ourselves. We should subject ourselves to our own impartial scrutiny. Amidst the business and the trials of life, who is not in danger of forgetting what manner of person he is, what he has yet to perform, and what he has omitted. Very needful is it then, that we sometimes retire from the world, and enter, as says the prophet, into the chambers of imagery, and commune with our own hearts. It was the counsel of an ancient philosopher, that to this high purpose they should consecrate a portion of every day. And especially, my brethren, when the shades of night are gathering around us, and the repose of the world invites to reflection, let us ask of ourselve, "What has been my conduct through this day? Have I discharged my duty? And have I avoided sin? Have I walked humbly before God, and in uprightness, simplicity and charity before men? Have I fulfilled the duties of my calling, and the trusts, especially, that have been committed to me? Have I been diligent in the use of time and opportunity? Have I been pure in my thoughts, sincere in my prayers, watchful of my words and my actions? Have I given no indulgence to evil thoughts, or to a malignant temper? Have I by word or work wounded them, whose happiness I am bound to promote?"

Brethren, if our hearts condemn us not, then have we confidence towards God; but if our hearts condemn us, God is greater than our hearts, and knoweth all things. If we would taste the purest blessings of the life that is, and enjoy a well grounded hope of the life that is to come, "let us keep innocency, and take heed to the thing that is right, for that shall bring a man peace at the last."

Art. 2.—SALVATION NOT EASILY OBTAINED.

We are commanded "to work out our own salvation;" and by this injunction we are taught several important truths; of which these are two: there is a *work* to be done, and *we* are to do it. Neither of these is practically acknowledged by the majority of the Christian community. In a book published

by the American Sunday School Union, we read lately the following conversation between a sick girl and her grandmother. We quote from memory.

Ellen. Dear grand-mother, how glad I am to hear you say so much (that she *wished* to be a Christian) before I die. O, why, then, do you not come to Christ *now?*

Grandm. Why, my dear, how can I? You know that I am seventy years old, come April, and I have never cared about God, and have always been a wicked woman, and have wasted all my life.

Ellen. O, no matter! I know it all, and have wept to think of it; but forget what is behind. Come to Christ now! Though your sins are as scarlet, one hour with him will make them whiter than snow! One hour is enough for the work of salvation. Remember the thief on the cross!"

Alas, how many souls have been deluded by the hope of having, when on their death-beds, an answer like that given to the crucified thief! They spend their lives in vain, and deliberately make themselves unworthy of Gods continued mercy, because there is one instance of a bad man accepted at the last hour. What this man's character had previously been we know not, except that he had been guilty of some one great crime. Perhaps he had never had an opportunity of doing well, but was the victim of wayward circumstances, and was now for the first time invited to his Lord's vineyard. If it were so, as it is very probable, his case affords no ground of hope; certainly not of confidence. We, who are surrounded with Christian light and every day hear the invitations and warnings of God's voice, cannot expect the same lenient judgment, as one educated in the darkness of heathenism. We shall be judged by the words which Christ spake to us, according to the deeds done in the body. When a person has grown old in a sinful life, neither fearing God nor regarding man, and then is converted from the error of his ways, we would not, however, preach despair to him. Let him begin now, in humble penitence and earnest performance of duty, and peradventure God will accept him, not as he would have been accepted if he had been more diligent in working out his salvation; his life has been thrown away, and by wrong-doing, he has half-effaced the image of God from his soul. But gradually that image may be revived; a few years, a few months may do a great deal; a beginning may be made, although but few steps can be taken. More than this we cannot say. We dare not falsify the words of Christ, even for the sake of pouring oil into a bleeding soul. To say

that one hour is enough for the work of salvation, is to charge God with folly in making man's life three score and ten years. Why do we live? That we may learn to live well. Time is the threshold of eternity. In childhood we start upon the pilgrimage toward's heaven's gates, and there is no time to spare. A long life well spent is not too much. How can one hour be enough? The salvation of the soul is its education in virtue and purity and faith. It is the blending of the human will with the divine, the union with God and Christ, which Christ prayed that we might obtain. It is redemption from the power of selfish and worldly principles, and adoption into the happy family which is ruled by brotherly love and disinterested kindness. Can the soul be educated in an hour? Can the stubborn human will be taught submission; taught to guide itself according to the great will of the universe, which ordains the happiness and holiness of all, in one hour? No, nor in one life. They who have lived longest and best, who have labored and prayed day and night with the earnestness of those who know both what they have to gain and what to lose, *their* testimony is that their reliance is upon the mercy of God alone. Sin still cleaves to them. They still feel the struggle between the flesh and spirit. They still feel, more earnestly, the further they progress in the Christian life, that Eternity is not too long for a human soul to become one with the Infinite Father. All that a life can do, is to *begin*. The promise of God is gracious, on which we rely, and hope that if we labor according to our strength, we shall be accepted, though unworthy. But to crowd our probation-time into one hour, or into one year, is presumption and great folly. To encourage the hope that the soul may be born again out of the darkness of gross sin and worldly-minded unbelief, into the light of holiness and faith, by a sudden effort, called conversion, may increase the numbers of the visible church of Christ, but it is not and cannot come to good. It is against nature, and cannot be true. God has ordained otherwise. A few hours may suffice for the slumbering soul to awake and arise from the *dead*, but after it has arisen, and Christ has given it light, the whole day's work of salvation remains to be performed. The effect of a year's sin cannot be undone in a moment. The exhausted energies of the soul cannot be all at once restored. If we would gain our salvation, we must work it out with fear and trembling. He who wastes the years of his strength and hopes to do all that hard work in a few days of weakness, is greatly deceiving himself. But God is not mocked.

2. We ourselves must do this work. One man cannot repent for another, nor reform for another. God will help us in the work, but he will not do it for us. Christ will guide us by his truth, and encourage us by his example, but he will not give us his righteousness as a cloak to cover over our sins. Under God and through Christ, we must save ourselves. By the action of our own minds we must learn to perceive the truth, and supply it to ourselves. Our own hearts must feel. Our spiritual nature must, by our own effort, be unfolded and established, through faith in goodness, in eternity, in Christ and in God. We must act for ourselves, according to our own consciences, independently; not in crowds, not as the creatures of circumstances, but thoughtfully, as those who shall render an account. The work of salvation is one of self-searching, self-direction, self-sacrifice. If we find it hard, it must nevertheless be done. If we need assistance, it cannot come from man, but from God. W. G. E.

Art. 3.—MUSINGS IN THE OPEN AIR.

"Come forth into the light of things.
Let Nature be your Teacher."

There are times when the intellect, like the stomach, is sated and loathes its common food; when those too commonly dead and unmeaning lines of Woodsworth live, and speak to us with a new and thrilling sense; when we adopt and of a truth understand his creed, and to our inmost souls feel that

"She has a mine of ready wealth,
Our minds and hearts to bless;
Spontaneous wisdom breathed by health,
Truth breathed by cheerfulness."

In such moments, with a true second-sight, we look out of our little circle of literature or politics, and see ourselves men, "born to outlive the stars;" born for eternal progress; born, not with one stride to step from this imperfect to perfection, but to rise from glory to glory; whither and how long we know not. In such moments we recognize the truth of that saying,

"One impulse from a vernal wood
May teach you more of man,
Of moral evil, and of good,
Than all the sages can;"

for what have wise men said of human littleness and weakness, and ignorance that the stars and the earth say not more

forcibly! And what of human power, that every breeze and every cloud whispers not more earnestly!

What author, like the Great Author of all, can teach us truly "still to revere and still to suspect," ourselves! But thus to see at once our might and our impotence; thus to rely upon ourselves and still ever distrust ourselves; how vastly important a lesson, and how hard! Turn where you will, you find men either proud and self-relying, or vain and leaning upon others; either bigots, fast in their own faith, though all the world be against them, and the faster because it is so,—or jealous and envious, because the world speak well of other men.

A bird sings merrily upon the branch above you,—how wonderful its make! how infinitely powerless are we, even to comprehend its structure. But we can love it; we can let its song wake in us holy and pure feeling, and perfect faith in Him, without whom not a sparrow falleth to the ground: and is not this being that can thus cling to the mere symbol of purity, a being to be revered?

You stand upon the hill-top, and look down upon the city, as upon an ant-hill. Countless human creatures are toiling, and passing, and struggling there; the steam and the smoke go up from many furnaces; and the hum of confusion comes even to you. And yet is all this confusion, order; over this seeming chaos broodeth even the Dove of God, and not a word nor an act but does his will. But we cannot begin to compass the great work that is going on there. Yet are we not powerless, for we can raise those that now are in ignorance and woe, to light and virtue; we can be God's messengers, if we will to be; every one of us has his mission; every one of us is an ambassador from the Most High; and if we bend to the ambassadors of earthly princes, surely his ministers are to be served.

There is indeed nothing more curious than the adaptation of the whole world without, to the greater world within. Nature, like the Gospel, is fitted for all men. To the Indian, the Great Spirit is present in the thunder; but the flower to his rude soul says nothing: that same flower to the poet is full of wisdom. To one the sea speaks; to another the shell or the weed it throws up. Thus do insensible things become his ministers, and their office is to wake Fear, and Hope, and Love and Faith.

The study of Nature, then, differs much from the study of natural history, as usually pursued. He that spends his days in shooting birds and stuffing them; or running pins through

insects, mistakes, if he thinks he is studying nature, almost as widely as one, that should think he was studying music, while busy in destroying a harp, or cutting the strings of a violin.

He that nurses and sets free the bird that falls into his hands, studies nature more faithfully, than he that kills the wild songster, though he know nothing of its genus, and nothing of its structure. He that lets the emmet teach him mercy and care, as he turns from his path lest he crush her, has profited more by the insect world, than he that has beetles and flies from both the Indies, and knows each by name.

Thus we see in the world about us, those whom we may choose as Teachers of very many virtues, and much true wisdom. If we will choose them, and faithfully study what they would teach the crust of habit may be broken, the purity of youth and its susceptibility may be brought back, and we can say with truth,

> "Thanks to the human heart, by which we live;
> Thanks to its tenderness, its joys, its fears;
> To me the meanest flower that blows can give
> Thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears." J. H. P.

Art. 4.—EXTRACT

Of a Letter, dated Rome, December 20, 1835.

It was with no little joy I received the other day a letter directed in your hand. It found me sick in body from the dampness of the streets, and sick at heart from the moral pollution of this great Babylon, which has beeen for ages the common sewer of the civilized world. To day is Sunday—shall I tell you what I have been doing, and what thoughts have been in and out, and to and fro in the empty chambers? I walked early to St. Peters. Here at the huge door of some barn of a palace, stood the red, glaring, gilt carriage and tawdry caparisoned horses of a cardinal; and there, just opposite, a poor shivering woman was buying a baiocco worth of brains, guts, or fish, from the frying-pan of the cook's moveable market. This is Rome—pomp and poverty for neighbors. What people I saw all along the streets! Women, whose form and features spoke of native passion and licentious habits; men whom idleness, want, and hopeless degradation had paralyzed in the fulness of fine physical and mental powers, standing, draggling about, bargaining, scolding, love-

making, joking, in the wet, dirty, foul-smelling streets. I came out from the midst of this upon the piazza. On either side was the circular colonade, with four-fold rows of columns; the cornice crowned with statues sweeping round; the beautiful obelisk towering in the midst; and the fountains, veiled in glittering silver showers. Before me rose the showy, but ill-conceived front of the church, and just seen above in the blaze of sunlight the swelling dome. As I stood awed and delighted, a poor fellow-creature, holding by the hand his child, bares his head to me, begging a quatrine for charity. I gave it to him, and he passed on. He met a priest in purple robes, hastening to mass. The servant of God will surely have mercy. Oh, no, the son of Levi bows his head, touches his hat, waves his hand, and sweeps on with rustling garments. He can give a thousand years of indulgence, but silver and gold has he none. He cares for souls, not bodies. I stood next at the foot of the Scala Regia, the entrance to the Vatican. One by one, in long file the cardinal's carriages came lumbering up, the servants in silver lace and cocked hats, hanging on behind. Here was one, new and glittering, the liveries bright. The owner was rich, or lately raised to office. Next followed a faded, rickety old box, the horses starved, and the work coats hanging loosely round the veteran servants. Their master was poor in purse, or grown gray in honors. The doors are opened. From the servants' carriages behind, out spring in bustling haste the train-bearers. His eminence, in helplessness is taken from his carriage, and got up stairs, and so in. I followed on to the Sistine Chapel. But why should I weary and disgust you with a detailed description of all the mummery worse than childish of this Grand Lama worship. The twisting or the untwisting of the cardinal's robes or tails—the folding up and unfolding of the great baby's petticoats—the kissing of fingers and toes—the transmission of the holy kiss all round the circle—the bowing this way and then that—the putting on and off the crimson scull-caps. Strange, strange, it was to see old venerable men thus playing antics for no conceivable purpose, and full as strange to see the crowd of spectators. On one side of me was an old priest, his white beard sweeping his breast, the thin hairs silvering his palsied head. On the other a young keen-eyed canon—and both as much interested as a child is with Punch and Judy.

My friend, can you analyze it? Each single person knew perfectly that this was a farce—and yet all felt reverence. Each saw the wires, and helped to pull them—yet bowed in

awe before the puppets. Most marvellous is this power of social sympathy. And these were the Apostles of Christendom. Is it possible, one asks himself, that one spark of natural religion can yet live under this rubbish of artificial parade? What things we are! If an atheist had deliberately devoted his life to conceiving and executing a plan for completely perverting every intended influence of the religion of Jesus, the Catholic forms would have been the most effectual which ingenuity could invent. Yet did any one of these masqueraders have a doubt as to the rectitude and expediency of his conduct? Do you suppose he ever asked himself any thing about it? "The thing of an eternal yesterday,"* which habits, childish reverence, good associations, self-interest, laziness, fear sanctified—such was this service. Old men pleased with baubles! Why even such a mind as Bonaparte's, in fierce penetration cutting through all coverings to the very core of things, loved to be wrapped about in the emperor's velvet and ermine. How Sartor Resartus would sorrowfully smile in his tolerant, because deep looking philosophy, at this old dowager trumpery. But come with me into St. Peters. Bow in gratitude and wonder for what man's taste and art can accomplish. Look down the long perspective, where the light breaks across the misty air—the splendor of the golden roof above—the rich glancing marbles below and around—the mosaic pictures in the side chapels—the gorgeously ornamented and graceful vault above—the giant statues in the niches all around—the sculptured tombs of buried popes, seen here and there through opening vistas in the aisles—the ever burning golden lamps of the confessional. Splendor, beauty, grandeur, vastness, gloom and brightness, exquisite finish and mighty proportions, solemnity and gladness, form an atmosphere about you, and the divinest music ever heard swelling and dying away in your ears. This after the Sistine Chapel is indeed refreshing. Why look there. Do you see that woman lifting her blubbering boy to kiss the polished toe of that ugly stiff old bronze statue—and there is a countryman plump down on his knees before it. Old tottering men, and gaily dressed girls, the pallid beggar, the rosy gilled son of wealth, priests and laymen, rub their foreheads and touch their lips to that ill-shaped, half-

* Coleridge's Wallenstein. The whole passage is very beautiful.

Oh, no! it is the common, the quite common,
The thing of an eternal yesterday.
What ever was, and evermore returns,
Sterling to-morrow, for to-day 'twas sterling!
For of the wholly common is man made,
And custom is his nurse.

worn off old foot, which, if tradition speak truth, once belonged to Jupiter. My dear friend, why not worship sharks with the south-sea islanders. Is man naturally idiotic, and reason a disease? But look again. Do you see that confessional box—you observe the jolly old priest holds in his hand a long fishing rod, with which he seems bobbing for Gudgeon. A man kneels down, and he taps him with that wonderful, though very ordinary looking cane pole over the shoulder. Do you know what that single touch did? It gave the poor fellow assurance of some century of pardon from purgatory—so you see he can go directly and sin in any and every way for a week or two. Man need not *keep his conscience.* Much safer to put it into this savings bank of Rome, where they pay interest in paper money. No matter if the principal is squandered, and is no more to be found—no matter whether the specie in vault equals the sum in bills. The note is good for the present. I never could have believed that I could have looked on any thing without toleration; but this passes my philosophy. Yet how much may one learn from it. You will see from all this that I am sick of Rome. Ancient Rome I never loved. Spite of the *political* talent and virtue of some of her sons, she was one of the worst states of antiquity, both in herself and in her influence. She was the great slave mart and butchery house. She crushed liberty, while she diffused the vices of civilization. And modern Rome, what else has she ever been than a lamp of darkness, shedding error and perplexity on every little Goshen?"

[The above is from a private letter not intended for publication, hence some expressions are more sharp, and the views less balanced, than the writer would have chosen had he known it was going farther than the ear of friendship. Writing in the midst of corruptions, he expresses himself in language which to us, at this distance, may seem warm. But the picture is so living, that we could not deny ourselves the wish to lay it before our readers; and we believe the writer will forgive us for so doing.] ED.

ART. 5.—HALLS' SKETCHES,

Of History, Life and Manners in the West. Philadelphia, 1835—2 vols. 12mo.

A general view of the history, life and manners of any country could scarcely fail, with any competent attention of the author, to be a gratifying subject; but in the United States

such a course of observations in regard to any portion of it must be interesting to every lover of American History. In the western country of this Union the interest ought certainly not to be inferior in the fulness and fidelity of such engaging features in the portrait of any people. Such views, however, must always be deduced from original documents, which in the case of Western America are spread over a wide space of enquiry, and more than one language. The ramifications of the Western history of the United States, extend deep into French and Spanish narrative, to say nothing of the various States, whose citizens became the pioneers of our portion of the country. A work of this description will form no light undertaking for any author, even when the histories, state papers, and private memoirs of this part of the confederacy shall have been completed. At present, when such imperfect attempts have been made to collect the evidences upon which repose the translations of our people; when so much is yet to be traced and reconciled orally; so much to be found in obscure and fugitive publications, and mutilated files of provincial newspapers; when few if any repositories of documents, illustrative of our early history, are to be found, the difficulties of the undertaking are great. Our author seems to have been alive to these embarrassments, as he professes that "It has not been the object of the writer to attempt any regular history of the Western States." How little our author could find to assist his researches, may be inferred from the following complimentary remark, in his introduction: "But *few* of the writers who have treated of the Western country, rank above *mediocrity;* and little of all that has been written on this subject is *interesting* or *true*"—vol. I. p. 13. Has not our author exemplified the justice of his own criticism by suppressing the former edition of these sketches printed in 1834, which contains this identical introduction? We had hoped that some of these obstacles, which he has himself so well described, had, at length, been overcome by one, who entertained such an antipathy to mediocrity, and was so attached to the interesting and the true. We regret that this pleasing anticipation has not been realized by the present work. So far from it, that new difficulties have been added to those which formerly existed; new contradictions have been created; and the whole horizon of our history has become more overclouded than ever. This result is not however surprising; since the writer has not been content with encountering the embarrassments incident to our Western States, since their comparatively recent settlement by Europeans and their descendants. This

field was not wide enough for his literary ambition; he has, shall we say gallantly or rashly, involved himself in the whole modern intercourse of Europeans with barbarous nations. Are there not obscurities enough in our young annals, without adding those arising out of the Portuguese discoveries on the coast of Africa?—The conquests of the Spaniards in Mexico. Does it not require an uncommon stock of foreign literature to give an authentic epitome of these branches of history? Yet where are Mr. Hall's original authorities in foreign languages? Indeed, the same question may be asked in regard to most of the statements in this book. In most instances there are no references afforded, which give to original authority the justice due to his merit, and enables readers and authors to trace one another, "in their own snow," as Mr. Gibbon pleasantly terms it. Our author's practice of citing his authorities by their titles only, in the body of his page, we not only think loose, but disfiguring, and embarrassing all critical decision. In fine, we are disposed to think the field of sketches is too wide; their parts too distinct and unconnected in character; their statements too *slightly* deduced from original authority, and in many important matters, utterly *contradictory* to it.

The plan of this work embraces the following arduous outline: 1. Intercourse of the American people with the Indians; 2. History of the French settlements; 3 and 4. Events in the early history of Kentucky; 5. Military operations in the North-Western Territory: 6. Civil Institutions of the territories and new States. We will offer a few reflections on most of these parts.

1. *Intercourse of the American People with the Indians.*

Under this division, who would expect to find an account of the conduct of the Portuguese and the Spaniards, not to Americans only, but also to African aborigines? Yet such is the fact; but we shall not attempt to follow this distant flight. The scope of this division of the work is too great, and its matter too remote from history, life, or manners in the West, to be grouped with them. The alliance is a forced one. The views of Mr. Hall on this part of his subject, are not sufficiently enlightened by original and native authorities, and too full of *political* speculation to maintain any critical details.

There is, however, one general remark which strikes us as applicable to this portion of the work. It is that in accounting for the wars which have so unfortunately characterized the intercourse of barbarous tribes with more cultivated na-

tions, too little allowance has been made for the inconsistent and conflicting states of society, which have produced so large a share of unavoidable provocation between both parties. Neither can be fully absolved of guilt in their sanguinary and ferocious hostilities. Yet it would be equally foreign to truth, to impute uniform wrong to the one people or the other. It is a state of things which no human power nor art can reconcile. So long as the husbandman requires the earth to be cleared of its forests, and the wild beasts to be destroyed, to make way for his crops; so long will the hunter, who delights in these forests, and whose keenest pleasures lie in hunting these beasts, be irreconcilably the enemy of the former. Thus wars between civilized people and their savage neighbors, have often been indispensable to save agricultural society from the ravages of barbarians. The iron hand of military violence seems to have been alone competent to break down the pertinacity of barbarism; as well as to save and spread the blessed fruits of civilization. These remarks particularly bear upon the intercourse of the American people with the Indians. Every device, every forbearance of the most untiring benevolence has been resorted to in vain, to rescue the Indian tribes of the United States from tho barbarism which has devoured, and will continue its havoc until the natives shall be extinguished. Nothing but abandoning his savage condition can preserve the red man from annihilation on the other side of the Mississippi, where the last mournful experiment is trying upon his destinies.

2. *History of the French Settlements in the West.*

This is a branch of western history to which the attention of American writers cannot be too pressingly invited. What a mine of curious memorial might be opened, in the correspondence of the French Jesuits and other missionaries of that nation of enterprising travellers! These adventures range from about 1600 to 1763, embracing the rise of Detroit, Michillimackinac, Cahokia, Kaskaskia, Peoria, and St. Louis, in our north-western territory. It is known that the Jesuits are in the practice of publishing the intelligence collected by the members of their order at the close of each century. Many of these devoted missionaries of the Roman Catholic church spent their lives amidst our savages, attempting to convert them to the cross. An American writer would be valuably employed in examining the original accounts of the enterprises performed by these distinguished explorers of this continent. How much obliged the country would have been to Mr. Hall, if he had

devoted his lively and interesting powers to the investigation of these rich and curious materials, instead of second hand and detached notices. How gratifying to have filed the meagre chronological memoranda, which Mr. Hall has given of the ancient French villages, with the persons, the routes, and other living features of narration. This has been well done with regard to St. Louis, vol. 1. p. 165, which purports to have been taken from the Illinois Monthly Magazine, which was edited by Mr. Hall.

There is another specimen of Gallo American history, lately published in the 2d edition of the History of Kentucky, by the writer of the present article, which leads to the anticipation of a more grateful repast from similar materials not laid before the American public. The instance to which allusion is made, is, the abstract of father Marquette's Journal, furnished for the above work by Mr. Jared Sparks, of Massachusetts. The details of this adventurous enterprise, undertaken in 1673, for the discovery of the Mississippi, are full of the most lively interest, and will, we trust, allure our scholars to farther researches in the same language.

In pursuing these French settlements, of which Mr. Hall has furnished mere dates, and these on nameless authority; we are not a little surprised to find our old familiar acquaintance Pittsburg; and likewise the battle of Kenhawa, or Point Pleasant; McIntosh and Crawford's campaigns; and last and merriest, the huntings and weddings of Western Virginia. How these matters came to be arranged under the French settlements, we are at a loss to suppose. It is, however, but a fault of *method*, which is by no means a serious objection in this very immethodical age. Indeed, the writer of these sketches seems to disdain the vulgar restraints of *time* and *method* throughout his work. They perhaps favor too much of the mediocrity, which he so much despises. Nothing is more common with this writer than to state his dates in every order, but the chronological one. Thus we have the events of 1793, and then those of 1780, vol. 2, pp. 13—15; again, we have the settlement of Ohio in 1789 on page 153, vol. 2, under the *Civil Institutions* of the new states, after the victory of Wayne in 1794, on p. 149. There is in this work a curious account of a *Tramontane order* in Virginia, with the badge of a *golden horse-shoe*, which was worn by its members, said to have been founded by Gov. Spotswood, in commemoration of an expedition to the western mountains of Virginia, p. 184, vol. 1. This is quoted from an old work by Hugh Jones, printed at James Town, Virginia, in 1724. The facts

are gravely assented to by our author; yet some of the best informed men in the capital of Virginia informed the writer of these remarks, that although they were curious in such matters, they knew nothing of it. This, to be sure, is merely negative testimony; and the chaplain to the assembly of Virginia may, or may not have told the truth. The mixture of a Latin motto of "*sic juvat transcendere montes*," with an English title of "Tramontane order," which is said to have been engraved on the horse-shoes, is rather a suspicious circumstance for this precious morsel of American knighthood, these knights of the horse-shoe. Not that any fastidious republican should turn up his nose at this chivalric order, in the old domininion; why not have knights of the horse-shoe, as of the garter, the thistle, on the golden fleece?

There is a disagreement between our author and M. Volney, respecting the settlement of Vincennes, which the latter makes about 1735, from his secret enquiries; though the learned Dr. Brúte, bishop of Vincennes, makes it about 1700. Mr. Hall makes the date of this town 1702. In connection with this part of our subject, it may be asked, why all notice of the first fort established by the Ohio Company in 1753, and the interesting circumstances of the French operations against General Braddock, in 1755, should be omitted, when such copious details are furnished by Mr. Sparks in his incomparable notes to the great national work—the writings of Washington.

3 and 4. *Early Events in the History of Kentucky.*

In this part of the work, Mr. Hall has availed himself of other men's labors, without any acknowledgment, in a manner we can neither reconcile with justice nor generosity. Now it strikes us that when a man has brought to light new sources of information, either by the revival of forgotten documents, or by obtaining new facts; he should enjoy the credit due to labors for the public gratification with writers who may have gathered the fruit of those labors. Such we consider the case with the descent of the Mississippi by the Taylors, in 1769; the expedition of Capt. Thomas Bullitt with the McAfees, in 1773; the treaty of Fort Stanwix, in 1768; and the establishment of a proprietary government in Kentucky, by Henderson & Co. in 1775. These facts are all used without any intimation that they were not the result of the author's own enquiries.

In regard to the treaty of Fort Stanwix, this memorable transaction had almost faded from the public mind; no copy exists in the printed collections of our Indian treaties.

The writer of this article, with great trouble and disappointment, traced this treaty from Dr. Franklin's memorial in his works, through the ancient colonial papers to the library of Congress. Yet obscure as the traces of this treaty were, it was not deficient in importance; since it forms the first alienation of Indian title to territory south of the Ohio, between the Cherokee, Hogohege, or Tennessee river, and Wood creek in New York. It is indeed the foundation of historical notices in the western part of the United States; and was greatly relied upon in Virginia, during the controversy with Henderson & Co, as an evidence of her title. True it is, that the title acquired by this treaty was rendered invalid for all the country west of the Kenhawa, by the treaty of Hard Labor, of the previous October, 1768, confirmed by the treaty of Lochaber in 1770; both negotiated in North Carolina by the British Crown. Mr. Hall not only withholds all credit from others for reviving this ancient and important document of western history; but with the treaty under his eyes, mistakes its purport so much, as to represent it as ceding the country north-west of the Ohio, and east of the Great Miami, p. 247, vol. 1, while not an acre north-west of that river was ceded by the Indians till the treaty of Fort McIntosh in 1785, and that of Fort Harmar in 1789, and that of Greenville in 1795.—Land Law U. S. p. 148. In other treaties the author has not made the most precise enquiries. In page 251, vol. 1, he states there were "two several deeds signed" by the Cherokee chiefs at the treaty of Wotauga, in March, 1775. These "two grants comprehended several tracts lying within the chartered limits of Virginia and North Carolina." Now the first grant embraced the territory of the present state of Kentucky, between the rivers Cantuckey, Chenoee, or Kentucky and Cumberland, the Ohio and the Cumberland mountain. Upon this there is nodispute; the other was for a tract of country which is thus described by Hall, though no treaty is specially referred to or produced—"Beginning on the Holstein river, where the course of Powell's mountain strikes the same; thence up the same river as it meanders, to where the Virginia line crosses the same; thence westward along the line run by Donelson, to a point six English miles eastward of the long island in said Holston river; thence a direct course towards the mouth of the great Canaway, until it reaches the top ridge of Powell's mo untain; thence westward along the said ridge to the place of beginning." Now this grant, so ascribed to the Cherokees at Watauga, is almost word for word, the grant of the Cherokees to the crown in 1770 at Lochaber. The subject is not,

however, devoid of obscurity, owing to the difficulty in obtaining original documents; but I have heard of an Indian treaty in 1779, negotiated for the country between the Kentucky and Kenhawa rivers, at Long Island in Holston, by Gov. Shelby. The original, however, cannot be obtained from North Carolina.* It may be doubted whether so small a tract of country contained millions of acres, as asserted by Mr. Hall; and it certainly lay in the province of Virginia much more than in N. Carolina. Our author has the merit of publishing several new and interesting documents upon this matter, as the treaty of Lochaber and the affidavit of Col. Donelson, who surveyed the Western line of Virginia under that treaty. This line should have been extended from "a point six miles east of Long Island, in Holsten, to the confluence of the Great Canaway and the Ohio rivers;" but from the preference of the Indians for natural boundaries, Col. Donelson says, he ran the boundary to the head of the Kentucky river; and thence down the same to the Ohio, and up the latter river to the Kenhawa. Sketches 248, vol. 1. This would leave an Indian territory between the Kentucky and Kenhawa rivers, which we believe was not alienated to Virginia till 1779, as previously mentioned, if it ever was, to Richard Henderson & Co. There is no treaty shown for this latter grant; although in justice to Mr. Hall, the above company make that assertion in their petition to Congress in 1795.—Sketches, vol. 2, appendix, p. 272. The subject of treaties appears to have some fatality for our author. The following remarks appear in vol. 2, p. 31: "It appears that very shortly after these events, (meaning the first private negotiation for the trade of the Mississippi, between Judge Sebastian and Don Gayoso, in 1795,) the *purchase* of Louisiana by the government of the United States, settled the long agitated question in reference to the navigation of the Mississippi." Yet there are only eight years between these events, namely, the *purchase* of Louisiana and the above negotiation; the one happened in 1795—Journal of the Kentucky House of Representatives, 1806–7, and Wilkinson's Memoirs, vol. 2, appendix 5 & 45; the second in 1803. Can the Spanish treaty of 1795, acknowledging the right of the United States to navigate the Mississippi, and granting a qualified right of deposite, at New Orleans, have been confounded with the treaty for

* On application through R. M. Johnson to the Executive Department of North Carolina, the Secretary of State replied, that "The Treaty of Holston with the Cherokee Indians in 1779, with the Record thereof, was burnt in the State Library, when the State House was burnt." A copy was however made for Mr. B. W. Leigh, in 1820. Gov. Shelby described the treaty as above mentioned.

the cession of Louisiana. It was the former too, whose news arriving at New Orleans, frustrated the private convention of Sebastian and Gayoso; as the testimony of Judge Innes before a legislative committee in 1806, established. Nor is it one of the least surprising circumstances, in relating the early events in the History of Kentucky, that while the establishment of the three elder counties in 1780 is thought worthy of notice; neither the first municipal appellation of Fincastle county, nor the first district county of Kentucky in 1776, is at all recorded. Yet the latter circumstance is the foundation of the political existence of Kentucky; and it is, moreover, the fruit of Col. G. R. Clarke's generous mission to Virginia through a wilderness, beset with every danger. By this measure, too, the proprietary government of the colony of Transylvania, in North America, (as Kentucky was termed by Henderson & Co.) was effectually put down. It would be a source of pleasure if no graver matters of criticism were presented in this work than this, to say the very least, careless confusion of dates and mistake of circumstances; but the view of the Spanish conspiracy in Kentucky, in this book, forms such a strange tissue of misstatement, and it is in itself so curious a passage in Kentucky history that it ought not to be passed over without notice. This matter can only be corrected by a brief narrative which has been drawn from the Journal of the House of Representatives of Kentucky in 1806–7, exhibiting testimony obtained on this foreign intrigue. It appears from this authority, together with the life of Gen. Wilkinson, that this conspiracy commenced in 1788, at New York, by overtures from Don Gardoqui to John Brown, then a representative from Virginia in the old Congress. The object of these overtures was to detach Kentucky from the confederacy by commercial privileges at New Orleans; as this attempt proved abortive, it will be no farther noticed here, than to mention that much new and interesting testimony on this affair has been published in the late edition of the History of Kentucky. Another attempt at the same insidious purpose was again proposed in 1795, by a convention for exclusive commercial favors to Kentucky, in the Mississippi trade, which was negotiated at New Madrid, and broken off, as previously mentioned. It is true, as Mr. Hall remarks, vol. 2, p. 34, that this instrument contained no allusion to any political connexion between the people of Kentucky and the Spanish government;" but it may well be suspected that more was meant than met the eye. Dismissing so mere a conjecture, without an inference, it must be observed, that the acceptance of favors from a foreign power

not common to the nation, would have been a violation of the commercial equality guaranteed by the Congress of the United States, and a dangerous interference with the exclusive functions of the general government to regulate foreign trade and treat with other nations. Still this affair, abortive as its purposes proved, might be passed over with slight censure on the parties, if they had committed no farther offence. But not content with these intrigues, in 1797, two years after a solemn treaty had been concluded between Spain and the United States, a much more serious attempt was made by the same parties against the peace and union of these States. Thomas Power was again the Spanish emissary, as he had been in 1795; he came to the Falls of Ohio and again resorted to judge Sebastian as his agent with the gentlemen of Kentucky. He now urged the leading men of the State, in the name of Gov. De Carondelet, to *erect a government independent of the federal authority, to seize Fort Massac on the Ohio, and dispossess the United States' troops.* To effect these perfidious intrigues, ample means, in *money and arms*, the former to the extent of one or two hundred thousand dollars, were freely offered by Gov. De Carrondelet. These offers were indignantly rejected by Judge Innes, and Col. Nicholas; and the Spanish treaty was at length put in a train of execution. Yet the Kentucky agent, in a negotiation involving civil war and insurrection in its consummation, is styled by Mr. Hall, p. 31, vol. 2, "a volunteer in a *patriotic* though delicate enterprise." To be sure, these epithets are used in reference to the negotiation of 1795; for strange as it may appear, our author seems to know of no other aspect of the Spanish conspiracy. He states nothing about the nefarious intrigue of 1797, though it forms a portion of the *legislative* records of Kentucky. These, one would think, should have attracted the attention of a writer upon the affairs of that State, quite as much as the private papers of one who had incurred the condemnation of all parties, when it was proved before a committee of the Legislature that he had become a *pensioner* of Spain, while a *judge* on the supreme bench of Kentucky. The error of Mr. Hall is the more remarkable, that this conspiracy threw the commonwealth about which he writes, into the most violent and acrimonious paroxysms of party. Our author seems to know the account of the pension to Judge Sebastian, but nothing of the treasonable offers communicated by him to Judge Innes and Col. Nicholas. He goes so far as to say, vol. 2, p. 36, "We are not aware of a single act in the *whole transaction* which involves the slightest imputation upon the patriotism

of the gentlemen concerned, unless it be the receipt of money by Sebastian." Again, p. 37, "She (meaning Kentucky) has reared many illustrious patriots, but *none* who have served her more faithfully through a period of extraordinary embarrassment and peril, than Brown, Innes, Nicholas, and Sebastian." We can assure Mr. Hall, from a long and intimate acquaintance with the people of Kentucky, that they, and none more than the descendants of the first three of their ancient and distinguished public servants above mentioned, will regard their association with Judge Sebastian as equals in fame, with much the same complacency, that they would consider the assertion that Arnold and Burr were the equals of Washington and Jefferson. It is indeed political profanation to mingle men of of such opposite character in the same strain of eulogy. The fathers of Kentucky ought not to be classed with a foreign pensioner.

5. *Military Operation in the North-Western Territory.*

This part of our work will be despatched in much shorter compass than the former. I did expect that after my publication of the principal points in General Clark's papers, when they had been suffered to repose for upwards of half a century, the celebrated Illinois campaigns of this gallant officer would in future have been exhibited faithfully. It is a portion of our history, which before that time had been known to the public, more by its results than its details. Yet so far from Judge Hall's account of this transaction, which is most recent, being most particular, and most free from error; it presents mistakes which were never presented before, and which the Western source of the work and the presumed familiarity of the author with western affairs, are calculated to perpetuate. The whole plan of this expedition originated with Gen. Clark (then an inferior officer) and was pressed by his military genius on the approbation of Gov. Henry and the Executive Council of Virginia. Its honors in conception and execution belong to that hero, and should ever be placed to the credit of his memory. The first error which attracts our notice in Mr. Hall's account of the Illinois expedition of 1778, is, the number of men under the command of its chief. This is said, vol. 2, p. 119, to have been "between two and three hundred men." Now, this officer declares in his memoir which I have quoted, p. 50, that he had "but four companies;" and although he does not mention their numbers, yet he does say, that after receiving two companies of French volunteers for his expedition against Vincennes in 1779, that he had only 170 men.

The presumption is, that a very small number, if any, was left at Kaskaskia, at so perilous a time, and after detaching forty-six men in the galley, under the command of Lieutenant Rogers, which was despatched round from Kaskaskia to ascend the Wabash. There is also a letter of Gov. Henry, just published in the History of Kentucky, which mentions that Col. Clark had "one hundred and seventy or eighty men."—Butler's History, p. 533, 2d edition. What may be the authority of Mr. Hall for this assertion is left to conjecture. An error of an opposite effect, in favor of the enemy, represents Kaskaskia as a "garrisoned town," and as "fortified."—Vol 2, p. 119. It is true there was a fort; but the only garrison that could be obtained for it was the militia of the village, who, at the attack by Col. Clark, were snugly at their own houses; and their governor, M. Rocheblave, was in bed. But this notice has extended too far; the remainder must be condensed. Mr. Hall omits all account of the first voluntary submission of Vincennes to the government of Virginia, in August, 1778. He represents Col. Clark as visiting Kentucky for the first time, in 1777, p. 118; yet it is well known that this gentleman came to Kentucky in 1775, and was formally chosen by the people of West Fincastle, on Kentucke, as their representative to the Convention of Virginia, in 1776. The British garrison of Vincennes is represented as a well appointed body of soldiers, twice as numerous as his (Clark's) own followers," p. 123. Col Clark states the garrison that surrendered as seventy-nine. Butler, p. 87, after a slight siege. Is 79 twice 170? These events are spoken of as "65 years ago," p. 120; can 178 or 179, the years in which Kaskaskia and Vincennes were taken by Clark, be 65 years from 1835, the date of these sketches? These are minor errors of numbers and date; so is the settlement of Louisville, which preceded the capture of Kaskaskia, if Corn Island, the seat of our first colony, is a part of the settlement; and it still preceded the capture of Vincennes, and did *not* succeed it, even on the main bank. The expedition of Clark represented to be in 1785, against the Wabash Indians, was in the succeeding year, as all the previous records of Kentucky attest.

But we must stop, with the expression of our sincerest regret, that a writer who possesses so easy a flow of style as Mr. Hall, should, by his inattention to authorities, and the dry, but indispensible investigation of old papers and dates, have exposed himself to the preceding remarks. Yet it is due to the public, that mistakes calculated to embarrass the whole history of the western country should be temperately stated, however

painful the task may have been. Were the author less distinguished in our young literature than he is, his errors would not so imperiously require exposure. MANN BUTLER.

ART. 6.—FUNERAL OF DR. SPÜRZHEIM.

Composed November, 1832, after witnessing the impressive Ceremony in the South Church, Boston.

1

Why is the city stirred?
  Why stand its streets along,
With aspect thus sedate,
  The still increasing throng?

2

Why is that ancient church
  With sable drapery hung?
Around a coffin, stand
  The mingled old and young.

3

Around a stranger's corpse
  Gather the young and old,
While, in warm, simple words,
  The stranger's worth is told.

4

What sympathy connects—
  What common feeling binds,
With chain of earnest thought,
  This group of varied minds?

5

Life's hollow shows and forms,
  One moment breaking through,
There comes to all a sense
  Of what is Real and True.

6

For clearly to their hearts
  By word and act are shown,
In this man's life and death,
  A love for truth alone.

7

A love which penetrates
  The dark veil hung abroad,
By human creeds and forms,
  Before the LIVING GOD,

8

And piercing mists as dark,
  Its gaze of love may scan,
His image in the soul,
  Of much perverted man.

9

Before the Father God,
  It bends with humbled will,
To help the brother man,
  Exerts its strength and skill.

10

Beneath a darkened sky,
  They carry forth their guest,
To where their fathers sleep,
  Their honored ones, their best.

11

The spirit is not gone
  Which brought those fathers here,
Their sons the stranger mourn,
  Their sons the good revere. J. F. C.

Art. 7.—PUBLIC WORSHIP.

Is not this a misnomer? How many go to church for the purpose of worshipping God? Who feels that the great end of meeting together has been fulfilled, unless they have heard a sermon upon the Sunday? By the fireside a prayer and a chapter of the Word suffice for us, but not so at church; there too, commonly, the intellectual pleasure coming from the sermon is the great thing. "Who preaches?" is the question when the bell rings, and as that is answered, we go or stay. Should this be so? Ought we not in the house of prayer to be more active, and less passive; prayers and worshippers rather than hearers?

Public instruction is a good thing, and instruction must be public, while worship may be private; but our fear is, that public worship if desirable, is too generally neglected, and at least by Unitarians. The Episcopal Church has provided a service in which the congregation bear a part. We like this, for we think it leads to and aids devotion. The Methodists also, are by their forms called on to worship aloud; and though

many, not of that sect, rail at their extravagancies, few profit by their excellencies.

At Boston, the Unitarian church over which Dr. Freeman was, and Mr. Greenwood is, pastor, still uses the Episcopal service, altered to meet its views. Is not this example worthy of consideration? If we go to church to worship, is not that form the best which allows and induces all to join in the prayers and other services by which we worship? And in this point of view how superior the Episcopal to the Presbyterian form. And should any hesitate to borrow from an opposing sect, they have but to remember that the prevailing form is borrowed from the Presbyterians.

The music, also, as a part of worship, is too little thought of. Where all join, as in some Methodist churches, the very absence of perfection and melody produces the desired effect; it is like the shouting of a great multitude, or any other sound without harmony, but flowing from, and full of feeling,—it rouses feeling; while we could smile as musicians, at the discord—as men, we are swept away by the pervading energy. Or where this is not the case, but a small and trained choir alone are heard, the same end is gained; the perfectness produces solemn thoughts,

> "And the wrapt spirit, on the wings of sound,
> Floats in mid-ether."

But too often we find all of the discord and none of the warmth; too often, a few poor singers, untrained, and ever changing, so that the choir is never the same three weeks together,—excite the merriment of the children, and the pity of the musician; and yet this choir is to assist in public worship! Far better have one good singer, or a whole house full of bad ones.

Upon these points we believe some change is needful, and will ere long be called for; and also upon many others connected with public worship; among which is the present necessity put on clergymen of preaching two new sermons every week. This is what no man should do, and particularly no Unitarian, for he cannot, like the orthodox, dwell month after month and year after year upon the few points of depravity, election, salvation, damnation, &c.; he must, from his creed, be ever intellectually at work. On this account, more than any other, do Unitarian ministers become weak and broken down sooner than those of other sects, whose faith calls on them for much less reflection and thought.

Another point worthy of consideration in large towns, is the propriety of giving up afternoon for evening services. We

believe the general adoption of this plan would be of advantage both to preachers and hearers; those that love a nap after dinner, could take it at home, and those that now stay from service to take care of their children, could, in the afternoon, without scandal, walk with them, and in the evening put them to bed, and go themselves to church. All of these matters, at which we have now but hinted, deserve to be treated more fully, and at some future moment may be discussed at large.

J. H. P.

Art. 8.—CREEDS.

The right of adopting human formularies as the standard of Christian doctrine, is one *assumed*, not given by Christ or his apostles. We call them human formularies, for we need not say that in them scripture language is by no means adhered to, but on the contrary, almost all the words and phrases of popular creeds, are such as are no where found in scripture. Their framers do, indeed, assert that they adhere to the *sense* of scripture, but the explanation and mode of expression are entirely their own, and the creed is therefore, at best, a human formulary of divine truth. The right of adopting such a formulary as a standard of divine truth, we dispute. If scripture language were retained, or, if the creed simply stated the *facts* of Christianity, we should have less objection. To adopt such a creed would only be another way of saying, "Our only creed is the Bible." Of this sort is the "apostles' creed," used in the Episcopal Church. It confines itself to facts and scripture language, and introduces no human explanations; and therefore every Christian of every name, with a few individual exceptions can assent to it without hesitation.* It is without the worst characteristics of most creeds, the very object of which is, to draw a line between those who can, and those who cannot, sign them; and therefore no sect, which uses written articles of faith, is satisfied with this creed: "a creed which every one who calls himself a *Christian* can sign, say they, is as bad as no creed. We want something which will make a distinction, so that we mny know the wolves in lamb's clothing. It is not enough for a man to say that he believes in scripture, we must know what he understands by scrip-

* If we take out the words "He descended into *hell*," or alter the last word "hell" to "the grave."

ture." "It can be shown," says the Presbyterian Magazine, "that in the present state of the world, *the Bible is not*, and cannot be used as the sole test of orthodoxy, while any regard is paid to truth in the constitution of a church." This extraordinary position is thus illustrated and defended. As long as we continue to put questions in the words of scripture, affirmative answers will be given, and it may be impossible to discover the *heretical* notions of the candidates for admission. The discovery of their heretical opinions is made, either by applying questions, expressed in terms conveying the sense which the examiners put upon the language of scripture, or by the candidates giving explanations, which show that their sense of the scripture differs from that of their examiners." The Bible, therefore, though perfect in itself, is imperfect and insufficient, it seems, as a standard of orthodoxy. What an argument is this against the truth of the system called by that name! Yet the writer of the above quoted words was a Protestant, and the shorter catechism of his own church declares that "The scriptures of the Old and New Testaments are the *only* rule which God has given to direct us how we may glorify and enjoy him." For ourselves, as Christians and Protestants, we prefer to abide by the good words of the catechism; and "we have much to allege against every attempt to make the comments and deductions of uninspired and fallible men, a more definite and certain rule of faith than the declarations of holy scripture." W. G. E.

Art. 9.—THEODORE. Chap. 3.

Translated from the German of De Wette.

In the mean time Landeck was able to entertain himself very pleasantly. He highly enjoyed all the amusements which a country life so richly offers. He rode, drove, hunted, rambled over the region, sketched its prettiest views, and was always exciting Theodore, or his sister, or mother, to some new expedition or party of pleasure. The gymnastic games of the village youth attracted his attention. He took a great interest in them. He altered this, and improved that, and got up at last a public exhibition of many games and sports on the occasion of a national festival. All the village, and Theodore's family with the rest, were present as spectators; and Landeck won all hearts by the gaiety and good humor with

which he presided as master of ceremonies, together with the skill and grace which he displayed in the course of the exercises.

Frederica had never seen a young man so attractive and interesting as Landeck appeared to her. He studied to please her by delicate, almost imperceptible attentions; by sharing her half-childish amusements, which he contrived to make more important and respectable in her own eyes; and by his always light-hearted and spirited conversation. The son of a gentleman, who lived on a neighboring estate, who had for a long time shown an inclination for Frederica, and who had not been disagreeable to her, now appeared very commonplace and flat, when he made them a visit one morning, and by the side of Landeck was in no favorable light.

Landeck also grew upon the affections of Theodore's mother, though she soon remarked in him a sad deficiency in the matter of piety. He kept away, whenever he could, from the family devotions; he seldom conversed with the pastor, and when he did, always about scientific topics, and subjects which had no connection with religion; and with the mother also he avoided touching on that region. These observations disquieted her, and she expressed to Theodore her dissatisfaction about it. He did not deny that she had seen correctly, and that this was the side of his friend's character where there was no point of contact with his own; but then he praised the goodness of his heart, his enthusiasm for every thing good and beautiful, and his true zeal in study and science. When his mother intimated her anxiety lest this intimacy might have contributed to shake his religious convictions; he assured her, on the contrary, that this change had been going on even before he knew Landeck, and that he considered his acquaintance very valuable, and contributing to his general culture. Besides, he remarked, the majority, and those the most intelligent of the young men, are exactly of like sentiments and views as Landeck, and that he must give up all society, except that of John, if he had to avoid such persons as he. His mother could not gainsay the various excellence and amiability of Landeck, nor insist on Theodore's giving up his friendship—yet she concealed not that in his presence she always had an uneasy feeling.

The time had arrived for Landeck to leave the village, and return to his own city. Theodore could hardly resist the desire of going with him, but he feared to offend his friend John, who had arrived in the interim, if he should disappoint him of his society in returning to the University. His respect for

his mother's admonitions also restrained him. At Landeck's departure, Frederica could scarcely preserve her usual cheerfulness, and with difficulty suppressed her emotion: Landeck had at last found an opportunity of being alone with her a few moments; and though his tact, and delicate sense of propriety restrained him from plainly avowing his love, while he was uncertain whether his father would consent to the connection; he was yet able to make his feelings sufficiently apparent, and Frederica on her part did not show much insensibility.

By Landeck's departure, a chasm seemed to be made in the family, and it was yet more sad and dull as Theodore's departure lay close at hand. His mother had a private conversation with John respecting Theodore, and the direction which he had taken in theology. She was very much quieted by what John told her. His comforting view of the matter he also communicated to the pastor, and the latter was more ready to admit it, since he had remarked with pleasure, that however far Theodore might have gone into the new theories, he was far from being in harmony with himself, but was yet in a unsatisfied struggle. He again made him promise to attend the lectures of the old orthodox teacher, upon religious doctrines, and to read the old church fathers. He then dismissed him with his blessing.

The mother took leave of her loved son with deep emotion, saying to him—I have found in you again the same true, pious son—what concerns other matters, I must leave to God and his guidance. I cannot fear that what I vowed concerning you when you was an infant at my bosom, and what I often repeated in my prayers to God respecting you, will not be at last fulfilled. Theodore assured her that it was his honest wish to gratify her desires, and begged her to pardon him the anxiety he had caused her. Frederica said with a degree of sadness which he had never before perceived in her, that if he was not to return again to the village, that neither did she wish to live there any more. Theodore was very much moved by this leave-taking. The thought of relinquishing his plan of life had now retreated into the back ground, and the attracting form of Teresa gave way before the touching image of his mother.

John proposed that they should take in their way, while journeying, a place where there were villages of the Herrnhuters. He said he had heard a great deal of the solemnity, impressiveness, and touching character of the services of the Herrnhuters, and that even those who had given up the rigor

of the old faith, and were inclining to infidelity, had not been insensible to this service. He gave Thedore hopes of perhaps, by what he should experience, regaining his confidence and love for his chosen professson. The Moravian brethren were by no means so rigorous and one-sided in their doctrine as had been thought; which was evident from the fact of different confessions being allowed in their brotherhood. The chief aim of their preaching and prayers was to excite pious feeling, and Theodore would perhaps learn by their example how one might escape the doctrinal part of religious instruction, or at least avoid the stiff dogmatism of the church.

Theodore agreed to the proposal, and John rejoiced when he saw that the Moravian ceremonies and mode of worship not only fixed the whole attention and interest of the friend, but also evidently made quite a favorable impression upon him. The liturgy received his entire approbation, and the preaching did not wholly displease him; he would indeed have been much engaged by it, had not the copious allusions to the blood and wounds of Christ, and like figures, disturbed the effect. He partook of the Lord's supper with a truly devout feeling, and confessed that now he had, for the first time, gained an idea of the assemblys of the early Christians. But some conversation with an elder and preacher of the church betrayed to him a mental frame and view which displeased him much by its sickliness and contraction. Then he read some of the doctrinal and devotional books of the brotherhood, and found that too much stress was laid on certain doctrines, offensive to him—that with the feeling of friendship and longing toward the Redeemer was joined an idolizing jugglery—and that their self-study, and their so called walk with Christ was too much controlled by the imagination, and was not free from vanity and presumption. That humility which makes the soul of the whole Moravian way of thought and feeling, seemed to him, the scholar of Kant, excessive—and when displayed in the outward manners of the brotherhood, hypocritical. The severe customs of the community, the cloister-like separation of the sexes, the casting of lots, and other like usages, seemed to him even blameable. Especially repugnant to his soul was their indifference to civil and national interests, and the coldness with which they allowed themselves to be transplanted from one home to another. We know how highly our friend prized the freedom and independence of nations—and can find in this a sufficient explanation of his dissatisfaction with the brotherhood.

John wished to protect them from the last charge, and re-

ferred to the customs of the first Christian Churches, which were equally set apart from the love of country and all concern with civil affairs. But Theodore replied that the condition of the early Christians was wholly different from that of the Moravians; that their refusal to take part in the events of the world was rendered necessary by the consideration that the governments were unchristian, and even directly hostile to Christianity. But in the other case the refusal was an affectation, growing out of laziness and a want of generous sympathy. John thought this judgment too hard, and remarked that even in our time, it was beneficial to have an example and a living proof of a condition of things raised above all temporal distinctions, purely Christian and human; that thus we should be reminded that we were Christians and men before we were Germans or French. But Theodore considered this also a mistake, and a sickly view, and asserted that our general relationships were based on our particular connexions, and not the reverse.

Notwithstanding, both agreed that the intimate steady union of the Moravians was worthy of all praise, as well as their spirit of order and harmony. It is ceatain that Theodore carried away a much more favorable impression of the whole community than he was perhaps himself aware of, in his zeal against the faults he had detected.

CHAPTER 4.

After their return to the University, the two friends pursued with ardor their theological studies, and Theodore followed the counsel of the pastor, and attended the doctrinal lectures of the old professor. He had resolved to hear them through, cost him what it would, in order that he might be free from self-reproach; but he almost broke through this resolution, so great was the dissatisfaction these lectures excited in his mind. This professor was a great combatant and heresy-hunter, and did not even abstain from giving harsh names to his fellow lecturers. This displeased Theodore so much the more, as he saw his zeal was not wholly disinterested. His lectures were more thinly attended than those of his younger associates, and he was unable to conceal his vexation on that account.

In the introduction to his course, he exhibited a detailed and very clear view of the different theological systems, with respect to the sources of religious knowledge which each assumed. One system, (in which Theodore recognized his own,)

in which the reason was recognized as the fountain of religious truth, and the contents of the Bible subjected to its test, he called RATIONALISM, and attacked it very zealously. It is, said he, the doctrine of unbelief and self-deception, for the human reason is dark, and can know nothing of God or of heavenly things, by its own power. Under its guidance one will surely go astray, fall into error and sin and run into the hands of the devil. He not only asserted that the Rationalist despised and rejected Christ and his redemption, but also that he could not believe in God, and that if he was consistent, he must go straight forward into atheism.

Theodore felt himself somewhat impressed, whilst he traced in himself the empty coldness which accompanied the conviction of God's existence won from the mere knowledge of the understanding. But the harshness with which the zealot denounced all use of the reason, except the mere arranging power of the understanding, embittered him; and the other system, which he declared the true orthodox, seemed to him wholly irrational and untenable.

The Professor called this second system SUPERNATURALISM, and to his mind it rested upon the reception of a supernatural revelation which is contained in the Scripture. This revelation he considered an arbitrary extraordinary action of God on the human reason, and as communicating truth to which the unaided reason would never have come. Christ became the Mediator of this revelation, because in him God and man were united in an incomprehensible manner. The Prophets and Apostles had received divine inspiration through the Holy Ghost poured down on them; and he compared this wonderful influence to the playing of a flute, which gives sounds by means of the breath blown into it, but not by its own motion. It is now our business to receive this divine revelation with obedient faith, not to doubt or to speculate concerning it, neither to add any thing to it, or take aught away from it.

Theodore could not but express to John his repugnance to these views. No! cried he—this is too bad, thus to trample upon our reason, which is the creature of God. Revelation might as well be addressed to a stock or a stone, as to a man, if the reason is only the dead instrument with which God works.

John could not deny the extravagance of the Professor, but he thought him only immoderate. It could not be disputed that reason had a power of receiving revelation, which did not belong to a stock or a stone—but, notwithstanding, revelation must be for it the fountain of all higher knowledge.

Theodore did not seem to have gained much by these limita-

tions and admissions. The demand was still made that the reason should be passive in its reception of revelation, and abstain from all judgment respecting it. This seemed to be demanding of the reason something opposed to its nature.

John was forced to grant this, since, as a good interpreter he was well aware that in interpreting scripture, it was not sufficient passively to receive the meaning—it was also necessary to exercise actively the judgment in comparing one part with another. But he made a distinction between an active believing reception and a sceptical, dissatisfied questioning. We must, said he, be convinced of the divine truth of scripture as a whole, then we shall be able to examine its parts without falling into unbelief.

Theodore thought that there was an admission made here that we must carry a prejudice with us into our investigations, and considered this unworthy the honest seeker after truth. John was confused, and could carry the argument no further.

Theodore was much disturbed by a lecture of the same professor, in which he asserted that the Rationalist, if he was honest, could not fill the office of Christian preacher. He took the position that Christ had founded his church on a faith in his divine mission, and had sent his apostles to proclaim faith in God the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost. He called himself the way and the life, and had declared that no one could come to the Father but through him. Therefore it was not enough for his minister to preach Christian truth, he must preach it in the name of Christ, as the apostles and their successors had done. Luther had made this faith in Christ the corner stone of the Reformed Church. It was also laid down in the public confessions, and those who neither believed it nor taught it, were false, not only to Christ and his church, but also to the state, which only recognized and protected churches founded on this faith. The Rationalists, said he, may deliver their doctrines from the chair of the lecturer, but they have no more business in the Christian church than Socrates or David Hume.

Theodore had not regarded the matter in thir light. He had felt that his new convictions did not coincide with the faith of those to whom he had to preach, but not that they were wholly inconsistent with the duty of a Christian teacher. He endeavored to reason away the impression which these assertions had made on his mind in conversing about them with John. He quoted the verse where Jesus says—Not every one who says unto me, Lord, Lord! shall enter the kingdom of heaven, but he that doeth the will of my Father who is in

Heaven. He wished to prove by this passage, that a confession of Christ was not necessary to salvation. But John showed him that Christ required both a confession of his name, and the doing of God's will, and so too with respect to other texts which Theodore produced.

Now our friend has no more peace, and the purpose of giving up the ministerial profession came up afresh in his mind. Landeck had brought him a message from Teresa on his return, and gave him to understand by delicate intimations that his sister took an interest in him, by which Theodore's inclination was excited to new life. Landeck also hinted that his father would willingly help him, if he would enter the service of the state. Theodore heard all with open ear. But he also applied himself, with new zeal, to the study of a religious philosophy, which seemed to offer him a prospect of yet discovering a satisfactory side of theology.

[What follows with respect to Schelling and his doctrines, however instructive for the student of philosophy, has so little apparent interest for our community, that I thought to omit it. But on reflection, I found that this very system was making its way into American Theology, through the medium of Coleridge and his admirers. That the system of Coleridge, as far as he had a system, resembled Schelling's, and was in part taken from it, is as good as granted in the Biographia Literaria, and proved in Tait's Magazine. It may be well for his Calvinistic friends, therefore, to see a little of the system of his master. I do not translate all. T. R.]

A short time before, he had become acquainted with a young man at the university who busied himself with philosophy and belle-lettres, and also devoted himself diligently to painting, but who attended very few lectures. He despised the philosophy of Kant and those who taught it, and preferred the later doctrine of Schelling and the other philosophers of Nature, and read likewise assiduously the writings of the Schlegels and their allies. Theodore was induced by his first meeting with him to seek for a nearer acquaintance with his opinions, and a closer contact with his mind. Sebald, for that was his name, spoke much and earnestly, especially when he had attentive listeners; hence, it was easy for Theodore to draw out of him all his thoughts. When he learnt that Theodore was a follower of Kant, he expressed great opposition to those doctrines.

You stand, said he, on the low ground of reflection, it draws a man down, and freezes him, it places all its trust in the understanding, which is not capable of receiving the great life of

nature, or of creating any great, satisfying or inspiring view.

Theodore confessed that he had lost his peace of mind through these views, but could find no outlet from them, since their principles seemed too firmly based and arranged.

You can find no outlet, said Sebald, as long as you stay in the low circle of this way of thinking. You must ascend to a higher point of view, and leave the whole matter behind you. As this higher point of view he named *intellectual perception* without being able to give any very clear account of it.

The conversation turned upon theology, and Sebald expressed great contempt for the teacher in whom Theodore had hitherto placed most confidence. He is a shallow-headed man, said he, who, being fitted out with some knowledge of languages, some psychology, and a few Kantian notions, without any knowledge of antiquity, or the history of religions, lays his destructive hand on the lofty temple of the Christian faith.

This hurt Theodore, and he asked whether then he had heard this man's acute explanations of the gospel miracles, and his view of gospel history.

I know enough of it, replied the other, to cause me to despise it all as the business of a narrow intellect. Who would undertake to explain miracles? Miracles happen every day, and the greatest of all is that a world exists.

You appear, then, said Theodore, to believe in a revelation in Christianity. He then related to him the views of the old professor about supernaturalism, which had displeased him so much.

He, said Sebald, is a shallow head of another sort, who is entangled not merely in notions, but also in words and letters, and looks upon Christianity from the same point of sight of reflection, only from the opposite side. What right has he to oppose revelation to reason? Reason is the original revelation of the divine essence, by means of which we comprehend the eternal image of God in nature and in history.

Theodore shook his head at these expressions, and could not find his way about among them. Sebald advised him to read Schelling, and in particular the "Lectures on Academic Study" —where he would find a much higher view of theology than any he had hitherto met with. Theodore read them, and was much interested in them. What was said there in opposition to the contracted, unbelieving course of the modern interpreters of scripture much disturbed him. He found it but too true, when Schelling compared these theologians to those evil spirits, who, too unbelieving for heaven, and not Godless enough for hell, hang between bliss and damnation But

what Schelling said about the history of Christianity and the Christian church, about an historic construction of Christianity, and so forth, was not much more intelligible than what he had heard from Sebald. But a dim inkling of something higher than he had hitherto reached, of a meaning in religion lying above the sphere of morality in which he had been thus far confined, was implanted in his soul by this writer. The mysterious depths of Schelling's style irresistibly attracted him, and he applied himself diligently to a further examination of his system.

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But he soon found that in this system the true idea of God and of immortality was lost. A God who appears only in creation, and in eternal change is destroyed and produced anew, though more real and living than Kant's thought of God, is also more earthly and unholy, and in fact is not God, but only the life of Nature, brooded over by a dark necessity. But if God is all in all, and all goes forth from him and returns again, then personal immortality is impossible, but man is only one of those appearances in which the life of nature is seen and then again lost sight of.

But what most displeased Theodore in this philosophy, was his perceiving the impossibility of constructing a moral system on its principles. If all is from and in God, then the distinction of good and bad is gone; nothing is imperfect in the world, all is holy through God, or rather He is desecrated by the unholy. Neither can freedom be asserted in this philosophy, since all is subject to a necessity, and every thing must of necessity be just what it is.

After our friend had gone through this new path of knowledge, he found himself yet more confused than before. John warned him against this system even more emphatically than against the philosophy of Kant, (which had at least left him his faith in God and Immortality, and a firm moral conviction,) and urged him to relinquish the study.

When Theodore had, in accordance with his promise, heard the course of lectures of the old professor, John reminded him of his other promise of studying the writings of the Fathers. He proposed to him to enter on a private course of patristics with the same professor. who was counted very strong and learned in that department. He did so; but it might have been foreseen that this study, undertaken in such a state of uncertainty and doubt, and pursued under such a guidance, could contribute little to Theodore's theological progress. Among the old church fathers, Clement, Origen and others,

he found a great application of philosophy, and this would have gratified him if there had been in it more closeness of reasoning, and less that was loose and arbitrary. Occasionally he was astonished at their clearness of thinking. He had not expected to find among them so much respect for reason and science. But together with this was such a love for the wonderful and mysterious, and so little rigor and earnestness in their search for truth; and it was so difficult for him to gather the few important thoughts out of the mass of allegorical contemplations; that he had little desire to go further in this study. But when he got down to the later fathers—Athanasius, Basil, Augustin, and others—he met continually with more dogmatism in doctrinal subtleties, more hostility to the reason, and more subjection to the authority of the church. He then relinquished altogether the hope of ever being able to agree with these men. Particularly toward Augustin he felt a decided aversion. It could not escape his observation how far the peculiar opinions of this man, so inclined to carry every thing to the most violent extreme, differed from those of the Greek fathers. He knew likewise the influence of Augustin's system upon the development of the modern doctrines of the church and the Lutheran creed. He therefore felt himself justified in looking upon the whole popular doctrine of the church as a merely human system, and having reached this point, his independence of mind and determination of character compelled him to renounce from that moment the study of theology.

(To be continued.)

Art. 10.—A VISIT TO MOBILE.

At the request of the American Unitarian Association, I went south during the past winter, for the purpose of preaching a few weeks at Mobile, Alabama. A letter which I wrote from Orleans, has been published in a previous number of the Messenger. From that city I went across upon the rail-road, to Lake Ponchartrain, a distance of about six miles, over which we pass by means of a locomotive, in about half an hour. On either side of the railway lies a black swamp, full of melancholy looking trees, twisted, moss-covered, and black, and beneath are crowded together the palmettos, which indicate a proximity to the tropics. The lake is very shallow, and the piers run out a long distance to enable the steamboats to approach them. The moon shone full that night, and as

the broad lake rolled out its waters in a silvery expanse; as the fresh breeze came laden with salt vapor from the gulf; and the boat began to roll and plunge ovor the long waves; a feeling difficult to analyze came over me. I sat upon the guards and felt my mind expanded by the influence of the scene. For more than a week I had been passing, night and day, along the interminable Mississippi. The same flat shores, the same naked forests, the same narrow strips of water, before, behind, and on either side of me. And now I felt on coming out on this broad sea of waters, as if a pressure had been taken off my mind, and free play given to its natural elasticity. I recollect noticing a like joyous feeling, which diffused itself among the passengers who were on the deck of the packet boat when it ran out of the narrow canal on to the broad bosom of the Susquehanna. The horses which drew the tow line, crossed the river on a bridge, and as the boat swept along below, the change from the confined ditch to the open river put new spirits into all. Some years ago, taking advantage of a college vacation, I rambled for a few days on foot through the defiles of the White Mountains. After killing a good many trout in the tributaries of the Saco and Amonoosack; after having tried in vain to make sketches which might convey a faint idea of the awful forms which towered around me—pine-clad, granite crowned, and gashed with slides and avalanches; I at last bade them farewell, and passed out through the jaws of the Notch into the open region. It was like emerging from prison. I recollect the feeling well. Surely freedom is natural to the human mind after all.

When morning dawned, we were in Lake Borgne, having passed in the night Pine Island, where the British bivouacked in the rain for two or three days, before landing to attack New Orleans. The water was more rough and green—we were entering the Gulf of Mexico. Along the shores the warm verdure of the pine woods, contrasting with the snowy whiteness of the shell-beach on which they stood, was grateful to the eye. The sea was now heavier, the wind more fresh; one side of the sky was dark; on the other, the feathery-tangled clouds were hurrying along in ragged and tumultuous masses; while in the south-west one spot, ominously bright, indicated that we were on the squally Gulf of Mexico.

"Olli caeruleus super caput astitit imber."

I must, however rebuke my propensity for scene painting, or this article will swell beyond all natural magazine limits. Enough therefore that no storm caught us, and that by noon we had entered the bay of Mobile. We passed the cotton

ships which lie at anchor many miles below the city, as unfortunately, there is not depth of water for them at the town. The cotton bales are carried down to them in lighters by means of steam tow-boats. This is the only commercial objection to the position of Mobile, and the enterprise of the inhabitants easily overcomes this inconvenience.

It may be a weakness, but I will not conceal the fact, that a feeling of sadness generally comes over me as I approach a strange city, and I believe I should not get over it if I should travel through every nation the sun looks down upon in his daily course. Thousands of homes before you, but not one of them a home to you—life active and hopeful, and you a stranger in the midst of it. Especially if you have some weighty and arduous task to accomplish, faith will sometimes sink, and courage slacken, and you are brought to feel how weak you are in yourself, and how wholly dependent on the strengthening spirit of Almighty God. If I had known how much kindness I was to meet, how many true-hearted men I was to find in the busy city which lay before me, my heart would have been lighter as the boat rounded to along side one of the wharves.

Mobile is a very busy and growing city of about ten or twelve thousand inhabitants. It is situated on a sandy plain, which extends many miles from the river. The business part of the town, lying between the Main street and the river, is built chiefly of brick, the other part resembles a New-England village, with its tasteful wooden buildings, all painted white, with piazzas and porticos, and surrounded by china trees and magnolias. The effect in winter is very pretty, in summer it must be beautiful.

The chief aim of man in Mobile is to buy, sell, pack, press, speculate in and talk about Cotton. You meet two men engaged in conversation. As they pass you, if a sentence of their conversation comes to your ear, it will probably be "two and a half cents in Liverpool"—"three bales this morning"—or some equally significant phrase. In Cincinnati it would be "five hundred hogs"—on the Connecticut river, "twenty acres of broom corn"—in Washington, "deposite question"—public lands"—or, "Mr. Clay's speech this morning." And indeed, if conversation must have its staple as well as commerce, I should think cotton as pretty an article to have always in your mouth, as hogs, broomsticks, or members of Congress.

The energy with which business is done in Mobile is wonderful. I had supposed Louisville a pretty active place, but we are quite an indolent people, compared with the Mobilians. I

speak here of the business part of the population. From early dawn till late in the night, they are buying, selling, writing and receiving letters, examining cotton, running to the bank, borrowing and lending money, &c. &c. &c. The steam presses are puffing and screaming before dawn and long after dark, and I am sorry to say that Sunday is often no day of rest to them.

I found this great devotion to business much in my way, at the beginning. It was difficult to draw the attention away from business to religious and church matters. But according to the beautiful system of compensations which runs through all God's works, I found that when the attention was fairly gained to the subject, the energy and ardor displayed in business was transferred to religion, and a great deal more was accomplished in a short time, than could have been done in a more sluggish community.

There never had been any Unitarian preaching in the place I believe, before I went there, but there were many good and warm friends to the cause in the city. Our great difficulty was to find a place to preach in. The churches happened to be in a tumble-down condition; one was pulled down while I was there; and another ought to have been. The Episcopalian, Presbyterian and Baptist societies were engaged in preparing to put up new buildings. The first Lord's day I preached in the Federal court room, an excellent place, and it was well filled, morning and evening. But we were expelled from that building on the plea of positive orders from Washington not to let it be used for any purpose, except that for which it was designed. We then betook ourselves for two successive Lord's days to a room belonging to the Franklin society, not the best place to be sure, but better than none. But we were shortly after turned out of this asylum by a vote of the society, who seemed to apprehend evil to their stuffed alligators and cases of curiosities from our presence. Possessing our souls in patience, we then besought admission into the county court house, but the Baptist society who occupied it, assured us that they had preaching and other services throughout the livelong day. Diligent and earnest were the efforts to find some other rest for the sole of our foot—every engine house, ball room, store loft, school house was enquired after, but in vain. I proposed to my friends to dispute in the Market place, after the fashion of Paul at Athens, and would even have adventured myself into the theatre, like the same great model at Ephesus, but my friends suffered me not. They feared it would injure the cause, and excite prejudice against us, if we

should hold our service in either place. I approved their feeling, but disagreed from their opinion. I held it my duty to preach in a church, if possible, but to preach at all events. It seemed wrong to be stopped from delivering my message by such slight causes. The early christians were obliged to meet in deserts, and mountains, and caves, and holes in the earth—the early Reformers in Germany and in Scotland, worshipped only under the canopy of heaven—Wesley and his friends were shut out of all the English cathedrals and churches, and forced to go into the temple not made with hands. I thought that the gospel would be more likely to sanctify the theatre than to receive injury by being spoken there. We were not, however, obliged to try the experiment, for by the zealous exertions of some of our friends, the county court house was procured on Saturday afternoon, for a single Sabbath—the Baptists having no preacher in the place.

The result of our efforts was to excite a considerable interest in behalf of our views—to show us that there was material for making an excellent society—to form the nucleus of one—and to collect a subscription of four or five thousand dollars to build a church, which has since gone up to nine or ten thousand. In short, our success was such as to induce us to thank God and take courage. Public opposition there was none. However much secret uneasiness there might be among those who were unfriendly to us, they were wise enough to abstain from all open demonstrations. "Their strength was to sit still." Indeed, our cause was too strong, and moved from the first with too broad a front of character, to be put down by sneers or misrepresentation. We had with us a very large proportion of the known worth, virtue and knowledge of the city, men whom it would not do to call infidels and rationalists. One of the chief influences in our favor, was the universal respect with which the community regarded the gentleman who had occupied the Episcopal pulpit, but who relinquished his office on being convinced that the doctrine of the Trinity, contained in the liturgy, was not a doctrine of God's word. Every body in the place knew that what Mr. Pinney thought right, could not be *very* wrong.

At the request of some Presbyterian friends, I went one evening to hear Mr. Hamilton, the Presbyterian preacher, and was highly gratified. I know not that I ever listened to one of that denomination with greater pleasure. The discourse was full of thought, but also warm with earnest feeling. The turn of the gentleman's mind is strongly metaphysical, as, indeed, the shape of his head indicates. The subject, was the

unity of God, and he gave an excellent abstract of the *a priori* argument of Samuel Clarke, and the more popular and satisfactory argument of Paley, from the harmony of design apparent in creation. He pointed out very justly the weak places in both their arguments, and concluded, that revelation gave the only satisfactory evidence of this great truth. I could not agree altogether in this conclusion. because it appeared to me that there was yet another argument based on the nature of man, which he had neglected to notice, and because he seemed in his conclusion to contradict the apostle's declaration that "the invisible things of him from the creation of the world are *clearly seen*, being understood by the things that are made, *even his eternal power and Godhead.*" The word *Godhead* is equivalent to sovereignty, and implies unity, since there can be but one sovereign; and the adjective *eternal*, when applied to power and sovereignty, denotes infinite power, of course, such as belongs to but *one* being. I preferred therefore the apostle's authority to Mr. Hamilton's reasoning, however ingenious. He aimed a shaft at unitarianism at the close of his discourse, which, however, flew quite wide of the mark, owing to his ignorance of our mode of arguing. He took it for granted, that we reasoned out the unity of God and then forced scripture to conform to our ideas. I never heard an argument of the sort, from the lips of an unitarian in my life.

I passed four or five weeks very pleasantly in the midst of blooming roses, balmy airs and sunny skies,—whilst snow, and ice, and northern blasts, were raging in Kentucky, and in Massachusetts, the mercury having retired into the bulb of the thermometer, was frozen up there. I shall not soon forget the delicious climate, and still less the generosity, intelligence and warm-hearted earnestness with which the people gladly received the word of truth, not being forgetful hearers, but doers of the same. God bless and prosper them. May they be built up a happy and rejoicing people by the word of his grace on the foundation of the apostles and prophets, Jesus Christ himself, being the chief corner stone.

Since I left them, I have received a letter from our brother Hosmer, of Northfield, Mass. who preached in Louisville for two or three months, with great acceptation, and then went on to Mobile, to lend his aid to that good work. He tells me "there is no diminution of interest among our friends. They are going forward promptly. The society is duly organized—its name is "The Congregational Church of Mobile." A building committee is appointed, with instructions to proceed in the work immediately. The building will be a Grecian structure,

a portico, without cupola or steeple. There is no doubt that every thing will go on well now. I think this will be a very good society, a honor to liberal principles." ED.

ART. 11.—SLAVE EDUCATION.

The friends of the negro may be divided into two great classes—those that look on him as a brute, and those that think him a man. If the former wish him free, it is that he may have have more yam, hominy, and sleep: the latter would break his chains, because the enchained man can never properly perfect the powers that belong to him as a man. One of the first class, after a visit to slave lands, will often defend slavery because the African has better feed and a wider sty than the English and German peasants. Should one of the second class go with him, he would think of the palsied intellect, the strangled affections, the broken sense of right, and the entire moral stupor that are scarce separable from slavery, however kind and Christian the slave owner. The first would say "the slave is happy; he wants no more than he has;" the last would think, "How miserable this man, that he *knows* not even his degradation.

To those that belong to the class of animalists, and who regard freedom as a means to present enjoyment merely, this paper is not addressed. While we know that they may be right, we cannot go so far back at present as to discuss the question with them. We would now speak to those that believe the negro to be in *kind* a man; that believe freedom to be invaluable as a means to intellectual and moral improvement; and that believe it every man's duty to assist those properly within his influence, to improvement, and therefore, to freedom. To all such we state but a truism, when we say that, if to the slave present freedom would be the means of improvement, present freedom is his right; but that if, in consequence of his unfitness to use freedom aright, or because of laws that degrade the free blacks, present freedom would not be a means whereby he may improve, that then it is not his right, nor is his master, by any principle, bound to free him.

To the little child present freedom would not be a means of improvement, and he is kept under restraint; to the ideot and insane man it would not be, and we confine them, even when not likely to injure others; we confine them for their own sake.

But though the parent does right to restrain his son, being a child, what would we think of him should he do nothing to fit his son to become free? Though he that has charge of a lunatic is not only just but kind, when he binds his patient even with fetters of iron, if need be; how unjust and inhuman would all think him, should he use no exertion to restore the poor wretch to reason! And what is the slave? He is a little child, needing restraint, needing punishment, but more than all, needing education. He is a man void of sense, whose limbs it may be needful to fetter, that he may be cured of his disease, and fitted to serve and to advance himself.

If the negro be in kind a man; if man be immortal, and destined ever to advance in intellectual and moral perfectness; if to this advancement freedom of will and self-dependence be essential; and if it be every man's duty to assist his fellows, then it must be that, the negro, however degraded and unworthy *now* to be free, still has the right—not to liberty, but to that process which will fit him for liberty; and it must also be the duty of all that can influence him, to urge their influence to this end; it must be that the slave-owner is bound to educate him; that those who can influence the slave-holder, are bound to enforce this duty.

In this faith we speak, not as abolitionists; not as agitators; not as wishing to excite, in any, passion or unkind feeling; but as Christians, that think the African a man, having the privileges of a man, and above all, the privilege of improvement. We are for ulterior freedom, and immediate action that will fit for freedom. Were we now in New England, however, even this opinion we should think it unwise to publish; but standing as we do, upon the limits of the slave states, and knowing that of the little circle our voice will reach, many are slave-holders, we speak with more boldness than if afar off; for we have no fear that calm argument addressed to the slave-holders, and published in a slave state, will be mistaken by any for agitation. But while we say this, we would dissent wholly from the doctrine that slavery is a mere political question; it is, and the laws of all Europe and America, relative to the slave-trade, recognise it as a *moral* question, in which every man, as a man, is interested. The means by which slavery shall be done away in any state, belong to politics and that state; the propriety and duty of doing it away, belong to morals and the race.

We are, as we have said, for an education which will fit the slave for freedom. By this we do not mean that he should learn at once to read and write; that he should study geogra-

phy, grammar, and arithmetic. No; the education which the bondman needs, is that of the character; that which will govern action. A judicious father educates his son by teaching him to restrain his impulses; to seek his best interests; to follow the path of duty: little by little he lifts him to manhood, giving him one right after another, and ever increasing freedom, until imperceptibly all restraint is done away. In many of the West India Islands the British Government acted on this system; it forbade excessive punishment; it gave the slave a right to prosecute his master; it appointed 'Protectors of the slave;' it gave every slave so much time, so much land; a day to sell the produce, and a right to carry it to market; the proceeds were all his own. Many of the planters carried on a continued traffic with their own slaves, and paid them daily for eggs, poultry and fruit. In this way the slave learned to respect the rights of others, in order that they might respect his; he learned to labor for his own good; and to love labor, so directed; he found it needful to restrain his impulses, and adopt *principles* of action; self-dependence, foresight, and forethought, became familiar to him; he saw the value of justice, of confidence, of morality; his moral powers were developed; he became more and more a man, and more and more fitted for perfect liberty; and when upon the 1st of August, 1834, the slaves of Antigua, where there were fifteen to every white man, were made absolutely free, what was the consequence? Neither bloodshed nor tumult, but a continuance, and even increase of prosperity: the slaves had become men, and like men acted and labored.

Such was the effect of Governmental education, but that of the individual and slave-owner may do infinitely more. An instance of very thorough and effectual education of this kind came to our knowledge some years since. A gentleman in Cuba was called upon to take charge of a plantation upon which were three or four hundred negroes of a notoriously bad character. His resort was at once to the whip, and he soon distinguished himself by his severity. But having observed the absence of all proper feeling in the slaves, and rightly supposing this to be in a great measure the cause of their misbehavior, he set about a reform. First, he made them acquainted with their rights under the Spanish law, and also with his rights; he gave them warning that he should punish them if they interfered with his, and showed them how to obtain redress if he medled with theirs. He next made known to them a code of laws for the estate, giving them rights not given by the law of the island; by this code he made it penal for any

white man to insult or violate the wife or daughter of any slave; to take property from any: to strike any, unless with the appointed instrument of punishment, and, except in urgent cases, after a trial before him; the women were governed by female drivers, and punished only by women; theft, adultery, and other crimes among the slaves themselves were punished severely; every morning, like an eastern sovereign, he held court, heard all complaints, received the evidence of all parties, and did justice as he best might; punishment, by this system, became inevitable, and was recognized as justice and not revenge. By pursuing this system thoroughly, by placing confidence in those that deserved it, and by never deceiving them himself, he in a few years brought his refractory blacks to such a state, that the whip was abandoned; the desire to gain the good opinion, and to stand fair with their fellows, made all work cheerfully; and a friend who visited the plantation two years since, told us he had seen a slave faint in the field, rather than be supposed desirous of 'shirking.' Indeed, so strong was the feeling of duty among the slaves, that a rebellious one was put down at once by his fellows; he could not withstand the public opinion among them.

Any one acquainted with the course pursued by Fellenberg in the education of the low and vicious of Switzerland, will recognize the system we have just sketched as being essentially the same; in both cases the result was successful.

But, alas! there are few like Fellenberg, and fewer, perhaps, like the planter of whom we have spoken. The main hope for the education of the slaves is upon the legislatures of the slave-holding states. Let them take measures to learn exactly what has been the result of protective measures in other slave-lands; let them, from the experience of others, satisfy themselves that it is sound policy as well as Christian duty to elevate the enslaved black, and we may then have some faint hope of seeing the bond go free; but we cannot discern even a ray of hope in any other direction.

As, by the supposition, all fear of trouble and bloodshed from the mode of emancipation proposed, will be done away, the only objection remaining to the freedom of the black, is this, that he will become our fellow in all things, which will not be agreeable. To this we need only say, if you are satisfied it is your *duty* to free the slave when fit for freedom, it is needless to talk of possible results, however disagreeable: if his freedom will end in doing more moral wrong than it cures, keep him enslaved, but do not, to offset the commands of duty, present the dictates of taste and feeling. Or the objection

may assume this form. If the black be set free, however quiet, he will at last drive the white from the country by outworking him, by getting the capital into his own hands, for the white cannot, in southern lands, compete with him. To this we answer, that it is yet doubtful if the white cannot compete every where with the negro; and very far from being true that the best hand-laborer will have the most capital; intellect does much more than brute power to accumulate wealth: and indeed were all the premises of the objection true, what Christian man could urge it as a fair conclusion, that slavery ought still to exist? The premises, in substance, allege that God has fitted the *negro* only to live in southern countries by fair means, the conclusion is, that therefore foul means should be used to enable the white to live there. To the man that thinks slavery no wrong, the argument may be irresistible; to those whom we speak to, it must be without force.

From what has been said, if we have spoken clearly, it will be seen that we believe in gradual emancipation, not however meaning by that term what is usually meant. We do not believe it expedient or right to free the slaves by instalments,—so many one year, and so many the next. The laws of slave states, touching free blacks, prevent freedom from becoming a means of improvement. Nor have we any greater faith in setting free a generation of pickaninies, the children of slaves, and of necessity, undergoing no course of parental education that would fit them to act like freemen. These kinds of gradual emancipation give liberty, but strip it of its main power, its true value. But, let a course of legislation, acting upon the whole slave-population, and fitted to raise the character of that multitude, be persisted in; let those that sway public opinion, give their weight, not only to humanity, but to the plan pursued by the Cuba planter; let the religious and moral not only *think*, but *feel* on this subject, and we may then have the hope of seeing the slaves, father and child, old and young, all brought to that point when all may be made free, uninfluenced by the degrading laws that slave-states feel bound to pass respecting free negroes. They may be made free, not necessarily to vote and to govern;—that is no essential point of freedom; nor to mix socially, and intermarry with the white,—how that shall be, must depend on the will of the whites; but free to use their will, intellect, conscience; free to learn the Truth; free to worship God, and to grow toward that perfection for which, if they be indeed men as we are, God has fitted them.

To the man that denies the negro to be possessed of the same powers with himself, our argument can have no weight;

to the man that has no faith in eternity and an eternal growth, it can have none; to him that thinks it no duty of his to aid his fellows, it can have none; and lastly, to him with whom worldly interest is all-mighty, it can have none,—(and alas! how many, and how many *honest men too*, do these classes contain!) but if there be any that think it their duty and high privilege to help others in their onward progress, and if they number the black among those others, they will, we feel assured, see that the law which binds the father to educate the son which God giveth him, binds also the slave-owner to educate the child that is born his slave. How he may best be educated is a question of expediency; what we would urge is the propriety and policy of action by the slave-holders to ascertain what mode is the best, and of *immediate* action.

J. H. P.

Art. 12.—REGENERATION.

"Marvel not, that I said unto you, ye must be born again."

"The spirit quickeneth, the flesh profiteth nothing."

That secret principle within,
Religion in the soul;
Must like a kindling flame begin—
Arrange the lamp, the oil turn in,
And bring the burning coal,
But, till combustion has begun,
Till all is finished,—*nothing's* done.

But when, to help the work intent,
Kind Heaven its breath supplies,
Bathed in that liquid element,
A sudden pulse of life is sent,
And now the flames arise.
They feed themselves, their strength renew—
And there is nothing more to do.

Joy does the rest,—for as it burns,
Within the wearied mind
New courage springs, lost hope returns,
Of light and love combined.
The path of life no longer seems
A toilsome, upward way,
With heavenly joy each moment teems,
With kindly deeds each day.

Faith steels the will to do and bear
  Whatever God commands;
Calmly to take, or boldly dare,
The tender girl, so soft and fair,
  A rooted martyr stands.
The weak, inactive man can do
  The work of sage and saint.
Who wait on God, their STRENGTH renew,
  They walk and never faint.

Through mists of doubt, confusion black,
  A pure LIGHT glances in,
As ride amid the drifting rack
The stars unchanged, and still come back
  Their ancient homes to win.
Thus, 'mid the rushing clouds of thought,
  Some central truths remain;
Some primal truths, by nature taught,
  By faith made sure and plain.
From these deep founts, heart hidden, run
  The living streams, each day,
And so God lightens every one
  With an unchanging ray.
For faith in them first leads to sight,—
  We end where John began,
That life can never come from light,
  But life's the light of man.
And LOVE—but who can speak of love?
  Those who have felt it know.
It cometh down from God above,
  It works God's will below.
What matters then the terms, the name?
  The facts, all christians grant.
For words may change, but Christ's the same,
  The same our nature's want.
Oh! when will Christians lay aside
Their technic phrases, letter-pride?
  Dwell in the spirit of their faith,
    And leave the flesh alone?
  Then may we know what Jesus saith;
    And then his church be One. J. F. O.

Art. 13.—CONFESSION OF FAITH.

By the Editor of the Messenger.

Creeds and Confessions have their uses and their abuses. Their abuses are manifold—their uses appear to be two-fold. When set up as standards of faith by a church, they interfere with the authority of scripture, lord it over God's heritage, impede free inquiry, fetter the intellect, and produce bigotry, hypocrisy, equivocation, infidelity. It is useful for an individual to arrange and systematise his opinions, and if he classes them under certain articles, and calls it his creed—there is no harm in it. It is proper for individuals to profess their opinions openly and without disguise, and if they do it in a regular form and call it a confession of faith—there is no harm in it.

Having formed such a creed, for the first reason, in order to systematise my own opinions, I now publish it for the second reason, because I hold it my duty to avow my sentiments. I wish, however, one or two things to be understood.

1. This is *my* creed. It was not formed like the Nicene creed, by a company of bishops brought together by an emperor's command, to put down a heresy and stop an angry dispute abroad by fighting the matter out among themselves. No assembly of Divines, met at the command of Parliament to arrange it. It was written by me, in my study—I alone am answerable for its heresies and mistakes. It expresses no one's opinion but my own.

2. It is my *present* creed. I will not swear always to believe this and no more, I will not promise to get no more insight into God's truth than this. I do not mean to sign this every five years, as the professors of some theological schools are forced to do. I intend giving up this faith when I get a better and truer one.

3. I do not make it a standard for others. I do not call on all people, nations and languages to fall down and worship it. I do not say that those who dissent from it, shall, without doubt perish everlastingly. On the contrary, I say with the courteous Roman, more christian in this than many a synod and General council,

> Si quid novisti rectius istis,
> Candidus imperti—si non, his utere mecum.

4. This is *not all* I believe. I have only put down here the *chief* points, according to the usual divisions of other creeds.

These are the points about which men contend most, and wish to know your opinion. There are other points which I think more important than many of these, but which I have not alluded to—for example—the spirituality of the gospel—the nature of faith—the supremacy of love.

1. I believe in One God—the infinite Maker and Father of all things.—I believe in one Being, one Person, one Mind, one Spirit. I believe this the first of all the commandments.

But I do not believe that three and one are the same thing. I do not believe a revealed truth and a mystery the same thing. I do not believe that we ought to worship we know not what, or bow before the altar of an UNKNOWN GOD.

2. I believe that Jesus Christ is the son of God, the Messiah, the Savior, the Lord and Master, the way, the truth and the life, the brightness of God's glory and express image of his person, that the word was made flesh in him, that God's fullness was manifested and dwelt in him, that he is the mediator between God and man.

I believe that he was spoken of by the prophets, and born of a virgin, that never man spake like him, that he did what no man could do except God were with him, that the spirit was not given by measure to him, that he was crucified, dead and buried, and that on the third day he rose again and ascended into heaven, and sitteth at the right hand of God.

But I do not believe that this man Christ Jesus, who suffered hunger and thirst, cold and pain, who was tempted as we are, and made in all respects like his brethren, was the infinite God who inhabits Eternity and who cannot suffer, and whom no man hath seen at any time.

I do not believe that when Jesus prayed to God, he prayed to himself; that when he said "my Father is greater than I" that he meant that he was not greater; when he said "that he could do nothing of himself" that he meant that he could do every thing of himself; that when he called the Father the only true God, that he meant that he also was the true God; nor that when he said God raised him up, and sent him, and that he came forth from God, that he meant to say that he sent himself, and came forth from himself, and raised himself up, and sanctified himself. Nor do I believe that when St. Paul said "to us there is but one God the Father, and one Lord Jesus Christ," that he meant to say, there is but one God the Father and another God Jesus Christ.

3. I believe in the Holy Ghost, the Spirit of God poured out on all flesh, and that it lightens every man who comes into the

world. That every one has more or less of its influence, that God is more ready to give it than we are to ask it.

But I do not believe that the fruits of the Spirit are anxiety, terror and animal excitement. I do not believe that when a man falls flat on his back and screams and groans, that it is a sure sign that he has got religion. I believe that there may be and often is, much excitement, emotion and action of the imagination and no spirit of God. I believe that there is often a whirlwind, and the Lord not in the whirlwind, and after that an earthquake, and the Lord not in the earthquake, and after that a fire, and the Lord not in it, and after that a still small voice. I believe that there ought to be feelings, but not passions; there ought to be the sweet, still, calm, deep, powerful feelings of Love, Joy and Peace.

4. I believe the Bible to be true and genuine and inspired, that it came from God and contains his will.

But I do not believe in king James' translators, or printers, or correctors of the proof. I believe that it was written in Hebrew and Greek, and not in English, and that the manuscripts are not all alike. I believe that some of it was written more than three thousand years ago, and that all of it was written by men. That God gave them the truth, and let them tell it their own way. Of course, I believe there are obscurities in some parts, and difficulties in other parts, and that nobody will ever be able fully to explain them. I believe enough of it is plain and certain to guide us to heaven, and that a way-faring man, though a fool, need not err therein. I believe that all the essential parts are so plain, that a child can understand it, and so convincing that no one need doubt it. I do not think it necessary to understand how the sun stood still, or how the whale swallowed Jonah, in order to believe in Jesus Christ.

5. I believe that every man is a sinner, that no man keeps the law, and that no man does as well as he can. I believe sin partly natural and partly not. That natural sin is misfortune and not fault, it is weakness, a want of natural strength to do right. I believe that sin is partly, also, our own fault, because we do not act as well as we can, we do not try, we do not act up to our light, we will not have God to reign over us.

But I do not believe that I am to be punished for Adam's sin. I believe the soul that sinneth, *it* shall die, the son shall not bear the iniquity of the father, nor the father bear the iniquity of the son. I believe God will not be angry with me because my father sinned, but will pity me and help me.

Neither do I believe that sin is *total*, I believe there is some-

thing good in men after all. I believe that Jesus Christ spoke the truth when he said of infants "of such is the kingdom of Heaven." I do not believe that hell is paved with little babes a span long, but I believe that heaven is full of them, and that they always behold the face of their Father in Heaven. I think it is well to take care how we despise them. I believe no man is a perfect demon.

6. I believe in punishment. I believe no man who breaks a law of God, can escape punishment. I believe you will be punished if you break a physical, moral, intellectual, or spiritual law. If you put your hand into the fire—if you neglect your health and break these laws, you will be punished. You will suffer pain, and will never be as well as you was before. If you tell a lie, if you indulge a bad feeling, you will be punished also. Your soul will suffer. You will feel mean and wretched. I believe punishment eternal—that eternally sin will be wretchedness, and holiness will be happiness.

But the common doctrine of everlasting punishment I do dot believe. I do not believe that God has made us depraved and sinful; that he has elected a few to life, and without any regard to their merit, chosen them, and irresistibly converted them; that the rest of his poor creation he has cast into hell-fire, and sealed them to perpetual torments to glorify his justice. Oh, no! I cannot believe this of my God. I do not believe that God could take pleasure in wrath. I do not believe that glorified spirits are to look down through the crystal floor of heaven and clap their wings with delight at witnessing the torments of damned souls beneath—their fathers and children, and husbands and wives perhaps.

7. I believe salvation is a free gift—free as God's love—not purchased by the blood of any human or divine being—not a debt which God owes to Christ because he was willing to die—not a thing of merit or earned by our labors. I believe God so *loved* the world that he gave his only begotten Son, that all who believe in him should not perish, but have everlasting life. I believe this the only account to be given of it—that it came from God's love—love full, unmerited, flowing out over his justice and his truth, and harmonising all his attributes.

I believe however, that there are certain *conditions* to be complied with. That salvation is conditional; and that those conditions are repentance toward God and faith in our Lord Jesus Christ, obedience to his Gospel, and love to God and man. Repentance, Faith, obedience, love—these are the conditions of salvation.

8. I believe in human ability to comply with these condi-

tions. I believe that we can work out our salvation if we choose. I believe we are free to *choose* the right course, to *resolve* to do our duty; to *begin* the work of salvation; to take the first step in the religious life.

I believe, however, in human dependance. I believe man is very weak and in great danger of falling. I believe to will is present with him, but how to perform that which he wills, he finds not. I believe the spirit is willing and the flesh weak. I believe that if he undertakes to obey God in his own strength he cannot succeed; that it is necessary to lean continually on a higher power, take hold of the promises of God—watch and pray against temptation, and to give ourselves up to be guided by the spirit of God which is always ready to help us.

9. I believe that Eternal Life must begin here; that we must be converted and become as little children before we can enter into the kingdom of God; that we must give up all of our sophistry and worldly wisdom, and turn to Infinite Truth, and submit to Infinite Love. I believe we must be born again—born spiritually, and that is as great a change as our first animal birth.

But I do not believe it a miraculous change; I believe it has its laws and its conditions; I believe that talk or noise is no sign of it; that we must know the tree by its fruits; and that not every one who says Lord, Lord, shall enter into the kingdom of Heaven, but he that does the will of my father who is in Heaven. EDITOR.

EXTRACTS

From Malcolm's History of Persia.

Jemsheed, who is celebrated as the founder of Persepolis, was the first who discovered *Wine*. He was immoderately fond of grapes, and desired to preserve some, which were placed in a large vessel and lodged in a large vault for future use. When the vessel was opened, the grapes had fermented; and their juice, in this state, was so acid, that the king believed it must be poisonous. He had some vessels filled with it, and *poison* written upon each; these were placed in his room. It happened that one of his favorite ladies was affected with nervous head-achs: the pain distracted her so much that she desired death. Observing a vessel with poison written on it,

she took it, and swallowed its contents. The wine, for such it had become, overpowered the lady, who fell down into a sound sleep, and awoke much refreshed. Delighted with the remedy, she repeated the doses so often, that the monarch's poison was all drank. He soon discovered this, and forced the lady to confess what she had done. A quantity of wine was made; and Jemsheed and all his court drank of the new beverage; which, from the circumstance that led to its discovery, is to this day known in Persia by the name of Zeher-e-Kooshon, the *delightful poison.*

When Alexander the Great was near his end, he wrote to his mother, requesting that the alms given on his death, should be bestowed on those *who had never seen the miseries of the world, and who had never lost those that were dear to them.* His mother sought in vain for persons of this description: All had tasted of the woes and griefs of life; all had lost those whom they loved. She found a consolation, as her son had intended, in this circumstance, for her great loss. She saw her own was the common lot of humanity.

A Roman ambassador who had been sent to Ctesephon with rich presents, when he was admiring the noble prospect from the windows of the royal palace, remarked an uneven piece of ground, and asked the reason why it was not rendered uniform. "It is the property of an old woman," said a Persian Noble, "who has objections to sell it, though often requested to do so by our king, Nousheerwan; and he is more willing to have his prospect spoiled, than to commit violence." "That irregular spot," replied the Roman, "consecrated as it is by justice, appears more beautiful than all the surrounding scene."

A Sooffee, or Persian Saint, gives the following account of himself. The day before the feast of Araf, I went up to the terrace of my house and saw all the pilgrims standing at the mountain of Ararat at Mecca. I went and told my mother that I must devote myself to God; I wished to proceed to Bagdad to obtain knowledge. I informed her what I had seen, and she wept. Then taking out eighty deenars, she told me, that as I had a brother, half of that was all my inheritance. She made me swear, when she gave it me, never to tell a lie; and afterwards bade me farewell; exclaiming, Go, my son, I give the to God. We shall not meet again till the day of judgment. I went on well till I came near Hamadan, when

our Kaffilah was plundered by sixty horsemen. One fellow asked me what I had got? Forty deenars, I said, are sewed under my garment. The fellow laughed, thinking, no doubt I was joking him. What have you got? said another. I gave him the same answer. When they were dividing the spoil, I was called to an eminence where their chief stood. What property have you, my little fellow? said he. I have told two of your people, already, I replied, I have forty deenars sewed up carefully in my clothes. He desired them to be ript open, and found my money. And how came you, said he, with surprise, to declare so openly what has been so carefully hidden? Because, I replied, I will not be false to my mother; to whom I promised that I will never conceal the truth. Child, said the robber, hast thou such a sense of duty to thy mother, at thy years, and am I insensible, at my age, of the duty I owe to my God? Give me thy hand, innocent boy, he continued; that I may swear repentance upon it. He did so. His followers were all alike struck with the scene. You have been our leader in guilt, said they to their chief: be the same in the path of virtue; and they instantly, at his order, made restitution of their spoil, and vowed repentance on my hand."

A Persian MS., in my possession, relates an extraordinary and amusing anecdote of Nadir Shah, which shows how completely he understood the feelings of the most ignorant and the wickedest of his subjects. A native merchant, travelling from Cabul, had been robbed in a plain near Nishapore, and carried his complaint to the Sovereign. "Was no one near but the robbers?" said Nadir. "None," was the reply. "Were their no trees or stones, or bushes?" "Yes," said the man, "there was one large solitary tree, under whose shade I was reposing when I was attacked." Nadir, on hearing this, affected great fury, and ordered two executioners to proceed, instantly, and flog the tree that had been described, every morning, till it either restored the property that had been lost, or revealed the names of the thieves by whom it had been taken. The mandate of a king of Persia is always a law: that of Nadir was considered as irrevocable as fate. The executioners proceeded, and the tree had not suffered flagellation above a week, when all the goods that had been stolen were found, one morning carefully deposited at its root. The alarmed robbers, who soon heard of the extravagant cruelty that inflicted such blows upon an inanimate substance, trembled at the very thought of the horrible punishment that awaited them, if ever discovered. When the result was reported to Na-

dir, he smiled and said, I knew what the flogging of that tree would produce.

The contempt in which Nadir held the arts by which the dervishes, and other religious mendicants imposed upon the credulity of his countrymen, was shown on every occasion. Many of these believed that the holy Imaum Reza, who is interred at Mushed, continued to work miracles; and this belief gave rise to a number of impositions. Persons pretending to be blind, went to his tomb, and after a long period of prayer, opened their eyes and declared, that their sight had been restored by the holy Imaum. One of these was seated at the gate of the holy mausoleum, when Nadir passed. "How long have you been blind?" said the Monarch. "Two years, answered the man. "A proof," replied Nadir, "that you have no faith. If you had been a true believer, you would have been cured long ago. Recollect, my friend, if I come back and find you as you now are, I will strike your head off." When Nadir returned, the frightened fellow pretended to pray violently, and all at once found his sight. "A miracle! a a miracle!" the populace exclaimed; and tore off his coat in small pieces as relics. The monarch smiled, and observed, "that faith was every thing."

OLD TIMES.

"The world is empty, the heart is dead surely!
In this world, plainly, all seemeth amiss.

It went to my heart when they cleared the old parlor of the venerable family furniture, and stripped the oak pannels of the prints of the month; July with her large fan and full ruffles at the elbows; and January in her muff and tippet. They would have pulled down the pannels, too, to make the room as smart and bright as paper could make it; but placing my back against them, I swore by the spirit of my grandfather, that not a joint in the old work should be started, while I could stand to defend it. And I have my revenge when I see how pert, insignificant, and raw every thing looks, surrounded by the high and dark walls of the apartment. But the old furniture was all huddled together topsy-turvy in the garret. The round oak table which had many a time smoked with the substantial dinners of former days, lost one of its

leaves, by too rough handling; but an old oak desk, at which my grandfather in his days of courtship was wont to pen epistles and sonnets to my grandmother, escaped the violence of the revolution with only a few scratches. I have had the dust wiped off its black polish, brought it down by my study fire, and placed before it the old gentleman's armchair, which I found standing calm and stately upon its four legs, amidst the disordered rubbish of the garret. The mice have made a hole in the smooth leather bottom; which, however, I have never mended, as I kept it to remind me of the neglect and ingratitude of the world. It does not make you hate the world. No man could sit in my grandfather's chair and hate his fellow beings. I am seated in it this moment; and with my pen fresh dipped in his leaden inkstand, shall scribble on till my mind and heart are eased.

To this corner I retire, at the shutting in of day, for self-examination and amendment. It is here that I sit, in the shadow of a melancholy mind, and see pass before me, in solemn order, my follies and my crimes, and follow them with trembling into the portentous uncertainty of the future. It is here that I learn that we must not lean on the world for comfort. It is here that I give myself up to the visions of the mind, and fill the space about me with millions of beings from distant regions and of other times. Here, too, have I looked with a dream-like contemplation, upon the shadows sliding over the wall, silent as sunlight, till they seemed to me as monitors from the land of the dead, who had come in kindness to tell me of the vanity of present things, and of the hastening on of another and an enduring world.

It is natural in these lonely musings to brood over the heartlessness and noisy joys of the world. There is at bottom, a feeling of self-complacency in it. Our calmed reason sets us above the beings about us, while we forget how many, at that very moment are as sober and rational as ourselves; and how few there are, amidst the multitudes that cover the earth, that have not their hours of solitary contemplation too.

It was in this cast of thought in which the heart is made sad for want of communion with some living thing; when the tasteless character of all which surrounds us hurries the mind forward to the excitement of hope, or carries it back to dwell for a time amidst the softened, but deep feelings of the past; that the fresh and thoughtless joys, and the pure and warm affections of my boyhood came over me like a dream; and the cares of years, and the solemn and darkening scene about me, gave way, and I stood in the midst of the green and sunshine

of a child. I felt again the wrinkled cheek, over which my baby hand had a thousand times past in fondness, entered into all the plays of children, and then remembered the quaint customs, the individualities of the age of strong character and warm feeling, which marked the times of our fathers; when the old sometimes mingled with the young, and the young bowed in reverence to the old. That was the age of feeling. Would that this over-wise age had something of its childlike simplicity; something of its rough and honest manliness, which dared at times to be a boy. But the age has changed, and those amusements in which we were all children together, and which made the heart better without weakening the understanding, are at an end.

There are no April fool's day tricks in this period of decorum; no "merry Christmas;" no "happy New Year." I feel the blood move quick again at the recollection of the glad faces I once used to see, when every body was running to wish you "happy New Year." I can remember when hurrying from my chamber, with my fingers too stiff and cold to button my little jacket, I burst open the parlor door, that I might be the first to "wish." Though, on this morning I was sure to be up an hour earlier than usual, yet I always found the family standing round the new-made, crackling fire, ready to break out upon me in full voices with the old greeting. There was something restoring in it, which made me feel as if we had all awoke in a new world, and to another existence; and a vague, but grateful sensation that new and peculiar joys were in store for us, went warm and vivifying to the heart. I was filled with kindness; and eager as I had been but a moment before, to surprise every one in the house, the laugh of good natured triumph at my defeat, made it dearer to me than a victory.

But old things are passed away; all things are become new. Not only those customs which now and then met us in our dull travel over the road of life, are gone; even the seasons seem changing. We no longer gather flowers in May; and our very last new year's morning, instead of rising upon the crusted snow, and fields glittering with ice, spread itself with a sleepy darkness over the naked earth. I awoke with an ill foreboding languor upon me, and with a weighed down heart sauntered into the silent parlor. The brands had fallen over the hearth, and by their half extinguished heat, seemed to doubt their welcome. I knew not where to sit or stand; the fireside looked cheerless and there was an uncomfortable, ill-natured chill at the window. The vapor was passing off

from the withered grass; the freshness of every thing about me appeared deadened, and the beauty of nature faded. In the midst of this dull decay and solitude a sense of desertion overshadowed me. The world's inhabitants were as strangers, and even the objects of nature, with which I was wont to hold discourse, seemed to shut me out from communion with them. The family at last came in one after another. I was about wishing them the new year's blessing, but the memory of the heartfelt sprightliness of old times came across my mind, and brought along with it those that were at rest in the grave. I gave a loud "hem!" (for my throat was full) and bade a cold "good morning." I would not have uttered the old wish, if I could have done it. There was a feeling of proud resentment at the neglect of ancient customs, which forbade it. I did not care to wipe off the dust, which is fast and silently gathering over the sacred customs of past times, to bring them forward to the ridicule of the affected refinement and cold rationality of this enlightened age. They would as ill sort with our modern labored polish of manners, as our grandmother's comfortable arm-chair and worked cushion in a fashionable drawing-room, with distressingly slender fancy chairs, and settees, on which ladies are now seated together, to crowd and elbow one another. No; these good-natured and homely observances are past away, and I have a sacred attachment for their memory, which, like that for a departed friend, forbids mention of them to strangers.

Amidst this neglect and decay of old customs and characters, when every thing is brought to a wearisome level, when all is varnish and polish, so that even the roughness upon the plum, (to use the modern cant,) is vulgar and disgusting, when the utterance of strong feeling is ill breeding, and dissimulation wisdom; it is well for the world that there are beings not mindless of the past; who live with ages long gone by, and look upon the characters of the present time as trifling and artificial; who bring back, and keep alive amongst us, something of the wild and unpruned beauties of the earth, the ardent and spontaneous movements of man; so that the forest and rock, the grass-plot, and field-flower, are yet about us; and some few walking in the midst, who are mighty and awing, kind and like a child.

In that period of the world, when the ignorance, which had settled down upon the mind of man, was passing off, and his understanding and heart were turned up and laid open to the day, there was a morning, earthy freshness in all he saw and felt. The dust and hot air of noon had not dimmed the colors, or killed the wholesomeness of all about him.

The relentless curiosity of modern times had not broken in pieces the precious stone, or soiled and torn asunder the flower. Man was the worshipper of the works of God in their simple beauty and grandeur; not the vain inquisitor, eager to learn their structure, that he might prate of what he knew. All was rustic and unforced; "a generous nature was suffered to take her own way to perfection." The cottage seemed a shelter for earth's children, from which they might look out upon, and learn, and love her beauties. They dwelt in the religious twilight of her woods, and mused by her water falls, on the passage of years. The universal puttings forth of spring quickened the pure spirits of the young; and the yellow leaf was the moral companion of the old. All, indeed, was nature without doors and within. Man walked abroad upon the green sod, and sat him down upon rushes by his fireside. The mind was as full of motion, various and creative, as the earth about it; and like hers, its productions were the mere relievings of its fulness, effortless, but plentiful. Its images were not formed in an exactly finished mould, or laboriously chisselled out; but like fairy frostwork, or the wavy sweep of a snow-drift, though ever beautiful, yet always seeming accidental. It was, indeed, the poetic age. Growing up in the absence of a false elegance, and not educated to the cautious politeness which crowded society has forced upon us, men were left to an independent individuality of character and conduct. Without the excitements of the pleasures and distinctions of the city, the mind spread itself out over the beauties about it; felt and nursed their truth; perceived a fitness and kindly relation in all things; not only gazed upon the lofty works of God, and walked by his still waters in the valley; but looked untired upon the flat and waste, or the long stretch of a rough heath. The taste was not pampered and vitiated by ill assorted prettinesses, turning the unnumbered beauties, the simplicity, and outspread grandeur of this gigantic earth into the huddled and offensively contrasted crowd of a garden; but the rock, fringed and scattered over with its green and silvery moss, was looked upon, though not seated in a bed of roses, violets and pinks; the wholesome perfume of the pine was grateful, and the crisp tread over its fallen and matted leaves, pleasant to the foot.

In this age of improvements, when multiplied inventions have rendered useless many acts to which individuals were once called in the common concerns of life; when one traverses a kingdom, without the touch of its breezes upon his cheek; and now and then takes a hasty peep through his carriage

window at the scenery about him, as if he were a stranger to it, and would not be unmannerly; we may boast of the facilities and harmless luxuries of the world we live in. But though it gives us facilities, it works into the character a sameness, and an indifference to particulars. Tho object we sought is turned out finished to our hands, wfthout our labor or observation; it is attained without effort, and possessed without delight.

This mechanical moving on of things may aid the politician, but will not benefit the man. To the mathematician, who holds the daily cares and heart-helping relations of life, as so many interruptions to the solution of his problem, it may be pleasant visioning, to suppose himself moved about, without the aid of his troublesome, but faithful breast; and his within-door concerns carried on by well-ordered machinery, and not self-willed servants; to think that his only perplexities in his domestic establishment, would be the grating of a wheel or breaking of a cord. Not rusty, "like my father's hinge," but well-oiled, how smoothly all would go on! But to the man of heart and poetry, this would be like the house of the dead, where the cold and stiffened bodies of the departed were raised up and charmed into careful and silent motion, acting unknowing, and obeying without sense.

In old times it was not so. Artificial aids were few and uncouth. Worked out in the rough and cumbrous, and requiring strength in the handling, they drew the attention; and lasting long, they became a part of the family, and held their place in the still and kindly-working associations of our homes. The old arm-chair, in the very character of the age, looking so companionable and easy, yet with its comfortable arms protecting its good natured occupier from the too near and familiar approach of his neighbor, stood in the snug corner of the ample fire-place, as by prescriptive right. It was no new-fangled thing, bought yesterday because in fashion, and set up for the gibes of the smart auctioneer to-day, because out. It had been adorned by the patient industry and quaint fancy of our mothers, and had the honor of having sustained the weight of our ancestors for a century and more. Putting it away would have been neglecting our fathers, and the unkindly cutting off of remembrances, that had taken root and grown up in the heart. Every piece of furniture had its story to tell, and every room in the antique mansion made the mind serious and busy with the past, and threw a sentiment and feeling, softening but cheerful, over present times. This converse with the inanimate kept the heart warm, and the imagination

quick; their inly workings, various and constant, found much to study every where, and something to love in all things.

The better feelings were kept in motion by the old relations of master and servant; the servant, watchful of the master's wishes, humble in demeanor, yet proud in his fidelity; the master trustful in the other's faith, and careful of his comforts in the reposing time of age. This long tried service brought about a mixed but delightful sensation, when he who had tended us in our playing days, had gone down into the still vale of years, while we stood on the open hill top, in our vigor and prime. It was a kind of filial reverence, touched by the sense of the humble and dependant state of him, whom we protected, and upon whom we looked down.

> "—But we have bid farewell
> To all the virtues of those better days,
> And all their honest pleasures. Mansions once
> Knew their own masters, and laborious hinds,
> Who had survived the father, served the son."

Along with such softening influences there was much of the wild and adventurous starting up in the midst of the common objects of life; at one time throwing over them mysterious shadows, and casting them into strange and awful forms; at another, pouring upon them a dazzling light, in which they flitted gay and fantastic. Surrounded by ideal shapes and untamed nature, the imagination was constantly widening and ever creative. Men could not leave their homes, the proper dwellings of the heart, without travelling into the region of the fancy. Moving on alone through silent and unpeopled paths, winding round dusky rocks, and through tangling brushwood, and overhung by gloomy woods, the traveller held converse with some spirit of the air, or in the superstitious workings of his mind, saw some being of evil, darker than the night that had gathered round him.

Journeying far on foot, the custom of the times, fording rapid streams, toiling over rugged mountains, and through wet lowlands, begat perseverance, healthful spirits, ready, cheerful and self-trusting minds, acquainted with difficulties, and used to subduing them. Their diversions, too, partook of the violent and daring; so that withal there was a combination of the natural and tender, the imaginative and the manly, in the characters of former days, which calls up within us an intense and restless desire to know them entirely, to live back amongst them, to warm us in their cheerful sunshine, to sit by their fireside, listen to their stories, mingle in their domestic games and learn of their stern sense.

This is an exhaustless theme; but I have talked long enough, perhaps too long; for to many it may all seem childish conceit, or the strange imaginings of a tired spirit, impatient of reality. But he, of wide and deep thought, will not so look upon it, nor hold this view of things false because it is sad. Now that every thing rude and irregular is cut down, and all that remains is trimmed up and made to look set and orderly, he will not forget how much there was of exquisite beauty, of loftiness and strength in the one; how tame and unsatisfying is the other. Though there was a deep and subduing tenderness, and ardor and sway and passion in the men of former days, sometimes uncontrolled and not always aimed aright; yet he will see, that with little of softness, man is still weak, and without the extravagance of feeling, still erring. The absence of passion is not always reason, nor coldness judgment.—*N. A. Review*—1817.

BANK OF THE OHIO, JAN. 27th, 1836.—*A Winter Scene.*

DIVINE PROTECTION.

I walked along the River-road,
  The stream swept by me in its might
The earth seemed wondrous clear and pale
  In the broad shadaw of the night.
It was as if the sun for once
  Went down, and left *the day* behind.
But gone the cry of human toil,
  And in calm *sleep* had sunk the wind.
The moon,—how cold from heaven she looked!
  How still the air her beams came through!
How wide the arch of heaven was grown!
  As stars grew bright, how clear its blue!
Loud seemed the voice, when *low*,
  Far went each foot-falls sound,
But hark! what heavy note of wo
  Breaks upward from the ground!
It is the River's moan
  Far o'er its winding course.
It is the ice-sheet's groan,
  As down it goes with headlong force.
But while the moon "looks out so cold,"
  Whlle stars still shine with pearly light,
And while the ever troubled tide
  Its echoed grief sends far and wide,
Embraced in their great Father's arm,
All gather'd in his ample fold,
My brother men, they sleep how warm!
In the broad shadow of the night.
In summer-heat, in winter-frost.
  Thus smiling through we see his face;
In summer-heat, in winter-frost,
  May every heart adore his grace.

C. A. B.

The relentless curiosity of modern times had not broken in pieces the precious stone, or soiled and torn asunder the flower. Man was the worshipper of the works of God in their simple beauty and grandeur; not the vain inquisitor, eager to learn their structure, that he might prate of what he knew. All was rustic and unforced; "a generous nature was suffered to take her own way to perfection." The cottage seemed a shelter for earth's children, from which they might look out upon, and learn, and love her beauties. They dwelt in the religious twilight of her woods, and mused by her water falls, on the passage of years. The universal puttings forth of spring quickened the pure spirits of the young; and the yellow leaf was the moral companion of the old. All, indeed, was nature without doors and within. Man walked abroad upon the green sod, and sat him down upon rushes by his fireside. The mind was as full of motion, various and creative, as the earth about it; and like hers, its productions were the mere relievings of its fulness, effortless, but plentiful. Its images were not formed in an exactly finished mould, or laboriously chisselled out; but like fairy frostwork, or the wavy sweep of a snow-drift, though ever beautiful, yet always seeming accidental. It was, indeed, the poetic age. Growing up in the absence of a false elegance, and not educated to the cautious politeness which crowded society has forced upon us, men were left to an independent individuality of character and conduct. Without the excitements of the pleasures and distinctions of the city, the mind spread itself out over the beauties about it; felt and nursed their truth; perceived a fitness and kindly relation in all things; not only gazed upon the lofty works of God, and walked by his still waters in the valley; but looked untired upon the flat and waste, or the long stretch of a rough heath. The taste was not pampered and vitiated by ill assorted prettinesses, turning the unnumbered beauties, the simplicity, and outspread grandeur of this gigantic earth into the huddled and offensively contrasted crowd of a garden; but the rock, fringed and scattered over with its green and silvery moss, was looked upon, though not seated in a bed of roses, violets and pinks; the wholesome perfume of the pine was grateful, and the crisp tread over its fallen and matted leaves, pleasant to the foot.

In this age of improvements, when multiplied inventions have rendered useless many acts to which individuals were once called in the common concerns of life; when one traverses a kingdom, without the touch of its breezes upon his cheek, and now and then takes a hasty peep through his carriage

us does it continually call for copy, like the daughters of the horse leach, which cry—give, give. Already in the present number, the significant signature Ed. occurs oftener than can be very acceptable either to our readers or to ourselves. Judging from present appearances, it will be still worse with the next number, for which we have scarcely, as yet, received any contributions. If a week or two does not bring us a great access of articles, our readers will be obliged, in the language of the Persian poet, "to solicit marrow from a shrivelled brain and digest the smoke of a profitless lamp"—which, says he, "is not the occupation of sensible men."

We therefore earnestly require all our contributors, as soon as this meets their eye, to lay pen to paper, and give us something profound, brilliant, instructive, interesting—not so long as to be tiresome—nor so short as to be flippant. Let it be "complete enough to satisfy, fragmentary enough to excite, sharp enough to rouse, tender enough to appease." We do not promise to insert all they shall send us, even though it be very good in itself—for it may not suit our purpose. Nor will we insert a tedious, shallow, or ill natured article, if the best friend we have, or the man we most revere should send it us. The conductor of a magazine must be as despotic as the general of an army, in order to make it good for any thing.

We wish for more *western* articles, containing descriptions of the moral, statistical, economical, social, and religious condition of different parts of the west. Incidents or facts which go to illustrate the character and condition and genius of the people we want very much. In a community like this, where towns and cities are springing up almost like Jonah's gourd, in a single night—not, we trust, to perish in a night—descriptions of towns and of these rapid changes are highly interesting. Can not our friends, scattered abroad, write us letters, giving a description of whatever is interesting in their community?

We do not by any means demand that all who write in our magazine should have *our* opinions or sentiments on religious or other matters. Our pages shall be freely open to all who appear to write with a good purpose—a wish to do good—and make men better and happier—and who write with clearness, point, and earnestness. In this wide world there must needs be endless differences of thought and of expression; among good men there need never be a want of harmony of feeling and courtesy of manner. We pray God to make us charitable and tolerant to all forms of human thought and action; to one thing only shall we never be tolerant—the Pharisaic spirit of bigotry, tyranny, and sectarianism. Ed.

TO OUR SUBSCRIBERS.

The publication of the "Western Messenger" has been transferred to Louisville. This change was made necessary by the illness of the subscriber. The character and purpose of the work will remain as heretofore—a medium through which western Unitarians may communicate with each other, and make known their views to the world around them. It will henceforth be under the editorial care of the Rev. James F. Clarke, with whose writings our readers are sufficiently familiar, to know that the work could not be in better hands.

I cannot forbear expressing here my gratitude for the aid which I have heretofore received in the publication of the Messenger. Since the first number was issued, I have been much of the time absent from Cincinnati, and during all the time, I have been debarred by ill-health, from giving that attention to it which I earnestly desired to give. I have had constantly to look to my friends for assistance, and have constantly and abundantly received it. During the last summer, Mr. Howe most kindly superintended its publication. I have been continually indebted to the publishers, Mr. Gallagher and Mr. Shreve, for the aid of their pens, and for their friendly oversight of the work. Especially, I desire to express my sense of obligation to Mr. Perkins, without whose aid the last numbers of the work could hardly have been published. He has at the same time written many articles and superintended its publication; and no one but those acquainted with periodicals can tell the labor which this involves. I would also express the pleasure which I have received from my connection with my brethren who have been associated with me, as colaborators in the publication of the Messenger, and with my other friends who have contributed to its pages. The ill health, which has thrown upon them unexpected labor, has, so far as I am concerned, found a compensation in the friendship which has ever been present in the hour of need. It is indeed one of the not slight blessings of ill-health, that it discloses the friendly feelings, which in the even and prosperous ongoings of life can hardly be made known.

In conclusion, it is my prayer that my brother who will henceforth have the editorial care of the Messenger, may make it all that I have wished it to be; and may He, without whose blessing all human labors are vain, bless the work, and make it an instrument in the promotion of truth and goodness.

March 9, 1830. E. Peabody.

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

The number of the Westminster review just published, contains a very virulent and bitter attack on the United states, on account of the institution of slavery. It purports to be a Review of "Abdy's Journal in the United States"—a book written in the true fanatical abolition spirit. Dr. Channing is attacked *for not being an abolitionist*, both by Abdy and the Reviewer. He suffers the usual fate of independent and moderate men—that of being assailed by both parties.

Books on slavery multiply. We have looked at two. "Slavery at the South," and "Paulding's Slavery in the United States." Both appear too much inclined to the ultra South Carolina doctrine of Gov. McDuffie, which considers slavery right and good *in itself*.

We have inserted in our present number of the Messenger, an article on slave education, by a valued correspondent. Whether the views contained in it will meet the approbation of our readers, we know not; its spirit, we are sure all must admire.

Mr. Gurley, the Secretary of the Colonization Society, passed through this city last week on his may to New Orleans. He proposes to return this way. His object is to advance the interests of that Institution, and we wish him all success.

Our present number contains an article from the N. A. Review for 1817. We happen to possess a file of the first numbers of this work, which are now quite scarce. They contain a number of valuable articles which we have long wished to see reprinted, and we shall insert them from time to time in the Messenger.

The North American Review is now edited by Dr. Palfrey, of Cambridge, Mass. Under his hands it promises to take a higher standing than it has before held. The agent for this work in Louisville, is Mr. W. F. Taunenill.

We are much amused by a long and able article in the last Biblical Repository, by Prof. Hitchcock, of Amherst, in reply to one written by Moses Stuart, of Andover, on Geology. With great calmness and politeness Prof. Hitchcock points out the rash decisions, wild assumptions, and blundering statements of the learned Theologian. It is very strange that Prof. Stuart should not have been taught by past experience, not to undertake to lecture ex-cathedra, on subjects of which he is wholly ignorant. If any thing could cure him of this fatal propensity, he is now effectually cured.

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THE WESTERN MESSENGER

IS PUBLISHED IN LOUISVILLE, KY.

On the first day of every month. Terms, THREE DOLLARS a year payable in advance. Subscriptions and payments received by

A. C. Patterson, - - - Buffalo, N. Y.
J. Q. Day, - - - - Meadville, Pa.
J. Kay, - - - - Pittsburg, Pa.
Flash & Ryder, - - - Cincinnati, Ohio.
J. F. Clarke, - - - Louisville, Ky.
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James Monroe & Co. - - Boston, Mass.

Rev. Henry Thompson

DR. LEARCE AND THE FOUNDATIONS

THE

WESTERN MESSENGER;

DEVOTED TO

RELIGION AND LITERATURE.

N° XI.

JUNE, 1836.

LOUISVILLE:
PUBLISHED BY THE WESTERN UNITARIAN ASSOCIATION.
BOSTON: JAMES MUNROE & CO.

MORTON & SMITH, PRINTERS.

1836.

Three Sheets.—Postage, under 100 miles, 4½ cents; over 100 miles 7½ cents.

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THE

WESTERN MESSENGER;

DEVOTED TO RELIGION AND LITERATURE.

Vol. I. JUNE, 1836. No. 11.

Art. I.—A SERMON,

By Rev. Geo. W. Hosmer, of Northfield, Mass.

Psalms II. 11 v.

Rejoice with trembling.

These words are peculiarly significant. They require no elaborate exposition. As soon as announced, they awaken in every generous mind trains of rich and useful thought. Rejoice—and how much cause have we to do so! But why should we tremble? Because with every gift and privilege, responsibility is imposed upon us.

The language to us as the recipients of a father's blessings, is, "use till I come;" "unto whomsoever much is given, much will be required." The rejoicings of gratitude should be mingled with a sense of accountableness "Rejoice with trembling." My friends, it is not my purpose to treat this subject in its universal application—I wish to apply it to your condition as inhabitants of this western country. You have abundant cause to rejoice. Your home is in the midst of fair, fertile, and wide spreading regions. Within the memory of men now living, Indians and savage beasts held dominion here. The eastern mountains were the wall which divided civilized from barbarous life. Within a few years, what a change has been wrought. Scenes of violence and bloodshed have been exhibited; but the struggle has ceased; the denizens of the forest have disappeared, and civilized man dwells here in peace. In such a change we should all rejoice; it is better that this beautiful portion of the globe should be occupied by cities and towns—the homes of civilization, than lie waste and be the abode of beasts and roving savages.

Especially you may rejoice that your lines have fallen to you in these pleasant places. The keen winds of the north, and the searching suns of the south are not permitted to visit you. Your climate is temperate, and as the settlement of the country advances, becomes healthful. Your soil yields an abundant reward to the farmer's toil. Navigable streams afford unparalleled facilities for intercommunication. It is indeed a noble heritage—vast—beautiful, and admirably suited to promote the growth and happiness of its favored inhabitants. What more could you ask from the bounteous hand of Nature's God! Your lives are crowned with blessings. In common with every other portion of our country, you have free institutions—all the rights of civil and religious liberty. Another item in the sources of your prosperity which should not be omitted, are the means of transportation which science and the useful arts have furnished. What would this country be in comparison with its present state, without the inventions of the Marquis of Worcester, of Watt, and of Fulton? Without these its vital circulations would cease: no cities would rise in the inland regions, and scarcely would the abundant products of the soil repay the labor of in-gathering, commerce would cease, and agriculture lose its reward. Look back a few years, and consider the exposure, labor, and peril attendant upon the navigation of the western waters. We read of these trials, half incredulous because the mighty agent which has been pressed into our service has effected an entire change. The work of breasting vast currents which sweep from the Rocky Mountains to the Atlantic, and from the far regions of the North and East to the Gulph of Mexico, is now done by muscles which never tire; while we are borne "on burdened keels," with or against the hurrying stream, surrounded with comforts and luxuries, at leisure for social intercourse with friend and stranger, or to behold and admire the richness of the surrounding scenery. These surely are not among the least of your blessings, and why should they not be regarded as such. We give thanks to God for civil and religious rights, those blessings conferred upon us through the patriot and sage; and why should you not be grateful for the results of scientific discovery, and the successful application of the arts to the uses of life? Why not bless the author of good, that ingenious minds have been lent to us, to unfold the secret powers of the elements, and combine them for our benefit? Yes it should be so. Reflect, then, on all these sources of your prosperity, and rejoice not with a self-gratulation; but with a generous gratitude, with a sense of responsibility—Rejoice with trembling.

If you are disposed to reflect seriously upon your condition, I ask you to look around you to the wide boundaries of this bosom of the West. What a vast theatre for human action has here been thrown open, with inexhaustible sources of wealth, and unequalled facilities for every species of exchange!

The globe furnishes no other field for human effort so capacious, so abundant in every thing which may contribute to outward prosperity. Into this theatre there is constantly pouring in a tide of emigration, wave follows wave, and soon they will break at the foot of the Rocky Mountains. Who does not see that a mighty enterprise is undertaken? A momentous experiment is to be made—the foundations of a world are being laid—and what?—Heaven only knows what that world shall be. Will it be a monument to man's honor and God's glory, or a memento of man's shame? It must be confessed there is cause to tremble at the thought of the destinies of this western world; tremendous consequences not only to this country, but to the inhabitants of all countries hang upon the results which are here to be wrought out.

But it will be asked, why fear and tremble? Were there ever more indubitable proofs of prosperity than are here exhibited? The forests are giving place to cultivated fields; cities are rising up at every central point; the projects of internal improvement are covering the length and breadth of the country, and the population increases with unexampled rapidity. These are truths—rejoice in them: but is there no danger in this boundless enterprise and rapid growth? You have seen the young man, full of buoyant spirit and restless activity, placed in the lap of plenty, and excited by a laudable ambition; he enters upon various enterprises; they are successful far beyond his highest expectation; elated by success, stimulated by the indulgence of desire, he extends his plans, and with a kind of business mania, throws himself into the execution of them. Let it be granted that he is successful—but is he in no danger? There is a great pressure of temptation upon him; the Devil offers him the kingdoms of this world, if he will but kneel down and worship *him*. And what are the means of his defence? He had no long established habits of virtue to hold him from evil, for he has not lived long enough to form them; and though he may be a youth of good purposes, he has no principles which have been wrought into his character by experience and trial. How shall he bear up against the pressure of worldliness, which has crushed millions into the dust to grovel? Who does not tremble when he sees a young man in such a career? He may go safely, maintain his integrity,

remember that he has a soul, and that there is a God, a futurity and a judgment; and he may fall like the star of the morning, his brightness eclipsed by shame. In many respects, the population of these interesting western regions resembles the young man. It is a young community created by Providence to be the builders of a new empire; it is full of strength and enterprise—daring, I should say, for there have been no dangers which it has not braved, and no obstacles which it does not surmount. And this community, filled with such indomitable energies, occupies a vast theatre for enterprise. As yet it has found no bound to limit its exertion; wealth flows in and increases the means of more and more extended plans.

In such condition the pressure of danger is very great; the souls of men may be swallowed up in the greedy whirlpools of worldliness, or cankered and debased by luxury, which always follows in the wake of prosperity; and which, strange as it may seem, begins to appear among the sons of those who first brought the axe to the western forests. And is there no danger, no cause to tremble? Your community is young, and in vigorous, unguarded youth, the trials of virtue are always great; it is prosperous, and prosperity is always dangerous.

And what are your defences—where are the fortresses to which you can flee? It will not be doubted that this community is well disposed—in many respects generous and magnanimous: that it is such is evident to the passing stranger; but is not there a want of deliberate reflection upon your dangers and duties? Does not the hurry and press of business prevent the calm and thorough examination of your moral condition?

Your dangers would be less, were you an older community, and had you entered into the labor of a wise and pious ancestry who had gone before you and assisted by all the lights of experience and religion, established the land-marks of virtue, and built up the institutions of learning and poetry; for in that case you could have come forward surrounded by restraining and guiding influences. The history of past experiment would enlighten, and time hallowed customs and habits would have attached you to the good old paths. But nothing like this is your case. You have come forth and left the precedents and habits of elder life behind you; you are a new people upon a new theatre of action. A prevailing characteristic of this community is a thirst for liberty. It will not rest under restraints, nor follow precedents. It will be independent. It will have a character of its own, and form about it a world for itself.

We are all interested in knowing what this world shall be, for it is easy to perceive that the time is not very far distant

when the destinies of our whole country will be determined by the destinies of these rising states.

In a word, your dangers are in proportion to your propensities. You move in the midst of perils; the perils of worldliness, sin, vanity and luxury; and you need the religion of the New Testament to restrain and guide you. It will fix in your minds the thoughts of a superintending Deity—your present witness and future Judge; it will furnish you with a perfect model of virtue; it will moderate your desires and guard the purity of life's relations; it will help you to form a true estimate of the material and the spiritual; it will sound in your ears that deeply momentous question, "What shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul?" As individuals you need Christianity. As a community you need it. It is the salt of the earth.

If then the inhabitants of these rising states desire the prevalence of good order, purity, and true greatness of soul, let them establish and nurture the institutions of Christianity. Let them provide suitable places for public worship. Let them encourage a pious, devoted, and well educated ministry; such as they can listen to with interest and respect. Religion never will be respected in a community in which its ministers are ignorant, or are compelled to live in grinding poverty, or else are obliged to leave their proper sphere of exertion and scheme and toil for their daily bread. Ministers should labor—yes, as hard as other men. I ask no exemption for them; but they should be so well provided for that they can labor in their studies, in preaching from house to house, and in the ministrations of the Sabbath. Then will there be found in the sacred office men of ability as well as piety, who will speak with effect and urge home to reason and conscience, the warnings and sanctions of the Gospel. Let such men be sustained, and Christian truth will be known and honored, and its ministrations will be attended to. The Sabbath bells will draw men away from their counting-houses, the news-room, or the luxuries of home, and the temples of God will be filled with interested and devout worshippers.

As to the mode of Christianity which shall be adopted, whether that of the Methodists, Baptists, Trinitarians or Unitarians, there is but one proper course to be pursued, and that is to allow every one entire liberty to choose what he *can* believe, and what he *will* support. Let all denominations exist and flourish if they can: we hope that all will do good. But I am far from thinking it a matter of indifference, which mode of faith we may adopt. I sincerely believe that the mode

faith which is preached in this house is nearer than any other mode to Christianity—the faith once delivered to the saints. We do not claim to be infallible: but from diligent inquiry we are confident that our views of Christian truth are scriptural, reasonable, and evidently calculated to promote holiness. I rejoice that such views of Christianity have been presented and have found supporters in this growing community. May they be published and extended more widely. The antiquated dogmas of Calvin and Edwards, and the worn out forms of the Catholic church never can exert a lasting influence in a community like this. This is not a people who will rest their opinions on authority and assent to any position however strange, merely because others have done so. Many among the more intelligent persons of the West and South have passed by with neglect what has been set forth as Christianity, and they have been called unbelievers—haters of the truth—enemies to all righteousness: but offer to such persons a mode of faith, which at the same time that it is plainly scriptural, is reasonable and calculated to promote virtue; give them this mode of faith, which works by love, and purifies the heart: give them the truth as it was in Jesus, and they will gladly embrace it. Many such persons have already embraced our views of Christian truth. Examples might be adduced.

I will give you the details of a single case. A young man, a class-mate of mine, at the theological school at Cambridge—was born in New Hampshire. His parents were pious persons of the Presbyterian denomination. They were very assidious to bring up their children religiously; and took much pains to impress upon their minds; the peculiar opinions of their church. But my friend at an early age was troubled with the doctrines of total depravity, election and reprobation; he could not receive them, and supposing that these doctrines were religion, he avoided the whole subject. When a youth he left his father's house, and went to reside in a neighboring state. There he fell in with some free-thinking companions, and he had no objections to joining them in opposing what he supposed was Christianity. But mean time he was unhappy; how eloquently has he spoken of what he suffered then in the darkness of unbelief. The soul of man needs religion; it craves it, and cannot be happy without it. At length my friend met with a tract of the American Unitarian Association on total depravity. He glanced his eye over it, for its title caught his attention, and soon he became interested and read it with avidity. He believed it; he inquired for other tracts of like character. A friend furnished them, and as he read he was overjoyed with

light which broke upon his mind. He studied his Bible, and became an earnest believer in the doctrines of pure Christianity. He was like a man coming from darkness into light, and in his gratitude he resolved to devote his life to the preaching of this, to him, new and blessed truth. He was pennyless, and his father hearing that he had become a Unitarian, withheld all assistance, and threatened to disinherit him. But he was not to be discouraged; he came to Cambridge, and with the expectation of a trifling assistance he entered upon his course of study. He lived in the most frugal mode, and devoted himself with untiring industry. Stimulated by a desire to carry light to minds darkened as his had been by false views, he rejoiced in labor. He remained at the institution nearly three years, constantly gaining strength and pious fervor. But at length his constitution failed; his application had been too severe; and having preached with much effect a few times, he sickened and died. He was a noble Christian man. Would to God he had been spared, to have been the herald of pure Christianity in this western world. He knew by experience the wants which I believe here to exist. I doubt that hundreds and thousands might be found in these regions whose history would correspond to the early part of his. They have been darkened by false views; they have been prejudiced against Christianity by that which is not Christianity. I doubt not that there are those here present who have known his difficulties. Disguise it as its advocates will, the peculiar doctrines of Calvinism have and will, if urged, drive many thinking men into infidelity.

The wise Franklin was once an infidel, and as he himself tells us, in his writings, he was made such by the doctrines of eternal decrees, election and reprobation; such doctrines he could not believe, and those he was taught to believe were Christianity. A distinguished man of Virginia, who has been chief magistrate of our country, thus writes, "I rejoice that in this blessed country of free inquiry and belief, the genuine doctrine of one only God is reviving, and I trust there is not a young man now living in the United States who will not die a Unitarian. This doctrine has not yet been preached here. But the breeze [begins to be felt] which precedes the storm, and fanaticism is shutting its doors and windows to keep it out; but it will come. I am in hopes that missionaries of these doctrines truly evangelical, will come to us. An effective preacher would be listened to; he might be excluded by the ministers from the churches; but he would be attended by hearers and thinkers." Such substantially are the expressions

of one who well knew the condition of the common mind of our country. And I rejoice that means are using to publish our views of Christian truth; it is our duty to do so, for we believe them true, and calculated better than any other views of Christianity to promote holy living. Let these views of Christianity be explained and published; let those who already embrace them adorn them by consistent conduct; and we may hope that Christianity will be honored by many who have been indifferent or opposed to every thing which has been named religion. Let Christianity be separated from its corruptions, and it will take a deep and a strong hold upon the common mind, and do much to purify and enoble it.

An important auxiliary to religion as a safeguard to the interests of a rising community, is found in common education. The pious founders of the New England states were wise as well as pious men, and as soon as they had provided a shelter for themselves, reared humble temples for the worship of God; next they built school-houses, and established seminaries of learning. And so it should always be; the diffusion of knowledge and religion should go hand in hand: the former opens the mind for the reception of the latter, and they conspire to strengthen, to elevate, and to purify the intellect and the affections, and give to the spiritual its rightful supremacy over the material. As you love your country, then, and desire to promote its prosperity, look well to the interests of sound learning and pure religion.

If I have spoken of religion chiefly as a public concern, let none suppose that this is the most important point of view in which it can be regarded. Religion can do no good to a community except so far as the members of that community become religious. We must regard it as a personal concern. As individuals you are exposed to the peculiar temptations and dangers which beset your community; fly to the safeguards of religion; put on the Christian armor. Are you young?—"take heed to your ways," covet earnestly the best gifts.—Are you citizens?—"deal justly, love mercy." Are you parents?—shield your children from the evils to which they are exposed, and train them up to be the fit recipients of the noble inheritance which awaits them. You hold their destinies in your hands; you are creating the society in which they are to live. What you sow, they will reap. Be faithful, and the benedictions of posterity, and the blessings of God will be with you.

Art. 2.—MISSIONARY EFFORT.

"A man of Macedonia—saying, "Come over and help us."

Every Christian sect ought to have its missionaries, who should be sent to every part of the world where they will be favorably received. Christianity was from the beginning a missionary enterprise, and must remain so until the whole world is Christian. Its founder was a missionary; his apostles were missionaries, which is expressed in the name itself; and their only work was to bear witness to the truth among those who were ignorant of it. From their time to the present, the missionary spirit has never left the Christian Church, although it has at some periods produced very small results. The prosperity and enlargement of Christ's kingdom depend upon its still being preserved. The Christian sect which has no missionaries ought never to use the Lord's prayer, "Thy kingdom come," except indeed it does so, as an acknowledgement of its own idleness, and an expression of good will towards those who are more faithful than itself. Such a sect is and ought to be an anomaly in the church universal, and there is no possible combination of circumstances which can justify it in continuing under the reproach. This we say, not because it is the duty of every sect to progagate *itself*, but because, if it is a *Christian* sect, it should obey Christ, and labor to spread Christianity. Sectarianism is a bad thing, and those who would compass heaven and earth to convert a pious man from one Christian sect to another, have more zeal than knowledge. But the true missionary spirit is something else. It does not impel one sect to labor against another, and fill its own cistern by draining a neighboring one, but it sends all sects to the same well of salvation, and commands every one to draw freely, and offer a cup to the thirsty lips of as many as will receive it. All will not drink from the same cup. Or to leave a figure which is already troublesome, men have different tastes and feelings, and every Christian sect will find many, who would always have remained unbelievers, if its particular form of faith had not been offered to them; therefore, all sects should labor, each in its own way; to spread the gospel; that which has most of the spirit of Christ, will ultimately make the most converts; but since all of them have a portion of that spirit, all will do good. There is no need of their laboring against each other; they have no commission to do so; Christians have no right to be sectarians, saying, "I am of Paul, and I of Apollos,"

for they are all of Christ, and no one is made a judge over the rest. But all should labor for the spread of Christianity, every sect in its own way, wherever it can find an opening. While the diversity of sects continues, this is the only method by which the words "Go ye and teach all nations," can be obeyed. But they who, from fear of sectarianism, or from any other fear, can see in their waking visions, "a man from Macedonia, saying, come over and help us," without going or sending, are inexcusable.

Unitarians have hitherto not been a missionary sect; or rather, we should say, their missionary efforts have been very limited. The causes of this are various, and many of them such as we need not be ashamed of; and upon the whole, we think that Unitarians are not much to blame for their past inaction. But in our apology for them, we stop here. They are to blame for their present inaction. For the case stands thus. There is a great work to be done, a portion of which, at least, they might do better than any other sect, and they are able to do it; yet they do nothing—not ignorantly, for the call has often reached their ears, and there are laborers ready to work, who are compelled to remain idle because "they are not sent" by those whose duty it is to send them. We will be more definite. These western states, which are the field of our humble labors, are destined to witness a struggle unto death, in which our whole country is deeply interested. It is the struggle between faith and skepticism.

In all the conflicts in which religion has heretofore contended and been victorious, it has been aided by outward influences, but here it has no advantage ground, and the friends of truth must fight single-handed against the friends of error. It has not even the support of public opinion, for this is in a great degree yet to be formed, and the prejudices of the majority are rather against than for religion. This great region is peopled by men, who come, some of them, from countries where their freedom in speech and thought was restrained by the civil authorities; others from countries where a strong public opinion exerted a tyranny almost as harsh; here they find themselves under no restraint whatever, except that of their own will; they may think and say what they please; be Christian or Infidel, Protestant, or Catholic, without incurring public odium. As a first consequence of this freedom, every man acts himself out with singular boldness. His real tendencies display themselves. Whatever before he believed, merely from fashion or habit, he relinquishes, and even that which he sincerely believed, and never doubted, undergoes a

scrutiny, which is rather free than impartial. Remembering that his opinions were formerly under restraint, he takes it for granted that they were not much better than prejudices, and he forthwith doubts or rejects them, simply because he is at liberty to do so. Thus it happens that truth often shares the fate of error, and nothing in opinion is established. Every man's mind is *unsettled* with regard to all subjects of speculation and faith; the majority belong to no religious sect. They will tell you that before they came to the west, they were accustomed to attend such a church and were called by such a name; but since they have been here, they have not quite determined what society to join. The fact is, that very many of them have a previous question to determine,—Is religious truth a *reality?*—or this—was not my Christian faith an hereditary prejudice? Upon this question their minds work freely, and they will not shrink from whatever result best satisfies their reason. They are bound to no system of opinions; they have hardly any preference for one more than another. They are not even seeking for *truth;* they are merely suffering their minds to work freely and come to their own conclusions. Into such a state of mind very many unconsciously fall: particularly the young, who come into this great west, where all things are in motion and all things free. At what conclusions shall the independent ramblings of their minds end? If they were actuated by the love of truth and the desire of finding it, we should be at ease, for we have confidence in the untrammeled action of an unprejudiced mind, when so guided; it may have some wild vagaries and undergo a complete revolution; but it will commonly find a resting place in God and Christ. But here is the difficulty: they are so engrossed in the physical, in what is called "business," that they give no attention to the working of their minds, and suffer them to wander about, without so much as even seeking after a home; and thus the impartial state of their minds, which might be made so favorable to the reception of truth, gradually becomes an absolute indifference about every thing which cannot be expressed in figures, or converted into money.

These are the facts which make the West a field of missionary enterprise. Christianity should be offered in all its diverse forms, which are, in general only different manifestations of the same spirit. Every means should be used to keep men awake, or if they have already gone to sleep, to awaken them to a sense of their spiritual existence. This must be done in part by foreign agency, we mean that of the older states, for the single reason that among ourselves, the majority either

have not concluded in what particular way to act, or have concluded not to act at all.

If our view of the state of western society is correct, two things are certain. First, That every Christian sect which has confidence in the truth of its own tenets, should have its missionaries, teaching and preaching, wherever they can obtain a favorable hearing. Secondly, That whatever system is most consistent with scripture and reason, will, if ably vindicated, be most favorably received. No system of religion will ever be generally adopted by the western population if it is not *rational.* We do not say that no sect but the Unitarian can ever predominate here. We would not monopolize the name of rational Christians, which is a kind of bigotry too common. But we repeat that none but a rational religion can ever prevail in the west. The choice is between a rational religion or none. It will not do here to say, "away with carnal reason! do not dare to touch with profane hands the word of God!" Men will think. They will not pretend to believe what they are told they must not try to understand. They are determined not to be priest-ridden or hood-winked, and they carry this feeling to excess. The majority keep aloof from all religion, because they have always been taught to think that religion requires a sacrifice of reason. It is a sacrifice which nothing will compel them to make. The great work to be done is, to convince them that they may be Christians and yet keep their reason. This is no easy work, because it goes against early associations; and it is becoming every day more hard, because continued indifference to the spiritual and eternal contracts the mind, and makes the standard of what is rational every day lower. There are many among us now who can conceive of no truth beyond the little circle in which they see and hear; so blinded are their minds to what is spiritual. Such are already beyond the reach of human influence. But the majority are not so, and will not become so, if now when their rational nature is healthy, they can be taught the harmony of reason with religion.

We feel that we are not doing our subject justice, and will therefore leave it for the present. We appeal to our brethren in the eastern cities, and ask them to think on these things. Could you have a more favorable opportunity of trying whether your faith is of God or of men? Is not the opening here just what you would have wished for? Are your eyes closed, that you do not see the immense importance of using all means for the advancement of religion and morality, in these wonderfully growing states, which must soon give laws to the Union?

Can your money be better spent than in this work? Where then are your missionaries? There are at this moment openings enough to employ three or four active preachers. Will you forever be idle? God forbid. W. G. E.

Art. 3.—THE MAN OF EXPEDIENTS.

"All means they use, to all expedients run."
Crabbe.

The man of expedients is he, who never providing for the little mishaps and stitch droppings with which this mortal life is pestered, and too indolent or too ignorant to repair them in the proper way, passes his days in inventing a succession of devices, pretexts, substitutes, plans and commutations by the help of which, he *thinks* he appears as well as other people.

Thus, the man of expedients may be said only to half live; he is the creature of outside; the victim of emergencies; whose happiness often depends on the possession of a pin, or the strength of a button hole.—

Shade of Theophrastus! spirit of La Bruyere! assist me to describe him.

In his countenance you behold marks of anxiety and contrivance, the natural consequence of his shiftless mode of life. The internal workings of his soul are generally a compound of cunning and the heart-ach. One half of his time he is silent, languid, indolent; the other half he moves, bustles, and exclaims, What's to be done now?' His whole aim is to live as near as possible to the very verge of propriety. His business is all slightingly performed, and when a transaction is over, he has no confidence in his own effectiveness, but asks, though in a careless manner, 'Will it do? will it do?'

Look through the various professions and characters of life. You will there see men of expedients darting and shifting, and glancing, like fishes in the stream. We will give a few tests, by which they may be recognised. If a merchant, the man of expedients borrows incontinently at two per cent. a month; if a sailor, he stows his hold with jury-masts, rather than ascertain if his ship be seaworthy; if a visitor where he dislikes, he is called out before the evening has half expired; if a musician, he scrapes on a fiddle string of silk; if an actor, he takes his stand within three feet of the prompter; if a poet, he makes *fault* rhyme with *ought*, and *look* with *spoke*; if a reviewer, he fills up three quarters of the article with extracts

from the writer whom he abuses; if a divine, he leaves ample room in every sermon for an exchange of texts; if a physician, he is often seen galloping at full rate, nobody knows where; if a debtor, he has a marvellous acquaintance with short corners and dark alleys; if a printer, he is adroit at *scabbarding;* if a collegian, he commits Euclid and Locke to memory without understanding them, interlines his Greek, and writes themes *equal* to the Rambler.

But it is in the character of a general scholar that the man of expedients most shines. He ranges through all the arts and sciences—in Cyclopedias. He acquires a most thorough knowledge of classical literature—from translations. He is very extensively read—in title pages. He obtains an exact acquaintance of authors—from Reviews. He follows all literature up to its source—in tables of contents. His researches are indefatigable—into indexes. He quotes memoriter with astonishing facility—the Dictionary of Quotations;—and his Bibliographical familiarity is miraculous—with Dibdin.

We are sorry to say, that our men of expedients are to be sometimes discovered in the region of morality. There are those, who claim the praise of a good action, when they have acted merely from convenience, inclination, or compulsion. There are those, who make a show of industry, when they are set in motion only by avarice; there are those, who are quiet and peaceable, only because they are sluggish; there are those who are sagely silent, because they have not one idea; abstemious from repletion; patriots, because they are ambitious; perfect because there is no temptation.

Again, let us look at the man of expedients in argument. His element is the sophism. He is at home in a circle. His fort, his glory, is the *petitio principii.* Often he catches at your words and not at your ideas. Thus, if you are arguing that light is light, and he happens to be, (as it is quite likely he will,) on the other side of the question, he snatches at your phraseology, and exclaims, did you ever weigh it? Sometimes he answers you by silence. Or if he pretends to any thing like fair reasoning, he cultivates a certain species of argumentative obliquity, that defies the acutest logic. When you think you have him in a corner, he is gone—he has slipped through some hole of an argument, which you hoped was only letting in the light of conviction. In vain you attempt to fix him—it is putting your finger on a flea.

But let us come down a little lower into life. Who appears so well and so shining at a ball room, as the man of expedients? Yet his small-clothes are borrowed, and as for his knee-buckles,

about as ill matched, as if one had belonged to his hat, and the other to a galoche,—to prevent their difference being detected, he stands sidewise towards his partner. Nevertheless, the circumstance makes him a more vivacious dancer, since, by the rapidity of his motions he prevents a too curious examination from the spectators.

Search farther into his dress. You will find that he very genteelly dangles *one* glove. There are five pins about him, and as many buttons gone, or button-holes broken. His pocket book is a newspaper. His fingers are his comb, and the palm of his hand his clothes-brush. He conceals his antiquated linen by the help of close garments, and adroitly claps a burr on the rent hole of his stocking while walking to church.

Follow him home. Behold his felicitous knack of metamorphosing all kinds of furniture into all kinds of furniture. A brick constitutes his right and iron, and a stone his left. His shovel stands him in lieu of tongs. His bellows is his hearth-brush, and a hat his bellows, and that too, borrowed from a broken window-pane. He shaves himself without a looking-glass, by the sole help of imagination. He sits down on a table. His fingers are his snuffers. He puts his candle-stick into a chair. That candlestick is a decanter. That decanter was borrowed. That borrowing was without leave. He drinks wine out of a tumbler. A fork is his cork-screw. His wine-glass he converts into a standish.

Very ingenious is he in the whole business of writing a letter. For that purpose he makes use of three-eighths of a sheet of paper. His knees are his writing desk. His ruler is a book cover, and his pencil a spoon handle. He mends his pen with a pair of scissors. He dilutes his ink with water till it is reduced to invisibility. He uses ashes for sand. He seals his letter with shreds and relicks of his wafer box. His seal is a pin.

When he takes a journey, his whiplash—But I shall myself be a man of expedients, if I fill ten pages with these minute details.

Oh reader, if you have smiled at any parts of the foregoing representation, let it be to some purpose. There is no fault we are all so apt to indulge, as that into which we are pushed by the ingenuity of indolence, namely, the invention of expedients.—*N. A. Review*—1818.

Art. 4.—MODERN CALVINISM.

Views in Theology. By Lyman Beecher, D. D., *President of Lane Seminary. Published by request of the Synod of Cincinnati.* Cincinnati—Truman & Smith—12mo.—pp. 240.

We take up this work, not with a view of dissection, for that were too long a task, to say nothing of the "moral inability" which we feel to trace the convolutions of so metaphysical and disputatious a brain as that before us, but for the purpose of supporting from it the views taken in an article contained in the February number of this magazine, upon the peculiarities of Unitarianism. The object of that article was to show that the main points of difference between Unitarians and their opponents, consisted either of doctrines which cannot influence the character; or of influential doctrines exaggerated, (as we think, by the dominant party.

Dr. Beecher differs from his prosecutor, Dr. Wilson, upon the great question of human ability, and from that difference spring all their other differences. Upon this question there are three leading creeds.

First, that of Dr. Wilson and the (so called) old Calvinistic school. This creed makes it as impossible for man *to choose between good and evil* as for a stone to speak: it also condemns all men as evil-doers, to eternal woe; saving only those whom God pleases to save, without reference to their own acts.

Second, comes the creed of Dr. Beecher, which is also that of the great mass of Christians,—Catholic, Episcopalian, Presbyterian, Methodist, and Baptist. This faith teaches that man is able to choose between good and evil; but as he does evil always, we may say that he is *unable* to do, though he may choose to do otherwise,—not in the same sense that a stone is unable to speak, but in that sense in which a lazy man is unable to get up betimes in the morning, or that a boy is unable to refrain from robbing an orchard. In this sense *an inability* to do good, means simply *an habitual unwillingness* to do good. This faith further teaches, that God persuades and enables some men to do good, but does not force them to; those that are so persuaded and enabled, are saved, and they alone.

The third creed is that of the Unitarian, and we believe, of many that think themselves anti-Unitarian. This belief is, that men are able to choose between good and evil; and that although all men do, at times, chose evil, yet many choose the opposite; it denies such an habitual unwillingness as is meant by moral inability. It holds also that God helps those that de-

serve his help, but does not pretend to teach in what that desert consists, farther than in a continued effort to live in accordance with his laws.

Now what are the differences between Dr. Beecher and the Unitarian? The first is, that Dr. Beecher asserts men to be habitually unwilling to do good, the Unitarian affirms that some are willing and virtuous. But what does Dr. B. mean?—that men are never willingly benevolent or just? No: or, that benevolence and justice are not virtue? Surely not: what then does he mean by the habitual unwillingness of man to do good? He means merely that no man is of himself so virtuous and pure as to deserve salvation; that though able, no man is willing to do *so much* good as must precede perfection, and as God requires. To all of which, so stated, the Unitarian assents. This then is one of those points on which we say our opponents exaggerate; meaning that man will not do his duty as he might; they say he does nothing good, is wholly depraved, &c. &c. &c.

Another point on which some may think Dr. B. differs from us is, that he thinks that our acts and characters have no bearing upon our salvation; but such is not the case; he does not consider all the virtues of the best man *enough* to save him; but he thinks they exert an influence; otherwise he would hold morality and purity of no importance, and would be an antinomian. If God regenerates the philanthropist rather than the murderer, our acts and characters have an influence on our salvation; and if He does not, it is as much out of place for Dr. Beecher to advocate temperance in the pulpit, as it would be for him to advocate the tariff.

A third point on which Dr. B. may seem to differ from us, is, that he thinks our unwillingness to do right is owing, somehow, to Adam's sin: in this, most will, however, agree with him, and those that do not, differ from him on what?—an historical fact, having no influence upon character.

We conclude then from this work that Dr. B is upon the influential points of Faith, viz: God's character, Christ's character, and man's ability to help himself—a Unitarian. Though he says much of man's depraved will, he means simply, that as a matter of fact, man does not will to do as he should do; and although he tells us that we are saved solely by God's regenerating power, he intends to convey the idea that without God's aid we cannot save ourselves. In the language of Gregory Nazianzen, quoted p. 127—"A right will stands in need of assistance from God. We have need, both of power over ourselves and of salvation from God. It is not of him *only* the

willeth, nor of him *only* that runneth, but of God that showeth, &c. &c."

It is true that Dr. B. denies that infants are innocent, and affirms that original sin is sin, and deserves God's wrath and curse; *meaning by guilty and innocent in such a connection liability to suffer or not*, (pp. 154—179;) but it is also true that he does not consent to the doctrine that he is to be punished for the guilt of Adam's sin as if it were his own; (p. 182;) from all which we gather this as his real faith,—God saw fit to let men become what they really are, using as the proximate cause, Adam's sin, just as He sees fit to let many every day become peculiarly evil, using as the proximate cause an evil parent or instructor: in other words, we are sinners, and for our sins must suffer; this disposition to sin was the immediate result of Adam's sin, just as a reform is sometimes the immediate result of a thunder storm; and it is equally proper to say that we shall suffer for Adam's guilt, as to say that the reformed man will be saved for or because of the fury of the tempest; in both cases the word "for," or the phrase "because of," means to refer to the sin of Adam or the storm not as the efficient cause, but simply as the precedent event in the chain of events.

Do we then claim Dr. Beecher as a Unitarian? We should be sorry to offer him what he would think so great an insult; but to our mind, the division between our own faith and his, when fully seen, is but a shadow. Though he may believe in the Trinity, and Christ's divine nature, and instantaneous regeneration,—and though these things may seem to him of vast moment, they are not the points we war against. Against that faith which makes the Deity a Giant Fiend, and man the play-thing of His malignancy, we would ever do battle; and so would the author of this work: against the faith which strips man of all self-control, we would ever cry out, and it is for crying out with us that Dr. Beecher has been tried for heresy. Against him we have but one charge to make, it is that he does not speak his faith plainly; he uses words that were once to *him* stumbling-blocks, (p. 182,) when he might have used those that all would understand. If he said he believed men to be habitually unwilling, though able, to do their duty, all would understand him; but when he says they are *unable* to do good, that they *cannot* help themselves, he is at once in a mist, and if he taught us that we were to suffer for our sins; and that the disposition in man to sin was first seen after the fall of Adam, and in consequence of it, his teachings would be heard as varying from those which say that we must

suffer eternal woe because of our guilt in Adam's sin: and so through the whole creed.

While therefore we rejoice that a man of so so great power and influence is battling on our side, we cannot but regret that he yet, unconsciously hides his true colors: we cannot but regret that he does not give up the language of his opponents as well as their meaning; it is melancholy to see so mighty a champion crippled and borne down by name, and custom, and prejudice.

If he would but put off these weights, and stand forth to speak his own mind in his own language, though he might then wield his bolt against us, we should fear him not, for if he annihilated the name of Unitarian; it would be by speaking wider and wider the principles of Unitarianism.

At present, he says (p. 155) his preaching, if Unitarians have claimed him, has never seemed to satisfy them. It has not, and because he has not yet spoken plain enough on the subject of his faith, we trust that his next trial may, however, open his eyes to the necessity of using modern language to modern men; for to use the words we use in other senses, that ours is worse than preaching the truth is a strange tongue; the last can but leave ignorant, the first misleads.

[The above article is on a very important topic—so important that we shall take it up again, and give it a more thorough discussion. Ed.]

Art. 5.—HYMN,

By Rev. J. Pierpont.

[The following beautiful Hymn will probably be new to most of our readers. It was sung on the two hundredth anniversary of the settlement of the town of Charlestown, Mass. The allusion in the fifth verse is to the Battle of Bunker Hill. Ed.]

Two hundred years! two hundred years!
  How much of human power and pride,
What glorious hope, what gloomy fears
  Have sunk beneath their noiseless tide!

The red man at his horrid rite,
  Seen by the stars at night's cold noon,
His bark canoe, its track of light
  Left on the wave beneath the moon.

His dance, his yell,—his council fire,
The altar where his victims lay,
His death-song, and his funeral pyre,
That still strong tide has borne away.

And that pale, pilgrim band is gone,
That on this shore with trembling trod,
Ready to faint, yet bearing on
The ark of freedom and of God.

And war, that since o'er ocean came,
And thundered loud from yonder hill,
And wrapt its foot in sheets of flame.
To blast that ark—its storm is still.

Chief—sachem—sage—bard—heroes—seers,
That live in story and in song,
Time, for the last two hundred years,
Has raised, and shown, and swept along.

'Tis like a dream when one awakes—
This vision of the scenes of old:
'Tis like the moon when morning breaks,
'Tis like a tale round watch-fires told.

Then what are we?—then what are we?
Yes, when two hundred years have rolled,
O'er our green graves, our names shall be
A morning's dream, a tale that's told.

God of our fathers—in whose sight,
The thousand years that sweep away
Man, and the traces of his might,
Are but the break and close of day.

Grant us that love of truth sublime,
That love of goodness and of thee,
That makes thy children in all time,
To share thy own eternity.

Art. 6.—ELVIRA.—A SKETCH.

Elvira was of a respectable family in a village not far from one of the principle cities of our country. Her parents were uneducated, but of high moral character and respectable talents. Her mother was remarked for the benevolent virtues, her father for strict integrity. She was an only daughter, and

lost her mother at an early age. This gave a reflective turn to her disposition, and strongly influenced her future character. Naturally social in her disposition, she yet loved to be alone, to observe nature, to read and think for herself. Her education favored these original tendencies of mind, being little assisted by friends, or the modes of school education then adopted. With strong religious tendencies by nature, she had also an enquiring mind, which inclined her to receive little without examination, and led her to doubt of all systems which are not presented to the understanding or reasoning.

Have you ever thought of religion? said a friend, who was the daughter of a clergyman, one day. I think it our duty to become religious. I cannot say that I have thought much of it, said Elvira. I think of the beauty and wonder of God's works; I am filled with admiration when I think of the magnificence of his creation, the glory of the heavens; the beauty with which he has clothed the earth, and the power of life which seems to be every where diffused; but I do not comprehend the Bible.

The conversation ended with an exhortation and a resolve to read it more diligently.

At the next meeting an enquiry arose on the part of the friend, if Elvira had read Paine's Age of Reason. No, was the reply. Then I beg you never to read it, said the friend, for I acknowledge that even my faith has been shaken by it.

Curiosity led Elvira to read what had so powerfully affected her friend. She was surprised to find no argument or reasoning in the work, but only dogmatical assertions against Christianity. The only effect was to induce her to read the Saviour's life and teachings with renewed interest. She admired—she venerated the character, but could not comprehend the scheme, nor was she convinced of its necesssity.

Years passed by, producing their changes and impressions on Elvira's character. She visited different cities and became acquainted with a variety of character. She met with persons of high talents and respectability, who were doubters on the subject of religion. Some, too, who were professors, secretly acknowledged themselves unbelievers. Thus her doubts became strengthened, and she gradually looked upon Christianity as a system of expediency, true in its morality, but not to be regarded as an authentic history. This seemed to be a rational view of it, and she believed it to be that of its rational supporters.

With this freedom of opinion, yet a desire to know the truth, she hesitated not to read and to hear the skeptical doctrines

of the day, and a natural hatred to hypocrisy and disingenuousness inclined her openly to favor them. Virtue only appeared essential, and this was attainable without the aid of revelation.

Thus believing to have discovered truth, her mind was led into error, and believing virtue to be the basis of happiness, many doubts arose in regard to what is virtue, and what are the best means of promoting it. This uncertainty threw a cloud over the scene of beauty and gladness. A mist arose before her, and life was no longer all happiness. Struggle, disappointment, and contending passions presented themselves, and human virtue was too weak to overcome them.

The west becomes the great scene of action, the theatre of human progress. Elvira's enthusiastic mind pictures scenes of happiness and virtue in the west. There the mind is unfettered, man is unsophisticated by old established customs and prejudices. The vices and foibles of luxury and of effeminacy have not yet fixed there, and man may be educated to be moral and happy.

Mistaken idea! She saw not that freedom too is dangerous; that the onward impulse, if not directed and restrained, must lead to licentiousness and crime; and what restraining influence has power to check its progress? It was left for observation and the love of truth to point it out.

She visits the west. She participates in the enterprise and activity which characterize its inhabitants. There the luxuriance of nature, the facilities of wealth, and the free institutions have induced a corresponding development of character—a noble daring self dependence. This very nobleness, this self-dependence becomes a means of error. Unrestrained by principle, or by past experience; urged on by external wants, the growth of the very facilities to gratification by which they are surrounded; the sons of the West are impelled to use every means to attain wealth, and to rush headlong into indulgence.

What can control this powerful impulse—what restrain the growth of passion and self-indulgence? thought Elvira. Even reason and judgment are weak and powerless unless directed by an unerring purpose. Where is the standard of right—where that immutable truth which shall lead the mind to virtue and happiness? This was the first perception of the necessity of a religious principle—of a standard of excellence higher than human wisdom.

The Christian system again presents itself as a subject of investigation.

How can I believe in the truth of a system founded on miracles, incomprehensible to my understanding, and for which my reason cannot perceive the necessity, said she to a reasoning and philosophic friend, who was convinced of their truth. You can only do so by reading and thinking upon the subject, was the reply; and if you really desire to know the truth, and if, as I believe, this is truth, you will certainly be able to perceive it. To this she readily assented, for her mind was trustful and confided in the power of truth.

Hitherto she had not prayed to God; not because she had ever doubted of his existence, but because prayer is only consistent with the idea of personal communion. Now she approached him with a petition, that she might be made acquainted with the *truth;* and this became her daily prayer, with increasing earnestness and confidence—not, however, idly supposing that truth would enter her mind without being sought for. She was aware of the condition; that we must search diligently.

Historic evidence of the life of Jesus was necessary to her. She obtained from her friend a work in which the facts are collated, the circumstances under which they were written, the historical connection and the discrepancies clearly laid before us, and rationally accounted for. She could no longer doubt the historical evidence. The miracles yet remained to her a stumbling-block. How could they take place without violating the order of nature, and is this consistent with the unchangeableness of God's laws?

How do we know so clearly the order of nature, said her friend to her one day after a conversation upon the subject of her doubts and difficulties. Do we think because we are able to see a succession of sequences within the little sphere of our vision, that we can comprehend the whole plan, and judge of the spiritual laws, which no doubt are fixed as unchangeably as the material; but which we, surrounded as we are by objects of sense, do not perceive, or even attempt to study. Miracles are undoubtedly subject to laws. Christ has taught us that they are. He has in several instances told the condition, faith, prayer, and in some instances fasting.

A new light burst upon her mind! It broke through the material bars, which had hitherto excluded all spiritual perception, and she could now see the beauties of the system. She went on studying and enquiring until her mind was perfectly satisfied, and she received the whole truth as it is in Jesus.

Art. 7.—RELIGIOUS AND MORAL INDEPENDENCE.

If you ask any one whether he is a religious or good man, he will probably answer you that he is not strictly so, but, compared with other men, he has nothing to be ashamed of. If you see him doing something which you thing to be wrong, and ask him concerning it, he will answer you that he supposes that it is hardly right, and if proved by the scripture standard or even the customs of the more enlightened parts of Christendom, it must be condemned: but yet it is no more than others around him do, and he does not see why more should be required of him, than of them.

Expostulate with him for the omission of some acknowledged duty, and he will answer, that if he lived in a different state of society, he would certainly perform it; but that where he is, nobody attends to it, and therefore he does dot feel it incumbent upon him.

This sort of reasoning is plausible enough, and there are probably few who are not often deceived by it. But it is utterly false, very dangerous, and betrays many a man to his own undoing. It is moreover destructive of public moraliiy, and a high barrier set up against the progress of Christian principles.

And in the first place, this mode of reasoning is very prejudicial to public morality. The great interests of society are carried forward by those who are ready to go in advance of public opinion and public customs; who are ready to do that which is uncommon, and refrain from that which is fashionable, provided that their own private convictions of right and wrong impel them to such a course; who have a standard of virtue and religion higher and better than that which the world sets up, to which they continually advance with an independent conscience, let the world think what it may. They who take the standard of the world for their own, and are satisfied with being about as good as other people, are in many respects a weight upon society, and retard rather than advance its progress. They are like the beasts of burden which carry the provisions of an army; useful in their way, but moving so slowly that the whole host are compelled to linger along and make frequent halts, that they may not be left entirely out of sight. If all men were of this character, there would obviously be no improvement in society at all. If none take the lead, there will be none to follow, and the multitude will remain stationary, or insensibly slide backwards. There mus

be some to say "We are not satisfied with remaining just here all the time; we have rested long enough; let us go another day's march;" or we shall remain in the same camp forever.

Christianity is calculated to carry society forward, for this reason, because it offers a standard of morality and religion altogether above what the world has ever attained; it commands us to strive after perfection, without any regard to the customs of the community in which we live; if these customs are good and right, we may follow them because they are so, not because they are customs. If they are wrong and hurtful, that is reason enough why we should forsake them, however common. Those who act thus will carry the community along with them; they will elevate and purify public opinion; they will be instrumental in opening the eyes of men to the folly and vice of practices which they have been taught to regard as harmless or pardonable. But how is Christianity to produce this good result: if those who perceive the truth, will not act up to it, and instead thereof conform themselves to the very customs and sins which it was and is designed to correct?

It cannot work its own way. The preachers of Christ may be ever so faithful; the truth may be ever so clearly displayed; but where is the use? What good comes? None whatever, until there are some found who dare to "come out and be separate," and refuse to touch whatever unclean thing is boldly handled by those among whom they live. It is to the "seven thousand" who never go with the crowd to bow the knee to Baal, that society must always owe its progress, and not to the crowd who throng his temple for no better reason, than because they see each other there. *One man* who boldly acts up to what he believes right, and thereby, of course takes a long step in advance of those about him, does more to help forward the progress of religion and morality, than ten thousand, who consider the sanction of public opinion good authority for a bad custom and the omission of duty. Indeed all important improvement in public sentiment, are brought about by the independent conduct of some one, two or three men. They plant the standard, and say aloud, "Christians, here is the line within which the Gospel commands you to stand;"—there are always some to obey—always some, whose consciences have long been busy, but who have lacked courage to act up to their convictions; and thus gradually a new public opinion is formed, and very soon they who do right only because others do so, and will do wrong at any time for the sake of being in company, find that it is necessary for them, if they would keep

in the fashion, to mend their morality and religious demeanor.

It is no kind of excuse therefore for a man to say, "I should be glad to do this or that, or to relinquish this or that custom, but I should stand alone in doing so, and it therefore would do no good; it is better to wait till other men come to the same conclusions, and not to be trying to go into advance of society."

This is false and lavish reasoning; nay, it is no reasoning at all, but a mere cloak for the want of sound principles. He who waits till society reforms before he reforms himself, is as foolish as he who waited for the river to flow by. All are waiting for each other. Go forward alone! Dare to be a consistent Christian in the midst of a crooked and perverse generation. This is the only means by which society can ever be carried forward.

Let this principle be applied to the west. Is there any one who is satisfied with its condition in a moral and religious point of view? Not to assume the character of ascetic moralists, and granting that, taking in view all the circumstances of the case, the picture is not nearly so dark as might naturally have been anticipated,—are not irreligion and immorality and many evil practices openly countenanced to a degree which almost offers a bounty upon some kinds of vice? It is said, "But all this will improve—better days are coming—we are young yet—As the community becomes older the things will mend." God grant it. But how shall it be?—by whose agency? Will the mere growth in age bring it to pass? Communities oftener grow corrupt than virtuous, as they grow old. No—it must be by the agency of those who are sensible of the wrong to be corrected; either who have come from communities where a higher standard of morality prevails, or who, by their own reflections, have learnt the need of improvement. We lament public immorality, and conform to the custom that we wish removed!—absurd. "What a pity it is, one says, that there is so much dissipation!" But he frequents the drinking-house. I hope to see the Sabbath observed better, before long," says another; but how does he spend the day? Just as those do for whose improvement he makes so devout a wish. It is absurd! it is wicked! We do believe and rejoice to witness, that public opinion is every day more elevated, and public morality is improving; but when we see so many who, we know, have been taught better things, and who, in conversation are ready to lament that so many evils continue, when we see them quietly fall in with what they condemn, and swell the torrent whose overflowing they affect to mourn, we cannot but grieve, that the progress in improvement, which might be so rapid, is

made so slow. If all those who see the deficiency existing, would act independently of mere custom, and as far as *themselves* are concerned, live as they wish the community would live, we should witness a regenerating change in society, and should find ourselves, in a few years, among a people of altered customs. If those who come here would but bring their habits of strict sobriety and religious deportment with them; and hold to them steadfastly, as becomes *men* and *Christians*, they would not only "have whereof to boast in themselves," but "would give others cause of rejoicing on their behalf." But now, do we not often see men, yes, men who have always been considered good and Christian men, when they make the west their home, straightway fall into neglect of religion and its institutions, and, not to be more particular, adopt customs in action and speech, which they used to despise and condemn? and why this change?—not because their opinion of right and wrong has altered; because they will still tell you that religion is the prosperity of a community, and that they condemn the customs which war with it as ever, but because they imagine themselves excused by the fashion of their new associates.

We will look at this excuse; and in so doing, have more particular reference to the individual who offends by this unfaithfulness to his principles—having now said enough to show that his slavish time-serving is a great injury to society.

The question is—Can he innocently do an action *here*, which he would be guilty in doing elsewhere. Does a low standard of public morality justify a man in doing wrong? Is less required of us as Christians, as accountable creatures, because of the irreligion and immorality of others? The questions carry their own answers. To him that knoweth to do right, and doeth it not, to him it is sin. It is a truth of scripture and common sense; no sophistry can evade it.

A Christian ought not to measure his duty by the practices of those about him; he has a standard and a law given to him, by which he ought to judge himself, and by which he will certainly be judged; let others be wise or foolish, good or bad, his own sins are on his own head. The apostle Paul, in one of his epistles, rebukes the Corinthians, because, comparing themselves with themselves, and measuring themselves by themselves, they were not wise; and in another place, he directs the Galatians to prove their own work, every man for himself, because no man can bear the guilt of another. Both of these passages come to our point: they both condemn the

folly of those who remain satisfied with themselves, because they are no worse than other people.

An argument of this sort is sometimes used,—that it is not right to measure the conduct of men who live in one state of society, by those who live in a better. Thus, for instance, in former times men practiced some things, which, in our eyes, are extremely wrong; but we ought not to condemn them severely, because the state of society was so different and so much lower than that of ours. This argument is very good, when properly applied, but *we* have nothing to do with it. It is true, that when Luther thundered out the bitterest condemnations against those who were opposed to him in the church, he was less to blame than those who imitate him now. He lived in an age when the harshest words were not considered persecution, and a man was regarded as mild enough if he refused to sanction outward severity. What we call persecution, and justly too, for reproach and scorn, and denunciations are to the mind what stripes and burning are to the body—what we call persecution was then not thought inconsistent in a good Christian. Luther partook of the error of his times; great and good as he was, he was not able to shake off all the follies and sins of his age. It is right that we should not condemn him for such errors as severely as if he lived now, when society has advanced in the knowledge of Christian principles. Again: fifty years ago, the slave-trade was considered right and proper, and had many an advocate in the Christian church. At that time, a man who engaged in it, was not necessarily a bad man, although he certainly was doing a bad and wicked thing; at least we should not condemn such an one with the same severity that we feel now toward those who continue it. Then it was common, and men did the wrong without thinking of it, as we must do now.

But this is not at all a parallel case to ours. We judge men of less enlightened countries and times than our own, with mildness, because we judge them according to the light they had. They were in some respects in the darkness, and therefore stumbled. Now we believe that all Christendom is yet in some respects in darkness, *i, e.* some things are universally regarded as right, which, hereafter, when the spirit of Christ is more shed abroad, will be regarded as abominable sin, so that in future days we shall need the same leniency from our successors that we now show to those of former times. But wherein we *have* light, we are bound to walk as children of light. The question with us is—shall we do as well as we know how? or shall we make the ignorance or evil

custom of others a cloak for our sin? Suppose that we see some common practice—say, some mode of life or of business, which we were educated to think unchristian; shall we give up our Christian principles, merely because we can do so with impunity. God forbid. Or we find that outward religious demeanor is not so essential to a good reputation, as where we formerly lived; shall we disregard the ordinances of religion, and come down to the level of others, because we can do so with impunity? How obvious the absurdity? Does a man's conscience change with his residence? Do the words of Christ mean one thing here, and another somewhere else. Nay, by what rule are we to be judged hereafter?—by the customs and prejudices of other men, or by the knowledge of truth which we ourselves have? How is it with the judgment which conscience gives? That generally decides well, if we give it a fair hearing, and bring the light of the gospel to bear upon it. Does it say, do as those around you think right; or as you yourself think right? Why, it is the plainest thing in the world,—what other people think and do, makes no manner of difference in respect to what is right or wrong to us. Do we think such a thing right? then in God's name, let us do it. Do we think it wrong? though it be done by the whole world, as we value our Christian hope, let us hold back from it. "Let every man prove his own work, for every man must bear his own burden." If we lived in Egyptian darkness, it would be a different thing; we should be judged mildly even if we were irreligious and immoral. But who complains for want of light? There is light every where. It forces itself into your houses, shining from the Gospel of Christ, reflected from the lives of many who dared to live up to it; it is every where upon our paths. We cannot do wrong ignorantly. Unpunished we *may* go, because we may sin with the crowd. But if we despise religion, if we encourage intemperance, if we do any thing like to these, it is with our eyes wide open, and there is not a single rational excuse which we can offer. Should we go too far, if we say that a man who conforms his principles and practice to those prevalent around him, whether such as his conscience approves or not, has in fact no virtue at all? Perhaps so—yet it is a fair conclusion, that if I go down in the scale as far as fashion will let me, I would go further down if fashion required. When a man takes other people's practices for his standard, where is his safety? To-day he is a good man, because he lives among a moral community; to-morrow he goes into another part of the world, and you would not know him! Virtue no longer commands a premium

and he will not buy it. Now, what was his morality worth when he had it? wherein was it better than any other fashion that he happened to fall into? Such custom followers are as likely to be imitators of vice as of goodness; and as far as their own merit is concerned, it does not seem to be much greater in one case than in the other. A truly virtuous man is virtuous every where, from principle, because he fears God, and fears to do wrong; and in proportion as the community in which he lives is careless in morality he is faithful to what he thinks right.

And it is with this thought that we will conclude. We should be watchful in our own conduct in proportion as others are careless of theirs; if religion is often spoken against, we should always be ready to speak in its favor; if it is generally neglected, we should the more pay it respect. If the names of God and Christ are often lightly taken, we should so much the more let it be known that we respect and revere them; and so in every thing. Our testimony in favor of religion, its ordinances, and precepts, is so much the more important, the more they are disregarded. If we hold it back from *fear*, our conscience is inexpressibly contemptible. If from fashion, there is no further proof needed that we are mere time-servers. If from avarice, like Judas we are selling our Lord for money, and the price will be required at our hands.

To every man who reads this, let the words come—Prove your *own* work! Look to your *own* conscience, obey Christ for yourself! Let neither fear, nor idleness, nor fashion, nor love of money, betray you into sin. Be faithful to your principles.

W. G. E.

Art. 8.—ODE TO APOLLO.

BY JOHN KEATS.

[The following beautiful poem is for the first time published from the original manuscript, presented to the Editor by the Poet's brother. Ed.]

God of the golden bow,
And of the golden lyre,
And of the golden hair,
And of the golden fire;
Charioteer,
Of the patient year;
Where, where slept thine ire
When like a blank ideot I put on thy wreath,
Thy laurel, thy glory,
The light of thy story;
Or was I a worm, too low crawling for death!
O Delphic Apollo!

The Thunderer grasped and grasped,
The thunderer frowned and frowned,
The eagle's feathery mane,
For wrath became s'iffened—the sound
Of breeding thunder,
Went drowsily under,
Muttering to be unbound—
O why didst thou pity, and for a worm
Why touch thv soft l te,
Till the thunder was mute!
Why was I not crushed—such a pitiful germ
O Delphic Apollo!

The Pleiades were up,
Watching the silent air,
The seeds and roots in the earth
Were swelling for summer fare,
The ocean, its neighbor,
Was at its old labor,
When—who, who did dare,
To tie like a madman, thy plant round his brow!
And grin, and look proudly,
And blaspheme so loudly!
And live for that honor, to stoop to thee now,
O Delphic Apollo!

Art. 9.—SINGULAR IGNORANCE ABOUT UNITARIANISM.

One can hardly spend a single hour in company, even with well informed persons of the Trinitarian denominations, without seeing and lamenting their singular ignorance of Unitarian principles. Much as I have known and heard of the common ignorance and misrepresentation of our views, a case occurred within my observation the other day, that surpassed all my anticipations.

I happened to be in a steamboat in company with several clergymen of the Presbyterian and Methodist denominations. As I was sitting on deck viewing the quiet beauty of the Ohio, my attention was drawn to an earnest conversation on my left, between a gentleman who appeared to be a Deist, and two clergymen, one of whom I found to be a Methodist, and the other a Presbyterian. The conversation appeared to be on the ambiguousness of the Scriptures, and affecting their worth and truth. As the conversation grew warm, the attention of many of the passengers was drawn to it, and a circle of listeners was formed around the disputants. I will here mention but a single point of the discussion. The sceptical gentleman referred to the different interpretations which different sects put upon the Scriptures, and seemed to infer that a book which uttered such various and contradictory sentiments, could not be of much value. He spoke particularly of the Unitarians, who, as he said, held a belief entirely different from that of the gentleman with whom he was talking. The two clergymen, instead of endeavoring to show how all sects saw in the Bible a revelation of the same great principles of duty, cut the matter short, by denying that Unitarians were Christians. One of them said, that the Unitarians directly denied the declarations of the first chapter of John; and the other said that they did not believe in the Saviour.

When this conversation ceased, I asked one of the clergymen who denied all just claim to Christianity to a body of professed Christians, whose faith I have always been accustomed to venerate, to tell me if he had examined the sentiments of the denomination he was condemning. He said yes, certainly I have read a great many of their publications, and have given their sentiments much reflection.

I asked him if he would deny the Christian name to those who believe Jesus Christ to be the son of God and the messenger of his will, who trusted in the immortality brought to light

by him, and professed to receive his commands as the rule of their duty, and who rejoiced in the declaration, This is life eternal to know thee the only true God, and Jesus Christ whom thou hast sent.

He said that he denied to them the name of Christians, because they did not believe in the proper divinity of Jesus Christ, nor in his atoning blood. As to the eternal life, he thought *Unitarians did not believe in that.* He said he had read some of their publications, and that, as they did not believe according to their works, in the existence of the devil, as a living being, he had *presumed they did not believe in immortality.*

Unitarians not believe in immortality! Where in the whole volume of sacred literature can be found more fervent and powerful vindications of the truth of the Eternal Life, and assertions of the emptiness of all knowledge without this truth, and the vanity of all mortal existence without faith in the immortality of the soul, than in the writings of Unitarians.

I took the liberty to advise my Christian brother to make himself better acquainted with the faith of his fellow men, before he excluded them from the ranks of the followers of Christ, and spoke of them in contumely to an unbeliever, whose very argument was founded upon or certainly strengthened by his uncharitable and ignorant assertions. He replied very properly that he did not willingly misrepresent, and if he had at all mistaken the views of Unitarians, he was happy to be better informed.

Here this conversation stopped, and we talked of other matters. Laying aside all talk on doctrines, I enjoyed the gentleman's conversation very much, was impressed with the apparent depth of his piety, and was delighted to find my religious sympathies so much interested in communing with one who had a little while before denied me the Christian name.

S. O.

Art. 10.—THE CHURCH SAFE.

He who has not taken the journey from New Orleans to St. Louis or Cincinnati, during the winter season, can hardly tell how extremely tedious it at last becomes. To those who cannot read, work, or gamble, it is a dreadfully stupid time; and they have to take refuge in their berths during half the day, from the burden of idleness. I would advise all who are going

such a journey to take some work, some book to study—something to write—or in short, some one regular occupation, to which they can attach their thoughts, and keep their minds from utter dissipation and vacancy.

I am writing under such circumstances. Dinner is over—the passengers of our boat, few in number, are, some of them, in their berths; others are playing whist by the stove; others are engaged in reading some tracts and books which I laid out for that purpose, upon the table. I myself have just been looking over a little collection of Calvinistic tracts which I happened to espy, and which no one seemed inclined to read. Whereupon I undertook its perusal myself, and stumbled first upon that admirable tract of Dr. Payson's, called "An Address to Seamen." Delighted with my first experience, I went on, and came to another which pleased me less—videlicet—Jon. Edwards' account of his conversion, which appeared to amount to this—that having been reared by pious parents, and having been pious from infancy, he at last became much more pious, so that he really took great delight in religion. All which is very well to write down in a journal, but not so well to print, publish, and send all over the world. Not discouraged, however, I turned over the leaf, and was rewarded by a beautiful little gem called "Temper is every thing." It was like a lump of sugar in a tumbler of lemon juice and water, though, lest I give offence, I shall avoid designating more particularly the sour and the watery articles contained in this book. Enough that the above mentioned tract was any thing but Calvinistic in its view of the tests of true religion; the writer taking the bold and novel ground, that if any man had not the spirit of Christ, he was none of his—and that the fruits of the spirit are love, joy, peace, &c. To be sure, he seemed a little afraid at the close, of being thought legal and Arminian; for he appeared to have lived before the term Unitarian was used to express such kind of views. Nevertheless, we rejoiced in spirit at seeing the antidote thus mingled with the bane; and went on to an account of the awful end of the Hon. Francis Newport, the date of whose birth and death are very minutely stated. As no references are given to the authorities from which the account is derived, we cannot say whether it is meant to be received as historical truth, or only to appear as such, like Defoe's History of the Plague. We wish, however, that theologians would more frequently state, whether their stories from pulpit and press are to be taken literally, or as apologues or moral fictions. In this way they would save themselves from the charge of narrating "a lie with a circumstance."

In this Hon Francis Newport story we find nothing either true or useful. The amount of it is, that having been a Christian, he became an infidel, and then, though fully convinced of his error, and condemning his own life, and abhorring his sin, he was unable to get any peace, and died in horror and despair. Now, granting the story true; what does it prove? Because he had these feelings, because he believed himself abandoned by God, *was he therefore abandoned?* Are our feelings which depend so much on our education; and on accident, to be made a standard when we have the word of God to refer to?—which word says, Whoso *will*, let him come and drink freely of the water of life.

Are moods of the mind, and clouded thoughts to make void the glorious gospel? What mean these stories which are so often told about despairing death-beds? Do you mean to say, gentlemen—do you *dare* to say, that such a state of mind is evidence of the soul's condition? Be honest, and take that ground, or else tell no more stories of this sort. And if you do take that ground, we will give you case after case of the most pious and exemplary Christians who have fully believed themselves cast off, and forsaken of God. *Were* they so? Was the pious Cowper given over to a reprobate mind? He was fully convinced of it. Was it insanity? On every other point he was sane—he wrote his Hymns, he translated Homer, he composed his sweet letters, and his delightful Task under the pressure of this conviction that he had committed the unpardonable sin, and grieved away the spirit of God. Now we want to know whether this belief of his is to be taken as evidence of the fact—and if not in his case, why in any other? And why do you tell those stories? Is it not to make void God's promise, and Christ's Gospel, and to agitate and disturb souls, which it is your business to sooth by the Christian balm of love. Do you hope to get a control over them in this way and bend them to your will or your belief—or in the name of all that is true, what is your motive and design?

After this, we came to a Tract, called "The Church safe." The object of the Tract is to show that the Church is safe; that Christianity must triumph; that the world must be converted. All this we fully believe; we believe it because Christianity is founded on a rock; because it is adapted to the wants of human nature; because in its most corrupt forms, it carries a consolation to the house of mourning, and brightens with its light the mystery of the grave. We believe it, because religion is a demand of our nature—and Christianity the best supply of that demand. In all this we agree with the writer

of the tract, we presume, but his chief reasons seem to us singularly inconclusive, and empty. He dwells chiefly and emphatically on what is *now doing* for Christianity. Now we see things so differently that we must state our disagreement. He dwells wholly on the outward mechanical operations of Bible Societies; translations of scriptures; missionary efforts. "How numerous and extensive the Revivals!" "What other page of church history could record an almost universal concert of prayer?" Bible, missionary, education, temperance societies;" "Theological Seminaries;" "Churches giving MONEY to the heathen!" Wonderful!

Now is it not a little singular that a Christian man should sit down to give an account of the state of the church and wholly omit the Christian graces? He says nothing about the amount of Faith, hope, and charity in individual hearts. I confess, one authentic biography like that of Oberlin or Mrs. Fry, would give me more hope for the church than all the societies and machinery on which he lays such stress. The only true signs of the church's progress is an elevation of its spiritual condition—more manifestation of a Christian spirit; more love; more forgiveness; more meekness; more humility, more charity: if these things be in you, and abound, they will cause that you be not barren nor unfruitful in the Lord.

But this, though the question, our friend does not even mention. The spiritual state of the church he does not notice. All the mechanical operations may even interfere with the growth of a Christian spirit in the hearts of men. When they talk thus boastingly of their outward works—when they say, "I fast twice in a week, I give tithes of all that I possess"—it is a pretty sure sign that the spirit is dying away within.

But waiving this question, would it not have been better to have asked, what are the *effects* of these operations? Is the world coming into the church or not? While I write, I am surrounded with the voice of blasphemy and cursing. Not a man in the cabin, probably, but myself, professes himself a Christian, in this Christian country. Whose fault is this? When the sects are adding up their numbers, and their communicants, it seems as if they would include the whole community—but take a walk through the street—get into a stage—go to a public meeting, and where are the Christians? Look into the current literature of the day—where is Christianity? Look at the political world—where is its Christianity, its sense of responsibility? And is the "Church safe," when she does so little for those who are all around her and who have

the best opportunity of seeing her good works, and glorifying her Father in Heaven.

Finally, we do not place our hopes of the progress of the church of Christ upon any of the machinery we see in operation, or upon any of its outward works. It is not from "money given" to "Bible Societies," "Theological Seminaries," "Foreign and Domestic Missions," "Temperance Societies," or from revivals and concerts of Prayer; good and admirable as all these are as *means:* that we hope a speedy coming of the kingdom of God. But—

When the church shall not only give a part of its money to religious societies, but shall plainly manifest to the world that it is free from a money-getting and money-saving spirit—

When those who patronise Bible Societies are as familiar with the practical, soul-subduing, and sanctifying parts of scripture as they now are with the proof-texts of their own party—

When Theological Seminaries cease to be put up as forts, from which new school shall batter old school, or Princeton canonnade New-Haven; but shall receive contributions and students from all parties in the church universal—

When the sailors from Christendom who carry the foreign missionary to India or the Sandwich Islands, shall teach the natives less vice in a month, than he of virtue in a year—

When the domestic missionary has brought matters so far forward, that in any given place those who love to be washed, and those who love to be sprinkled; those who admire a Pope, those who laud Bishops, and those who prefer Presbyters—those who say, I am of Wesley, and I of Calvin, and I of Campbell, &c. shall be so of one heart and soul, as to give occasion to the world about to say, "See, how they love one another!"—

When Temperance Societies shall be conducted always in a temperate manner, and Revivals prove revivals of Love, Joy, and Peace; and concerts of Prayer be ever accompanied with visiting the fatherless and widows in their affliction, and Samaritan-like deeds of charity and self-denial—

Then, shall we also believe the day-star is rising in the hearts of mankind; and will pledge ourselves also to write a tract, and name it The Church Safe. Ed.

Art. 11.—INDIAN'S BRIDE.

[The following poem is from a little volume published by Ed. C. Pinckney, of Baltimore, some years since. It has long seemed to us to be one of the most exquisite poems ever written by an American. The attempts to interest us in Indians, generally, only disgust us, by their false and sentimental view of the Indian character. They make out of the red man a Sir Charles Grandison, or a Romeo. But in the present case there is no such mistake. The true elements of Indian character are seized and *idealized*; and brought into stronger light by the contrast of the civilized character. We have many poems and novels founded on the very same idea of love between an Indian and a European, but this is the only one I have seen in which the union does not appear unnatural and disgusting. Ed.]

Why is that graceful female here
With yon red hunter of the deer!
Of gentle mien and shape, she seems
For civil halls designed,
Yet with the stately savage walks
As she were of his kind.
Look on her leafy diadem,
Enrich'd with many a floral gem
Those simple ornaments, about
Her candid brow, disclose
The loitering spring's last violet,
And summer's earliest rose;
But not a flower lies breathing there,
Sweet as herself or half as fair.
Exchanging lustre with the sun,
A part of day she strays—
A glancing, living, human smile;
On nature's face she plays.
Can none instruct me what are these
Companions of the lofty trees!

II.

Intent to blend with his her lot
Fate formed her all that he was not,
And, as by mere unlikeness thoughts,
Associate we see,
Their hearts from very difference caught
A perfect sympathy.
The household goddess here to be
Of that one dusky votary,—
She left her pallid countrymen,
An earthling most divine,
And sought in this sequestered wood,
A solitary shrine.

Behold them roaming hand in hand,
Like night and sleep along the land;
Observe their movements:—he for her
Restrains his active stride,
While she assumes a bolder gait
To ramble at his side.
Thus even as the steps they frame,
Their souls fast alter to the same.
The one forsakes ferocity,
And momently grows mild;
The other tempers more and more
The artful with the wild.
She humanizes him, and he
Educates her to liberty.

III.

Oh, say not, they must soon be old,
Their limbs prove faint, their breasts feel cold!
Yet envy I that sylvan pair,
More than my words express,
The singular beauty of their lot,
And seeming happiness.
They have not been reduced to share
The painful feelings of despair:
Their sun declines not in the sky,
Nor are their wishes cast
Like shadows of the afternoon,
Repining towards the past:
With nought to dread, or to repent,
The present yields them full content.
In solitude there is no crime;
Their actions all are free,
And passion lends their way of life
The only dignity.
And how should they have any cares!
Whose interest contends with theirs!

IV.

The world, or all they know of it,
Is theirs: for them the stars are lit;
For them the earth beneath is green,
The heavens above are bright;
For them the moon doth wax and wane,
And decorate the night;
For them the branches of those trees
Wave music in the vernal breeze;
For them upon that dancing spray
The free bird sits and sings,
And glittering insects flit about
Upon delighted wings;
For them that brook, the brakes among
Murmurs its small and drowsy song;
For them the many colored clouds
Their shapes diversify,
And change at once, like smiles and frowns,
The expression of the sky.
For them, and by them, all is gay,
And fresh and beautiful as they:

The images their minds receive,
Their minds assimilate,
To outward forms imparting thus,
The glory of their state.
Could ought be painted otherwise
Than fair seen through her star-bright eyes?
He too, because she fills his sight;
Each object falsely sees;
The pleasure that he has in her,
Makes all things seem to please.
And this is love;—and it is life
They lead—that Indian and his wife.

Art. 12.—WINANDER LAKE AND MOUNTAINS, AND AMBLESIDE FALL.

BY JOHN KEATS.

The Editor is permitted to gratify the readers of the Messenger with the following interesting extracts from a journal kept by the poet, John Keats. It was sent, in letters, to his brother, during a pedestrian tour through parts of England and Scotland, in the year 1818, when he was 22 years old. He died three years afterwards, in Rome.

The poetical writings of this young author are fresh and living in the hearts of the lovers of poetry in this country and Europe. They have the genuine *aroma* which denotes the immortalizing presence of genius. They have derived no transient popularity from a fashionable dress, or from sentiments conformed to the sickly taste of a weak generation, craving for excitement. Keats' style was formed chiefly by a diligent study of the old English poets, especially of Spenser. It is an entire mistake to call him a follower of Leigh Hunt. He was a follower of no man. In an age which almost idolized Byron, he had the sense to conceive and the independence to express opinions like the following:

"———In truth, we've had
Strange thunders from the poetry of song,
Mingled indeed with what is sweet and strong,
From majesty; but in clear truth the themes
Are ugly cubs, the Poet's polyphemes."

* * * *

"*Strength* alone, though of the muses born
Is like a fallen angel; trees uptorn,
Darkness, and worms, and shrouds and sepulchres
Delight it; for it feeds upon the burrs
And thorns of life; forgetting the great end

Of poesy, that it should be the friend
To sooth the cares, and lift the thoughts of man."
Poems, p. 68, Galignani Edition.

To these just and profound views of the nature of poetry, the critics and amateurs of Great Britain seem to be just awaking out of the charmed sleep into which they had been thrown by the wonderful genius of Byron. The preface to Philip Van Artevelde, contains the clearest statement of the errors of the Byronic school which we have yet seen. There is still wanted a clear and just criticism upon Bryon's poetry, and upon his character, as the basis and fountain of his poetry. Scott's beautiful and generous essay upon Childe Harold, though the best which we have, does not touch the centre of the problem. He who alone did, in our judgment, fully understand the errors and excellencies of the unhappy Poet, has left us without giving such a criticism. We allude to Gothe, who, separated from all English party feeling, and having himself passed through the mazes of error which entangled Byron, has frequently indicated how thoroughly he understood both the bright and dark side of his poetical character. But we are rambling from our subject. We wished to say a word of the prose writings of Keats.

These have not hitherto been published, but it appears to us, from the specimens which we have seen of them, that they are of a higher order of composition than his poems. There is in them a depth and grasp of thought; a logical accuracy of expression; a fulness of intellectual power, and an earnest struggling after truth, which remind us of the prose of Burns. They are only letters, not regular treatises, yet they touch upon the deepest veins of thought, and ascend the highest heaven of contemplation. There is, in one of them, the idea of a system of theology, the basis of which is the pure Christian doctrine of regeneration; which shows a sincere depth of religious sentiment; though he seems by no means satisfied with the outward forms of religion about him. How could he be so? We feel a little proud that we, in this western valley, are the first to publish specimens of these writings; and cannot but mention it as one example among a thousand of our finding in this new country things we should least expect to meet with. Mr. Flint mentions an old lady in Arkansas who was reading Plato in the Greek. Almost as strange is it to meet with the original papers of John Keats, at the Falls of the Ohio. We hope that they will ere long be put into the possession of the public. Our next number will contain a description of the cave of Staffa.

In another part of the present number, we have given a poem

of the same author. There is much pathos in the sentiments of despondency, self-accusation, and distrust of his own genius which it expresses. These feelings which wore down his strength and hope, and made him a more susceptible victim of a cruel and unjust criticism, are by no means to be confounded with weakness of mind, or a natural deficiency of courage. His genius was exuberant; he was of a lion-hearted spirit; but the excess of sensibility, ideality, and reverence over the practical faculties, caused him often to fear, where he should have hoped. He had conceived a vast idea, and its very magnitude oppressed his spirit, and palsied his arm. He says himself—

> "——There ever rolls
> A vast idea before me, and I glean
> Therefrom my liberty; thence too I've seen
> The end and aim of Poesy."

His tender heart, his vivid imagination, his soaring spirit, consumed the springs of life, when his day had hardly opened, and so his bright sun was overclouded by baleful mists, and eclipsed by the black orb of death, long ere it reached its zenith; and in the words of Artevelde—

> "He was one
> Of many thousand such who die betimes,
> Whose story is a fragment known to few."

Ed.

Here beginneth my journal, this Thursday, the 25th day of June, Annó Domini 1818. This morning we arose at 4, and set off in a Scotch mist; put up once under a tree, and in fine, have walked wet and dry to this place, called in the vulgar tongue Endmoor, 17 miles; we have not been incommoded by our knapsacks; they serve capitally, and we shall go on very well.

June 26—I merely put *pro forma*, for there is no such thing as time and space, which by the way came forcibly upon me on seeing for the first hour the Lake and Mountains of Winander—I cannot describe them—they surpass my expectation—beautiful water—shores and islands green to the marge—mountains all round up to the clouds. We set out from Endmoor this morning, breakfasted at Kendal with a soldier who had been in all the wars for the last seventeen years—then we have walked to Bowne's to dinner—said Bowne's situated on the Lake where we have just dined, and I am writing at this present. I took an oar to one of the islands to take up some trout for our dinner, which they keep in porous boxes. I enquired of the waiter for Wordsworth—he said he knew

him, and that he had been here a few days ago, canvassing for the Lowthers. What think you of that—Wordsworth versus Brougham!! Sad—sad—sad—and yet the family has been his friend always. What can we say? We are now about seven miles from Rydale, and expect to see him to-morrow. You shall hear all about our visit.

There are many disfigurements to this Lake—not in the way of land or water. No; the two views we have had of it are of the most noble tenderness—they can never fade away—they make one forget the divisions of life; age, youth, poverty and riches; and refine one's sensual vision into a sort of north star which can never cease to be open lidded and stedfast over the wonders of the great Power. The disfigurement I mean is the miasma of London. I do suppose it contaminated with bucks and soldiers, and women of fashion—and hat-band ignorance. The border inhabitants are quite out of keeping with the romance about them, from a continual intercourse with London rank and fashion. But why should I grumble? They let me have a prime glass of soda water—O they are as good as their neighbors. But Lord Wordsworth, instead of being in retirement, has himself and his house full in the thick of fashionable visitors quite convenient to be pointed at all the summer long. When we had gone about half this morning, we began to get among the hills and to see the mountains grow up before us—the other half brought us to Wynandermere, 14 miles to dinner. The weather is capital for the views, but is now rather misty, and we are in doubt whether to walk to Ambleside to tea—it is five miles along the borders of the Lake. Loughrigg will swell up before us all the way—I have an amazing partiality for mountains in the clouds. There is nothing in Devon like this, and Brown says there is nothing in Wales to be compared to it. I must tell you, that in going through Cheshire and Lancashire, I saw the Welsh mountains at a distance. We have passed the two castles, Lancaster and Kendal. 27th—We walked here to Ambleside yesterday along the border of Winandermere all beautiful with wooded shores and Islands—our road was a winding lane, wooded on each side, and green overhead, full of Foxgloves—every now and then a glimpse of the Lake, and all the while Kirkstone and other large hills nestled together in a sort of grey black mist. Ambleside is at the northern extremity of the Lake. We arose this morning at six, because we call it a day of rest, having to call on Wordsworth who lives only two miles hence—before breakfast we went to see the Ambleside water fall. The morning beautiful—the walk early among

the hills. We, I may say, fortunately, missed the direct path, and after wandering a little, found it out by the noise—for, mark you, it is buried in trees, in the bottom of the valley—the stream itself is interesting throughout with "mazy error over pendant shades." Milton meant a smooth river—this is buffetting all the way on a rocky bed ever various—but the waterfall itself, which I came suddenly upon, gave me a pleasant twinge. First we stood a little below the head about half way down the first fall, buried deep in trees, and saw it streaming down two more descents to the depth of near fifty feet—then we went on a jut of rock nearly level with the tsecond fall-head, where the first fall was above us, and the third below our feet still—at the same time we saw that the water was divided by a sort of cataract island on whose other side burst out a glorious stream—then the thunder and the freshness. At the same time the different falls have as different characters; the first darting down the slate-rock like an arrow; the second spreading out like a fan—the third dashed into a mist—and the one on the other side of the rock a sort of mixture of all these. We afterwards moved away a space, and saw nearly the whole more mild, streaming silverly through the trees. What astonishes me more than any thing is the tone, the coloring, the slate, the stone, the moss, the rock-weed; or, if I may so say, the intellect, the countenance of such places. The space, the magnitude of mountains and waterfalls are well imagined before one sees them; but this countenance or intellectual tone must surpass every imagination and defy any remembrance. I shall learn poetry here and shall henceforth write more than ever, for the abstract endeavor of being able to add a mite to that mass of beauty which is harvested from these grand materials, by the finest spirits, and put into etherial existence for the relish of one's fellows. I cannot think with Hazlitt that these scenes make man appear little. I never forgot my stature so completely—I live in the eye; and my imagination, surpassed, is at rest—We shall see another waterfall near Kydal to which we shall proceed after having put these letters in the post office. I long to be at Carlisle, as I expect there a letter from George and one from you. Let any of my friends see my letters—they may not be interested in descriptions—descriptions are bad at all times—I did not intend to give you any; but how can I help it? I am anxious you should taste a little of our pleasure; it may not be an unpleasant thing, as you have not the fatigue. I am well in health. Direct henceforth to Post Patrick till the 12th July. Content that probably three or

four pair of eyes whose owners I am rather partial to will run over these lines I remain; and moreover that I am your affectionate brother John.

Art. 13.—A WORD ON MIRACLES.

They who object to Miracles generally, object to them simply as being violations of the laws of nature. They first assume that nature is governed by certain fixed laws, and then deny the possibility of any violation of these laws. They talk as if they knew all the laws, by which the natural and spiritual universe is governed, and could tell what are the proper effects of their laws, and what would be impossible violations of them. What arrogance is this! Let men remember that every age is revealing new laws of nature; let them remember too, that one order of laws is constantly suspending the action of others; that the laws of chemical action are constantly suspending the action of mechanical force; and the laws of vitality constantly suspending the laws of chemical action: and that thus on the same principle the laws of the spiritual world may suspend the influence of all inferior laws. Accordingly a wise man will be slow in refusing to believe in any declared fact because it is strange to him, and a seeming violation of known principles. He must consider whether some new principles may not come into action and produce the given effect, and he must listen without prejudice to the proof of the truth alleged. Let a man listen in this rational spirit to the evidence of the Christian miracles, and he will find new light bursting into his mind, however sceptical he may be. Once waiving the *a priori* prejudice against miracles in general, and listening to their evidence, as to the evidence of any other alleged truth, he will find his scepticism gradually verging into faith.

The root of the prejudice lies in a wrong definition of the term 'miracle.' The definition is commonly a merely negative one, implying a miracle to be a violation of the ordinary laws of nature, without any reference to the principles and power of the divine will or the laws of the spiritual world. On this point I may but quote the language of a late work, whose author with all his singularities of expression, shews signs of deep thought and original genius.*

"Deep has been, and is, the significance of miracles," thus quietly begins the Professor; "far deeper, perhaps, than we

* Sartor Resartus, p. 256. Boston— J. Munroe & Co.—1836.

imagine. Meanwhile, the question of questions were: What specially is a miracle! To that Dutch King of Siam, an icicle had been a miracle; whoso had carried with him an airpump, and phial of vitriolic ether, might have worked a miracle. To my horse again, who unhappily is still more unscientific, do not I work a miracle, and magical '*open sesame!*' every time I please to pay twopence, and open for him an impassable *Schlagbaum*, or shut turnpike?

"But is not a real miracle simply a violation of the laws of Nature?' ask several. Whom I answer by this new question: What are the laws of Nature? To me perhaps the rising of one from the dead were no violation of these laws, but a confirmation; were some far deeper law, now first penetrated into, and by spiritual force, even as the rest have all been, brought to bear on us with its material force.

"Here, too, may some inquire, not without astonishment: On what ground shall one, that can make iron swim, come and declare that, therefore, he can teach religion? To us, truly, of the nineteenth century, such declaration were inept enough; which, nevertheless, to our fathers of the first century, was full of meaning.

"'But, is it not the deepest law of Nature that she be constant?' cries an illuminated class: 'Is not the machine of the universe fixed to move by unalterable rules?' Probable enough, good friends; nay, I too must believe that the God, whom ancient, inspired men assert to be 'without variableness or shadow of turning,' does, indeed, never change; that Nature, that the universe, which no one, whom it so pleases, can be prevented from calling a machine, does move by the most unnatural rules. And now of you, too, I make the old inquiry: What those same unalterable rules, forming the complete Statute-Book of Nature, may possibly be?

"They stand written in our works of science, say you; in the accumulated records of man's experience? Was man with his experience present at the creation, then, to see how it all went on. Have any deepest scientific individuals yet dived down to the foundations of the universe, and gauged every thing there? Did the Maker take them into His counsel; that they read his ground plan of the incomprehensible All; and can say: This stands marked therein, and no more than this? Alas, not in any wise! These scientific individuals have been nowhere but where we also are; have seen some handbreadths deeper than we see into the deep that is infinite, without bottom as without shore.

"Laplace's book on the stars, wherein he exhibits that cer-

tain planets, with their satellites, gyrate round our worthy sun, at a rate and in a course, which, by greatest good fortune, he and the like of him have succeeded in detecting,—is to me as precious as to another. But is this what thou namest 'Mechanism of the Heavens,' and 'System of the World;' this, wherein Sirius and the Pleiades, and all Herschel's fifteen thousand suns per minute, being left out, some paltry handful of moons, and inert balls, had been—looked at, nicknamed, and marked in the Zodiacal Waybill; so that we can now prate of their whereabout; their How, their Why, their What, being had from us as in the signless Inane?

"System of Nature! To the wisest man, wide as is his vision, Nature remains of quite *infinite* depth, of quite infinite expansion; and all experience thereof limits itself to some few computed centuries and measured square-miles. The course of Nature's phases, on this our little fraction of a planet, is partially known to us; but who knows what deeper courses these depend on; what infinitely larger cycle (of causes) our little epicicle revolves on? To the minnow every cranny and pebble, and quality and accident, of its little native creek may have become familiar; but does the minnow understand the ocean tides and periodic currents, the trade-winds and monsoons, and moon's eclipses; by all which the condition of its little creek is regulated, and may, from time to time)*un*miraculously enough), be quite overset and reversed? Such a minnow is man; his creek, this planet earth; his ocean, the immeasurable All; his monsoons and periodic currents the mysterious course of Providence through Æons of Æons.

"We speak of the volume of Nature; and truly a volume it is,—whose author and writer is God. To read it! Dost thou, does man, so much as know the alphabet thereof?"

No, we do not know as much, even as much as the alphabet thereof. If such, then, be man's ignorance of Nature, let him talk and think humbly of the laws of creation. Let him not deny, where it would be wiser to examine the proof. Let him ask himself whether there be not laws of the spiritual world, that sometimes act upon and above the material creation. Let him carefully study the proof of the Christian miracles. Let him consider the need in which the world at the foundation of Christianity, stood of some signs from the spiritual world, to show, that man was not the slave of mere material force, that an iron fate did not rule over his destiny, and that he, although despairing of a just and overruling God, was not an orphan, but had a Father in Heaven. Let him consider, moreover, the moral sublimity of the Christian miracles. He

cannot then refrain from glorying in the heavenly scriptures, and owning them to be the work of God. S. O.

Art. 14.—PRESBYTERIANISM AND CHRISTIANITY. *NO. V.*

Creeds annul the Lord's Supper.

We do not mean to say that many of all sects do not bring to the communion service feelings suitable to the Lord's supper; but we mean that creeds do away the *Lord's Supper* as a positive institution, distinct and peculiar, established by Christ. By the introduction of a new element, its original character is subverted. It becomes a different institution; and if it retains some features of the Lord's Supper, new ones are added, which Christ never contemplated—features so different as to destroy the old ordinance and make a new one. In short, it ceases to be the Lord's Supper, and becomes the supper of a sect. For what is the character of this rite, when assent to some sectarian creed is demanded, before one is allowed to unite in it?

1. The *test* of fitness to partake in the ordinance is not what Christ appointed.

His test was to be applied to the *affections*. But creeds are a test of *belief*. "Do this in remembrance of me," said Christ. Nothing else is required by him to make one fit to come to his table, than that the communicant should be drawn thither by affectionate remembrance. He that loves Christ, and is led by that love to commemorate him, is prepared in spirit to approach the sacred table. But the modern imposers of creeds say: You shall not join in our communion service unless you believe in the Trinity or original sin. You shall not partake, unless in addition to believing in the divine authority of the Bible, you also believe in the Thirty-nine articles or the assembly's catechism.

Who will not say that the ordinance which Christ established, is subverted by the introduction of a test essentially unlike and often hostile to the one appointed by himself.

2. The *objects* of the Lord's Supper, as instituted by Christ, and of the ordinance which the imposers of creeds call by the same name are essentially unlike.

His object was to make his followers *feel* alike—to unite them to each other and to himself by *affection*. If this is also a part of their object, they add another which subverts it.

They use it, practically as a means to make men *think* alike. Christ intended it as a bond to draw his disciples of every age and clime together in the feeling of common brotherhood, and bind all of them by a common love, as by a chain let down from heaven, to himself. They who hedge it about with creeds, turn it into an instrument wherewith to force men (so far as those ever powerful weapons, church censure and exclusion have force,) to think and believe as Calvin or Luther or St. Augustine believed, or as some favorite synod, council, or assembly voted. But they cannot stifle thought, and the consequence is, that the ordinance is changed from one of love, to one of bitterness. The table of the Lord is made the place for a sect to array itself against other sects; and the bread of Life, and Love, and Peace made the means of nourishing sectarian rivalry, of strengthening sectarian bigotry, of exasperating sectarian contention, till Christianity itself becomes a by-word and a scoff to the unbeliever. By using it as a means of producing unity of faith with some by-gone creed maker; by adding this new element to its original purpose, the most important characteristics of the ordinance are changed, till it is scarcely less unlike that established by Christ, than was that dreadful perversion of it, against which Paul bore his testimony in writing to the Corinthians.

3. One very important peculiarity of the Lord's Supper, is, that they who partake of it, receive the invitation to do so from Christ himself. When the sacred table is spread, it ceases to belong to the minister or to the church. It is the Lord's table. And it is his invitation coming over the interval of 1800 years; that gives any one the right to approach it. He addresses to all who call themselves Christians, as much as to his first disciples, the command, "Do this in remembrance of me." Around his table all are equally invited guests. He invites, and (except to his first apostles, to whom he gave a divine insight into character,) he has given to no man or body of men, to no church, synod, or assembly, the right to exclude any one from it.

How different is this ordinance as modified by the imposers of creeds! They invite those among the number who love the Lord Jesus, to partake with them, who believe their creed, and reject all others. They assume authority to exclude whomsoever they choose, not only on the ground of character, but on the ground of intellectual belief. They retain the table as theirs, and appropriate to themselves all authority over it. They say practically this is ours—not the Lord's table, but ours, to which we have full liberty to invite, and from which

we may exclude whomsoever we choose. And such it is. It is not the Lord's table, but the table of a sect. In their hands the Lord's supper has lost all its peculiar and essential characteristics, and become an entirely different thing—the festival of a sect.

But it is asked, Shall we allow any one who chooses to partake in this holy institution? We answer, that our Saviour did not prohibit even Judas from sitting at the table at which the ordinance was established. Are we so holy as to be in danger of being defiled by sitting down with a publican or sinner? The scriptures say to each one who would partake, Let him examine himself, and so let him eat of that bread or drink of that cup. And so let each one examine himself—not another—but *himself*. Each communicant is to examine himself—he has nothing to do with the hearts of others. They are open only to themselves and to God. And as each one finds his heart, so let him, or let him not, partake. If he partakes with wrong affections and purposes, not man, but God is his judge; and the wrong and the sin are not on the church, but on his own head.

But have not Christians a right to form creeds? Certainly they have. And they may institute as many festivals and ordinances as they please; they may invite or exclude as many as they will; and on what grounds they will. But let them not call their human ordinances by the name of the Lord's Supper. Let them not take that hallowed ordinance, and after adding tests which Christ never appointed, and objects which he never contemplated, and assumed authority over it which he never delegated to any now living; let them not, after transforming it into a means of crippling religious thought, and of nourishing bigotry, sectarian prejudice, and strife, call it the Lord's Supper. All these results we believe are necessarily woven into the plan, by which it is required of those who would commemorate the death of the Saviour, that they should approach to his table through the doors of a human and exclusive creed; and therefore do we say that creeds annul the Lord's Supper.

We have said that we doubt not that many of all sects bring to the communion service those dispositions which they ought to bring; nor do we doubt that many, as it is now administered, derive from it much of the good which it was intended to convey to the disciple of Christ; nor do we for a moment imagine that there is any intended perversion of the institution. Yet we believe that this perversion does really exist to such a degree, that the original character and purpose of the ordi-

nance are essentially done away, and another ordinance, in some things indeed resembling, but in many respects hostile to it, installed in its place.

We have not hesitated to point out what we conceive to be the perversions of this rite, for this must be the first step taken in restoring it to its original purity. We hope to see the time when the Lord's Supper shall be a festival of peace and union. When that day shall come, it will be an ordinance whose legitimate influence will be, to make feeling and affection the same, where speculative opinions differ. Around the consecrated table, those fresh from embittering controversies will meet, and while with a common love they call to remembrance a common Saviour, they will forget that in all things they have not speculated alike. There may be storm and discord abroad, but that place will be a hallowed one in which the demon of strife will have no power. Forgetting that they are sectarians—only remembering that they are Christians, they will there cherish, not unity of opinion, indeed, but what is infinitely better—unity of the spirit in the bond of peace. E. P.

Art. 15.—APPENDIX TO THE "MAN OF EXPEDIENTS."

In the amusing and instructive paper which we have taken from the ancient files of the North American Review, called the "Man of Expedients," there is one phaze of his character omitted, which we feel tempted to supply. The man of expedients is sometimes found among theologians and divines, especially at the present day, and we must try to describe the theological man of expedients.

The theological man of expedients is one, who instead of following his conscience and reason in religious matters, follows the popular fashion, consults appearance, and trys to *seem* orthodox—whatever orthodoxy may happen to be in his place and time.

> Whatsoever King may reign,
> He'll be the vicar of Bray, sir.

Caiphas was a man of expedients, when he said "it is *expedient* that one man die for the people, and so the whole nation perish not." Pilate was a man of expedients when he believed Jesus to be a just person, and then put him to death. Erasmus was a man of expedients when he thought it safest to keep in with the Pope, and write against the Reformers, though his

heart and head were with them. St. Paul was *not* a man expedients, for he did not shun to declare the whole council God; nor was Luther a man of expedients when he expo himself singly to the whole power of Rome, and being aske "Where then wilt thou remain in safety?" answered, "Und Heaven."

But in these days, and perhaps in all days, the Pilates a Caiphases are more frequent than the Pauls and Luthers.

The man of expedients will subscribe any creed that y offer him, and then write, talk and preach against every arti in it. He believes it, he says, "for substance of doctrine He thinks he can do more good in the church than out of When he hears of a man's leaving a church because he do not believe its articles, he laughs at his simplicity. Bett stay in it, and preach against them. If he is a Unitarian, joins the Episcopal church, and reads prayers to the "Ho blessed, and adorable Trinity"—on which he puts his ow private interpretation. If he believes that man has full pow by nature to obey God, he joins the Presbyterian church, a then employs himself in shuffling the words "natural," a "moral," backwards and forwards, till he has mystified l hearers and readers. If he believes that Adam had nothing do with any body's guilt or innocence, and that Imputation nonsense and folly—he teaches his child to say that,

> In Adam's fall
> We sinned all—

and goes and signs the Westminster Confession. If you a him how he can reconcile all this to his conscience, he assur you that whatever the authors of the catechism have *said*, th must have *meant* exactly what he does—and that though th do not perhaps know it themselves, yet that nine-tenths of t good orthodox Calvinists believe just the same as himse The man of expedients "is a blessed fellow to think as eve one thinks—not a man's thought in the world keeps the roa way better than his"—that is, when he is defending hims against a charge of heresy.

The man of expedients has no idea of any thing being tr yesterday, to day, and forever. If he had his hand full truths, he would only open his little finger. His doctrin change with the atmosphere he happens to be in. If he is Connecticut, he is a Calvinist of the strictest sect—if in Mass chusetts, he thinks it proper to exercise the reason; and in t western country he expands into a champion of all that liberal. If you ask him whether a proposition is true or fals you must give him time, place, and circumstances; or he ca

not answer you. What was false yesterday is true to day; what is sheer nonsense at Andover, is sound doctrine at Princeton.

The man of expedients is one thing in the pulpit, and quite another thing in the parlor. "He is a lamb in a drawing-room, but a lion in a vestry." The text in the Bible which he studies most faithfully is, "Be all things to all men." He earnestly strives to be wise as a serpent. If he is preaching before a congregation of whose character he is ignorant, he takes care to put in a little of every kind of phraseology, that by all means he may save some. The more he explains his faith, the less can you tell what he believes.

When the man of expedients is a layman, he is always to be found in the fashionable church, and on the popular side. He does not pray in the corners of the streets, for that is not the custom, but when the church is full, his devout appearance and the solemnity of his face are truly edifying. If an Episcopalian, how pathetic his responses! If a Methodist, how fervent his groans and his cries of glory! Perhaps he agrees in opinion with some small body. He is most careful then never to go near them. He grants their opinions are like his own, but then another church is nearer, or the preaching suits him better, or the music is finer, or the forms preferable, or some one he dislikes goes to the other church—

"Or any other reason why."

Alas! how common are men of expedients; how uncommon are men of principle and independence! ED.

ART. 16.—MANNERS AND HABITS OF THE WESTERN PIONEERS.

BY MANN BUTLER.

To the fearless and persevering efforts of the enterprising pioneers of the West, we owe the conquest of this noble portion of the United States from the dominion of the fiercest and most warlike tribes of North America. The portrait of their manners and habits is rapidly fading away, and the author of this paper feels an irresistible desire to lend his feeble powers to retouch the lineaments of so interesting a portrait, for the admiration, nay, may he not say, the emulation of posterity. Besides, there are no pictures which so generally interest the curiosity of distant generations, as those which represent the

manners of different people, and differing states of society. They form the very essence and living spirit of history; presenting a key to its transactions in every change of events. Such delineations constitute an essential portion of the history of human nature; at all times a study engaging to the most inquisitive of our species. What intense gratification would be felt throughout the learned world, if any ancient manuscript revealing the lives and manners of the ancient Greeks and Romans, which had for centuries eluded the searching eye of the antiquary should now be brought to light. What ingenious pains have been exerted to disenter and discover the indications of such facts, in the ruins of Herculaneum and Pompeii! What gives such powerful interest to the "Last days of Pompeii," but its weaving together all the remote practices of the ancient Romans, scattered over an extensive surface of classic learning, into one graphic and interesting narrative? Nor can our posterity, if the term is not one of too distant bearing, be incurious of the manners and spirit which animated the pioneers and founders of western society.

I. EARLY ROADS IN THE WEST.

First Road in the Western country. The first thing which strikes the notice in a country yet unsubdued by civilization, is the utter absence of roads. Paths and traces or trails, constantly requiring the aid of the axe to enlarge them, are the only approaches to such a country; unless a friendly river offers its bosom to transport the curious explorer or the bold warrior. In the more fertile regions of the West, particularly where the cane on the salt licks abounded, the deer and the buffaloe opened by their constant passage, in pursuit of this luscious herbage and delicious condiment, roads, which were often called *streets*, by the hunters. These *buffaloe roads*, as they were termed, formed most useful avenues of penetration to the hunter and the explorer. In the luxuriant cane-breaks of the west, the growth of cane was so tall and so springy, as often to lift both horse and rider off the ground, in passing over the strong elastic stalks. The first artificial road over the mountains which the author has been able to gather any account of, is one which the Ohio Company ordered to be cut about 1750.* Captain Thomas Cresap, the father of Captain Michael Cresap, immortalized by the mistaken imputations of Mr. Jefferson, was employed by the company for the purpose. An Indian by the name of Namacolin, is said to have been the pilot of a route, so disastrous to his race. It corresponded to the route

* Sparks, 11—479.

afterwards pursued by General Braddock, and nearly conformable to the present national road. This is no feeble confirmation of the judgment of native engineers in the woods.* The next road which we find, was one authorised by the Legislature of Virginia, in 1766, to be cut from "the North Branch of Potomac river to Fort Pitt, on the Ohio, by or near the route called Braddock's road."† In 1772, so feeble still was the force of western population, that the government had to lend its aid towards opening a road from the Warm Springs to Jenning's Gap. At the session of 1779‡ another great road was authorised to be made from the settlements east of the Cumberland Mountains, to the open country of "the *county of Kentucky.*" But these roads, with the exception of the first, were accommodations to a pre-existent population, and not the first means of approaching the country.

2. THE SETTLER.

It was along the narrow and obstructed routes that had been passed by the hunter, or the Indian warrior, that the pioneer travelled with his scanty stock of furniture, secured on the back of a pack-horse. Pursuing his route in this primitive style, he would camp upon the line of his direction; until his critical fancy might be pleased with some spot on which to rest for a season, of cropping and hunting. Here, the wandering chief and his companions, if he had any, which was not always deemed necessary, even in a time of Indian war, would make a clearing—that is, would remove the trees, at least sufficiently to *make*, as well as to place his log-cabin.

3. THE CABIN.

This was composed of the trunks of trees, bared of their branches, notched at the ends and fitted upon one another in a quadrangular shape, to the desired height. Openings cut through the logs, left room for doors and shutters. A capacious opening, nearly the whole width of the cabin, made the fire-place. By this ample width, economy of labor in cutting lengths of firewood, as well as comfort in houses, not too close, were both consulted. If, however, there was any danger to be apprehended from Indians; then the cabin walls of different families composed one or more sides, of what was called a fort, which served however the double purpose of family residence and military defence.

4. THE FORT.

The walls on the outside were ten or twelve feet high, with

* Jacobs' Life of Cresap, 27. † Henning, VIII.—252—246. Henning, IX.—142.

a roof sloping inward. A very few of these cabins had p cheon* floors; the greater number had earthen ones. Wh the cabins did not extend, pickets were firmly let into earth to complete the fortification. In all this work no nail nor a spike of iron was used, for "such things were no be had." "Block-houses were built at the angles of the f They projected about two feet beyond the outer walls of cabins, and the stockade. Their upper stories were ab eighteen inches every way larger in dimension than the un one, leaving an opening at the commencement of the sec story, to prevent the enemy from making a lodgment un their walls. In some forts, instead of block-houses, the ang of the fort were finished with bastions. A large folding g made of thick slabs, nearest the spring, closed the fort. T stockades, bastions, cabins, and block-houses were furnisl with port holes, at proper heights and distances. The wh of the outside was made completely bullet proof." The tachment of the people to their separate cabins on their fan was so great, the privacy, the room, in fine, all the comforts home were so preferable there, to the crowded, cramped, a noisome fort, that the people seldom moved into the forts u the spring; or when some *murder* committed by the India shewed too plainly there was no longer safety out of the s tion. When this was found to be the case, the terrors of t people and the precautions used to guard against their effec may be well judged from the following natural account by actor† in these early scenes of western danger and privatic "I remember that, when a little boy, the family were sometin waked up in the dead of night by an express with a rep that the Indians were at hand. The express came softly the door or back window, and by a gentle tapping, waked t family. *This was easily done, as habitual fear made us e watchful and sensible to the slightest alarm.* The whole fam were instantly in motion. My father seized his gun and otl implements of war. My step-mother w ıked up and dress the children as well as she could; and being myself the old of the children, I had to take my share of the burthens to carried to the fort. There was no possibility of getting a ho in the night to aid us in removing to the fort. Besides t little children, we caught up what articles of provision a clothing we could get hold of in the dark, for we durst r light a candle or stir the fire. All this was done with t

* A thick sort of slabs, or flat split logs.—*Doddridge's Notes*, 116.

† Dr. Joseph Doddridge, brother to the late distinguished Philip Doddridge, the author of the lively and graphic Notes that have been quoted.—118.

utmost despatch, and with the silence of death. The greatest care was taken not to awaken the youngest child. To the rest it was sufficient to say *Indian*, and not a whimper was said afterwards. Thus it often happened that the whole number of families belonging to a fort, who were in the evening at their homes, were all in their little fortress before the dawn of the morning. In the course of the succeeding day, their household furniture was brought in by parties of men under arms."

5. THE FURNITURE OF THE CABIN.

Let us now look into the interior of the primitive cabins to which their owners were so much attached, amidst such appaling dangers. The furniture was appropriate to the habitation; the table was composed of a slab roughly hewn with an axe, and stood on legs prepared in the same manner. This latter instrument was the principal tool in all mechanical operations; and with the adze, the auger, and above all the *rifle*, composed the richest mechanical assortment of Western Virginia. Stools of the same material and manufacture with those of the table, filled the place of chairs. When some one more curiously nice than his neighbors chose to elevate his bed above the floor (often as has been related the naked ground) it was placed on slabs laid across poles, which were again supported by forks *driven* into the *floor*. If, however, the floor happened to be so luxurious, as to be made of puncheons, the bedstead became of hewed pieces let into the *sides* of the cabin by auger holes in the logs. Nor ought the cradle of these times to be omitted; it was a small rolling trough, much like what is called a sugar trough, which is used to receive the sap of the maple sugar when tapped.* "The table furniture for many years after the settlement of the country, consisted of a few pewter dishes and plated spoons; but more generally of wooden bowls, trenchers and noggins. When these were scarce, gourds and hard-shelled squashes made up the deficiency. The iron pots, knives and forks were brought from the east side of the mountains, along with the salt and iron, on pack-horses." These luxuries could only be acquired, however, where the new settlements were in some degree contiguous to the older ones. In the remoter west, nature most bountifully supplied the people with salt from the springs of salt water scattered by Divine Providence over the whole western country. It is amusing to record, that the introduction of delft ware was, at first con-

* The writer recollects a distinguished public character, of Kentucky, the late Chief Justice Logan, boasting before the people that he had been born in a canebrake and rocked in a sugar-trough.

sidered by the old settlers as a *culpable* innovation—some of the *wasteful ways*, as Leatherstockings would have said. It was too easily broken, and what was a much more serious objection, it dulled the edge of the knives; too appropriately called *scalping* knives, in the hands of white; as well as red men. *"A tin cup was an article of delicate luxury, almost as rare as an iron fork."

How forcibly the contrast of this simple furniture with that of a country more advanced in the arts, must have struck the least observant, is related by Dr. Doddridge in the graphic sketches of western manners which principally form this account. This gentleman, when seven years old, was sent into Maryland, to a relation there, in order to go to school. On his journey, he says, "At Col. Brown's in the mountains, at Stony creek glades, I for the first time saw tame geese; and by bantering a pet gander, I got a severe biting by his bill, and beating with his wings. I wondered very much that birds so large and strong, should be so much tamer than the wild turkies. At this place, however, all was right, except the geese. The cabin and the furniture were such as I had been accustomed to see in the back woods, as my country was then called. At Bedford (Pa.) every thing was changed. The tavern at which my uncle put up, was a stone house, and to make the change still more complete, it was plastered on the inside, both as to the walls and ceiling. On going into the dining room, I was struck with astonishment, at the appearance of the house. I had no idea that there was any house in the world, that was not built of logs; but here I looked round the house and could see no logs, and above I could see no joints; whether such a thing had been made by the hands of man, or had grown so of itself, I could not conjecture. I had not the courage to inquire any thing about it. When supper came on "my confusion was worse confounded." A little cup stood in a bigger one, with some brownish looking stuff, which was neither milk, hominy nor broth; what to do with these little cups and the little spoon belonging to them, I could not tell; and I was afraid to ask any thing concerning the use of them. It was in the time of the war (revolutionary) and the company were giving accounts of catching, whipping, and hanging the tories. The word *jail* frequently occurred: this word I had never heard before; but I soon discovered it, and was very much terrified at its meaning, and supposed that we were in much danger of the fate of the tories: for I thought as we had come from the back woods, it was

* H. Marshall, Sen. 1—123.

altogether likely that we must be tories too. For fear of being discovered, I durst not utter a single word. I therefore watched attentively what the folks would do with their little cups and spoons. I imitated them, and found the taste of the coffee nauseous, beyond any thing I ever had tasted in my life. I continued to drink as the rest of the company did, with tears streaming from my eyes; but when it was to end, I was at a loss to know, as the little cups were filled immediately after being emptied. This circumstance distressed me very much, as I durst not say I had enough. Looking attentively at the grown persons, I saw one man turn his little cup up and put his little spoon across it. I observed after this, his cup was not filled again; I followed his example, and to my great satisfaction the result as to my cup was the same." Nor ought this account by a most veritable author, to subject him to the slightest suspicion of exaggeration; when the houses, the furniture, and the diet by which he had been constantly surrounded from early youth are remembered.

6. DIET.

"Hog and hominy" constituted a dish of proverbial celebrity, when those animals had sufficiently increased in number, "Johnny-cake* or pone was at the outset of the settlements of the country,† the only form of bread in use for breakfast and dinner. At supper, milk and mush‡ were the standard dish. When milk was not plentiful, which was often the case, owing to the scarcity, or the want of proper pasture for cows, the substantial dish of hominy had to supply the want of it; mush was often eaten with sweetened water, molasses, bear's oil, or the gravy of fried meat. Every family, besides a little garden for the few vegetables which they cultivated, had another small enclosure containing from half an acre to an acre, which they called a truck-patch, in which they raised corn for roasting ears, pumpkins, squashes, beans and potatoes. These, in the latter part of the summer and fall, were cooked with their pork, venison, and bearmeat for dinner, and made very wholesome and well tasted dishes." "Tea and coffee were only slops," which in the adage of the day, "did not stick by the ribs." The idea was, that they were designed only for people of quality, who did not labor, or the sick. A genuine backwoodsman would have thought himself disgraced by showing a fondness for slops. Indeed many of them have to this day, (1824,) but little respect for them."

* Sometimes written *journey*-cake, perhaps from the rapidity with which it is cooked or toasted before a fire, in time for a speedy journey.

† North-Western Virginia. ‡ The meal of maize, boiled.

sidered by the old settlers as a *culpable* innovation—some of the *wasteful ways*, as Leatherstockings would have said. It was too easily broken, and what was a much more serious objection, it dulled the edge of the knives; too appropriately called *scalping* knives, in the hands of white; as well as red men. *"A tin cup was an article of delicate luxury, almost as rare as an iron fork."

How forcibly the contrast of this simple furniture with that of a country more advanced in the arts, must have struck the least observant, is related by Dr. Doddridge in the graphic sketches of western manners which principally form this account. This gentleman, when seven years old, was sent into Maryland, to a relation there, in order to go to school. On his journey, he says, "At Col. Brown's in the mountains, at Stony creek glades, I for the first time saw tame geese; and by bantering a pet gander, I got a severe biting by his bill, and beating with his wings. I wondered very much that birds so large and strong, should be so much tamer than the wild turkies. At this place, however, all was right, except the geese, The cabin and the furniture were such as I had been accustomed to see in the back woods, as my country was then called. At Bedford (Pa.) every thing was changed. The tavern at which my uncle put up, was a stone house, and to make the change still more complete, it was plastered on the inside, both as to the walls and ceiling. On going into the dining room, I was struck with astonishment, at the appearance of the house. I had no idea that there was any house in the world, that was not built of logs; but here I looked round the house and could see no logs, and above I could see no joints; whether such a thing had been made by the hands of man, or had grown so of itself, I could not conjecture. I had not the courage to inquire any thing about it. When supper came on "my confusion was worse confounded." A little cup stood in a bigger one, with some brownish looking stuff, which was neither milk, hominy nor broth; what to do with these little cups and the little spoon belonging to them, I could not tell; and I was afraid to ask any thing concerning the use of them. It was in the time of the war (revolutionary) and the company were giving accounts of catching, whipping, and hanging the tories. The word *jail* frequently occurred: this word I had never heard before; but I soon discovered it, and was very much terrified at its meaning, and supposed that we were in much danger of the fate of the tories: for I thought as we had come from the back woods, it was

* H. Marshall, Sen. 1—123.

altogether likely that we must be tories too. For fear of being discovered, I durst not utter a single word. I therefore watched attentively what the folks would do with their little cups and spoons. I imitated them, and found the taste of the coffee nauseous, beyond any thing I ever had tasted in my life. I continued to drink as the rest of the company did, with tears streaming from my eyes; but when it was to end, I was at a loss to know, as the little cups were filled immediately after being emptied. This circumstance distressed me very much, as I durst not say I had enough. Looking attentively at the grown persons, I saw one man turn his little cup up and put his little spoon across it. I observed after this, his cup was not filled again; I followed his example, and to my great satisfaction the result as to my cup was the same." Nor ought this account by a most veritable author, to subject him to the slightest suspicion of exaggeration; when the houses, the furniture, and the diet by which he had been constantly surrounded from early youth are remembered.

6. DIET.

"Hog and hominy" constituted a dish of proverbial celebrity, when those animals had sufficiently increased in number, "Jonny-cake* or pone was at the outset of the settlements of the country,† the only form of bread in use for breakfast and dinner. At supper, milk and mush‡ were the standard dish. When milk was not plentiful, which was often the case, owing to the scarcity, or the want of proper pasture for cows, the substantial dish of hominy had to supply the want of it; mush was often eaten with sweetened water, molasses, bear's oil, or the gravy of fried meat. Every family, besides a little garden for the few vegetables which they cultivated, had another small enclosure containing from half an acre to an acre, which they called a truck-patch, in which they raised corn for roasting ears, pumpkins, squashes, beans and potatoes. These, in the latter part of the summer and fall, were cooked with their pork, venison, and bearmeat for dinner, and made very wholesome and well tasted dishes." "Tea and coffee were only slops," which in the adage of the day, "did not stick by the ribs." The idea was, that they were designed only for people of quality, who did not labor, or the sick. A genuine backwoodsman would have thought himself disgraced by showing a fondness for slops. Indeed many of them have to this day, (1824,) but little respect for them."

* Sometimes written *journey*-cake, perhaps from the rapidity with which it is cooked or toasted before a fire, in time for a speedy journey.

† North-Western Virginia. ‡ The meal of maize, boiled.

7. DRESS.

From the meals and food of our pioneers we will pass to their dress. The hunting shirt which so much delighted Col. Bouquet,* when he saw it on Col. Washington's men in the French war, was universally worn. It was a kind of loose frock, reaching half way down the thighs, with large sleeves, open before, and so wide as to lap over a foot or more when belted. The cape was large and sometimes handsomely fringed with a ravelled piece of cloth of another color from that of the hunting-shirt itself. The bosom of this dress served as a wallet to hold a chunk of bread, cakes, tow for wiping the barrel of the rifle, or any other necessary for the hunter or the warrior. The belt, which was always tied behind, answered several purposes besides that of holding the dress together. In cold weather, the mittens and sometimes the bullet bag occupied the front part of it. To the right side was suspended the tomahawk, and to the left, the scalping knife in its leathern sheath. The hunting shirt was generally made of linsey; sometimes of coarse linen and a few of dressed deer skins. These last were very cold and uncomfortable in wet weather. The shirt and jacket were of the common fashion. A pair of drawers or breeches and leggins were the dress for the thighs and legs; a pair of moccasons answered for the feet much better than shoes. The former were made of dressed deerskin, and mostly of a single piece, with a gathering seam along the top of the foot, and another from the bottom of the heel without gathers, as high as the ankle-joint, or a little higher. These were nicely adapted to the ankles and lower part of the leg, by thongs of deer-skin; so that no dirt, gravel, or snow could get within the moccason. The moccasons in ordinary use cost but a few hour's labor to make them. This was done by an instrument denominated a moccason awl, which was made of the back-spring of an old clasp-knife. This awl, with its buck-horn handle, was an appendage to every shot-pouch, together with a roll of buck-skin for mending the moccasons. This was the labor of almost every evening. They were sewed together, and patched with deerskin thongs or whangs, as they were commonly called. In cold weather, the moccasons were well stuffed with deers' hair or dry leaves, so as to keep the feet comfortably warm; but in wet weather, it was usually said that wearing them was a "decent way of going barefoot;" and such was the fact, owing to the spongy texture of the leather, of which they were made. Owing to

* Sparks, vol. II—294.

this defective covering of the feet, more than to any other circumstance, the greater number of our hunters and warriors were afflicted with rheumatism in their limbs. Of this disease they were all apprehensive in cold or wet weather; and they therefore always slept with their feet to the fire to prevent or cure it, as well as they could. This practice fortunately had a very salutary effect, and prevented many of them from becoming cripples in early life. In the latter period of the Indian war, our young men became more enamoured of the Indian dress throughout, with the exception of the blanket. The drawers were laid aside, and the leggins were made longer, so as to reach the upper part of the thigh. The Indian breech-clout was adopted. This was a piece of linen or cloth, nearly a yard long and eight or nine inches broad. This passed under the belt, before and behind, leaving the ends for flaps, hanging before and behind, over the belt. These flaps were sometimes ornamented with some coarse kind of embroidery work. To the same belts which secured the breech-clout, strings which supported the long leggins, were attached, when this belt, as was often the case, passed over the hunting-shirt to the upper part of the thighs, and part of the hips were naked. The young warrior, instead of being abashed at this nudity, was proud of his Indian-like dress. In some few instances I have seen them go into places of public worship in this dress. Their appearance did not add much to the devotion of the young ladies. The linsey petticoat and bedgown were the universal dress of our women in early times. They went barefoot in warm weather, and in cold, their feet were covered with moccasons, course shoes, or short socks. The coats and bed-gowns of the women, as well as the hunting-shirts of the men, were hung in *full display*, on wooden pegs round the walls of their cabins, so that while they answered in some degree the place of paper-hangings, or tapestry, they announced to the visitors their wealth or poverty in the articles clothing." Nor was the female sex exempt from the labors of the times; "they had to handle the distaff or shuttle, the sickle, or the weeding-hoe, contented if they could obtain their linsey clothing, and cover their heads with a sun-bonnet made of six or seven hundred linen."

[*Continued in our next.*]

WEST'S PICTURE OF THE INFANT SAMU

In childhood's spring—ah! blessed spring!
(As flowers closed up at even,
Unfold in morning's earliest beam,)
The heart unfolds to heaven.
Ah! blessed child! that trustingly
Adores and loves, and fears,
And to a *Father's* voice replies,
Speak, Lord! thy servant hears.

When youth shall come;—ah! blessed youth!
If still the pure heart glows,
And in the world and word of God,
Its Maker's language knows;
If in the night and in the day,
Midst youthful joys or fears,
The trusting heart can answer still,
Speak, Lord! thy servant hears.

When age shall come;—ah! blessed age!
If in its lengthening shade,
When life grows faint, and earthly lights
Recede, and sink, and fade;
Ah! blessed age! if then heaven's light,
Dawns on the closing eye;
And faith unto the call of God
Can answer, Here am I. E. P.

THE SNOW-DROP.

As springs the snow-drop, pure and fair
From out earth's mould,
May heavenly hopes, from earth's low care,
Within thy heart unfold!

As its pure petals bloom beside
The Alpine snow,
Till with strange beauty glow;
The frozen wastes, forlorn and wide;
So may thy heart in kindness bloom,
Beside the frozen edge and gloom
Of want and woe! Y.

Art. 19.—THEODORE.

Chap. V.

(Continued from page 701.)

Translated from the German of De Wette.

The determination which Theodore had now taken to give up the profession of a preacher had cost him much thought and anxiety, it would distress his mother, it would produce disturbance in the plans of the family. He felt reluctant to communicate it to her, and would perhaps have postponed the intelligence had not Landeck quickened his movements. Having taken care to keep the memory of his sister warm in Theodore's heart, by telling him from time to time, something interesting about her, he now informed him that Teresa had a suitor who was favored by her father, but toward whom she felt no inclination, and whom she could not therefore resolve to accept. He added, with a laugh, that her disinclination towards such an agreeable young man, in all things calculated to please her, must certainly have its reasons.

Theodore could not master his emotion, and confessed at once his attachment to the beautiful Teresa, his hope of a return, and his determination to relinquish the vocation of a preacher, however hard it might be to tell his mother of his intention.

"And will you then go with me and enter into the service of the state, in our city?" asked Landeck with earnestness. Theodore assented, and Landeck replied—"That is enough to make my sister firm; I need but write her that you are coming with me, and she can understand the rest."

Theodore begged of him to say to her nothing with respect to his love; for he had not courage to confess this inclination to his mother at the same time with his determination to change his profession—and he considered that it would be a want of filial duty to conceal from her the inclination he revealed to its object. Landeck promised to say nothing about it, and would, even if he had not promised, have been restrained by his sense of propriety from so doing.

* * * * * *

Theodore communicated to John the resolution he had taken. After having witnessed the failure of his last attempt to interest him in theology, John could not be surprised at this result. These two friends vowed mutual fidelity under all circum-

stances, however far their paths of life might separate. And now Theodore undertook the difficult task of announcing his conclusion to his mother. The following letter was not written without great emotion.

"*Dear Mother,*—You know how much I love you, and depend upon you, you will therefore believe that I deeply sympathize with the pain this letter will cause you. The long struggle which I have gone through, is at last over, and I am firmly determined not to enter the clerical profession. I have done every thing to obtain a religious conviction from which I might honestly preach as a Christian teacher—but it has been impossible. The accompanying letter to the good pastor contains the detailed account of the reasons which determine me to take this step; and he can communicate to you as much of them as you care to know. Dear mother, your love for me is so pure, and your whole life has been such a sacrifice for your children; you prize so highly individual freedom, and hate nothing so much as dissimulation and self-deception; your strong heart has already risen above so much pain—that I trust you will not endeavor to shake my purpose by arguments, nor by an excessive sorrow, which I cannot bear. If you have no objection to the plan, I propose to go to * * *, and occupy a post under government which Landecks father has promised me. If I may not labor for the kingdom of heaven in the small and quiet circle of a country preacher, I yet trust, with God's aid, to work for him in a wider sphere. I am inspired with the thought of exercising an influence, beneficial to millions, from the higher stations of society, and to help to introduce a better form of German government. This prospect, dear mother, must supply the place of that which you are forced to renounce. Your mind, your heart, will go with me in those higher circles. I shall ever keep before my eyes my God and my mother—and with honest effort will strive to forward truth, justice, and human happiness. Every thing else, we will, for the present, leave as it is; with your health you may long superintend our ancestral estate; and perhaps I may return, after a circle of years passed in active labors, to the place where I passed the happy hours of youth, and cheer the last years of your life. At all events, I will seize every season of leisure to pass with you and my loved sister, and this prospect will content the tender Frederica."

After a few weeks, Theodore, with some tremor, broke the seal of a letter from his mother, in reply to his. It very much relieved his mind. We also insert this letter in which is so

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unchanging truth, and made it his duty to use every means, to soften the pain his action had caused her.

After this, our friend threw himself with zeal into some studies which he judged necessary as a preparation for his future course of life. The general culture which he had before obtained would serve as a good foundation upon which he could build, and there were only a few chasms to be filled up.

But not a great while after, there arrived a letter from the pastor, which announced to him the death of his mother. A cold caught during a short journey had brought on a fit of sickness, and a violent fever soon ended her fair life. Her death was serene and placid; in her last moments her mind came back perfectly clear; she thought of Theodore with quiet hope, and consoled and blessed the weeping Frederica. As to the outward arrangements of the family, she had, as it seems, purposely done nothing, and satisfied herself with confiding Frederica to the protection of the pastor, and giving some legacies to the most faithful of her servants. Some lines were added to the letter by Frederica, which betrayed a deep pain, but more composure than one might have expected from a girl of her sensitive mind. She also announced that she, by the advice of the pastor and physician, intended to pay a visit with a female friend to a distant aunt, and requested him to direct his letters to that place.

We do not undertake to describe the pain of Theodore. He was a tender son and a feeling man, and it may be imagined how such a blow would move him. The thought which chiefly pained him was, that his mother shortly before her death had been troubled by his conduct, and he tormented himself with the conjecture that the agitation of her mind which he had caused, might have contributed to her sickness. But the pastor and Frederica quieted his mind on this point, by assuring him that the departed had long spoken about him and his choice, with joyful confidence, and that even in her dying moments, she had felt no anxiety nor care on that account.

Some time passed before Theodore could collect himself sufficiently to continue his studies. He was also anxious about Frederica, who was not happily situated with her aunt; but who did not wish to return to her desolate home in the village. Landeck, who, during Theodore's grief, had attached himself to him with great sympathy and kindness, took a deep interest in Frederica's welfare; and his inclination to her, which he had merely expressed of late by occasional allusions to her, now appeared in a more decided light. He confessed at last to his friend, that he had spoken to his father about his affec-

beautifully expressed the noble mild spirit of his mother, and her pious submission and content.

"Your determination, my dear Theodore, though I have seen its approach, has certainly deeply shaken me. However much we may be prepared for sacrifices, our weak hearts are sorely pained by the final necessity of renouncing a loved possession, or a cherished wish. So it has been with me. At our last leave taking, I left you, as you know, to your free choice, and honestly resolved to acquiesce in it: and now it costs me tears to do so. But this, my dear son, must not make you weak or infirm of purpose; keep to your determination, and do not waver or tremble, for the scripture says, "A double minded man is unstable in all his ways." I have fulfilled my vow by doing all I could to induce you to enter upon the profession of a clergyman, but I will not bring to the Lord an unwilling offering. Your intention of going to * * * and entering into the state's service, appears to be too closely connected with your idea of relinquishing theological studies, for me to say any thing against it. I only add the warning—be not blinded by the glitter of the great world; keep true to your heart and the pious feelings, which you have still preserved notwithstanding your theological doubts. If you do this, and I certainly expect it, you will soon be aware, that only in the calm circle of domestic life can a fixed blissful activity and peace of mind be found. It will be well for you to make this experience for yourself; mine cannot help you, and I will not urge it upon you. May God guide you upon your new path of life, and may his grace be near you."

"Frederica is very sad, because you will leave our circle; but I hope she will acquiesce in this. My old pious friend, the Pastor, who writes you by this opportunity, has contributed much to render me contented. He feels satisfied with you so far as this, that you have complied with his requests, and not acted hastily or lightly; and he recognizes in the direction your path of life has taken, a higher guidance, as also do I. Again, my son, remain pious, faithful, and honest, and all will eventuate well."

Theodore was so much moved by this self-denying love of his mother, that he had almost faltered in his purpose, and he was only kept up by the thought, that he could not be false to his convictions of truth. For nothing makes us more inclined to obedience, and to yield up our own will, than ready self-denial on the part of those who have a right to expect from us compliance with their wishes, and whom we have disturbed by our self-will. Theodore vowed to his mother

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tion for Frederica, and hoped to gain his consent to the match. Theodore was terrified at the thoughts of introducing his sister also into the great circle of city life, and of leaving the family mansion wholly forsaken. Yet this event as regarded his sister, seemed to be the necessary consequence of his own step; about which he had nothing to reproach himself with; and he felt that he could do nothing to alter it.

In the meantime John, whose studies were finished, had returned home, in order to assist the old pastor in the church and school. Theodore could not part from him without great pain, and the last bond seemed to be broken which attached him to his dear home.

Now also the time approached in which Theodore and Landeck should leave the university, and should go to * * *, where the situations under government were ready for them. The thought had occurred to both of having Frederica go with them; she herself was pleased with it, and the pastor gave his consent, on the condition that she should board there in the family of an old University friend of his. Theodore brought her from her aunt's, and took her to the city, where both, happy in being again together, were to enter upon a new and important period of their lives.

(*To be continued.*)

Art. 20.—CRITICISM ON NO. 9,

In a Letter from a Friend.

"You ask me for a criticism on the Messenger, and you shall have it. Premising that the reception of No. IX. has given me new hope in regard to the enterprise and convinced me that you ought to wade through fire and water rather than give it up."

"The editorial, at the end, is right, it is the truth, and you must not hold back from trouble and contempt, and risk of failure, when you have such grand designs, however feeble your efforts may seem. Heretofore I have not done what I might, in sending you articles or in getting subscribers, I will try to do better in both respects.

No. IX is a good one; the typography is an improvement, although there are rather too many typographical errors. This is not wonderful, and considering that there is no paid editor, ought to be excused.*

* We will try to look sharper.—Ed.

good society, but because no exertion was made to supp them with preaching, there is now no vestige or shadow any. Consider also the condition of Pittsburgh—that m important point. With great exertion, a few self-denyi and devoted individuals there erected a church, and have s ported regular preaching. The populace of that place is p bably as prejudiced and bigotted against every liberal a intelligible form of belief as that of any place in the uni What ought the eastern Unitarians to have done? Wh would any other sect who professed the least regard for th opinions have done? Would they not have selected their abl preachers, and sent them forth, even by two's and three's, the society should have been firmly established? What d the Unitarians? They took their youngest men, men scarce out of their theological schools; men who had no interest the West, and professed to have none; men who went o with the declared intention of returning in a few months, a by a regular succession of such preachers (who might have do a great deal of good elsewhere,) they have succeeded in preac ing the Pittsburgh society nearly into its grave. And now, unenlightened is the conscience of many with respect to the duties, that we suppose it will excite great amazement, though we were proposing the oddest step imaginable, wh we say, that it *was* and *is* the duty of the first men in t eastern pulpits—of the Channings, Gannetts, Walkers, De eys, &c.—to quit their parishes and go and labor in su places as Pittsburgh until the societies are built up.

Those who are whole need not a physician, but those wl are sick. The large flourishing societies of New England c well spare their talented and distinguished preachers for time, for such missionary labors. Presumptuous and ridiculo as it may seem for us to make these remarks, they are drav from us by a deep feeling, and are the result of observations some years. The sight of the indifference and apathy of o eastern brethren has at last filled the cup of our endurance t full.

We have used great plainness of speech, not, we trus from any disrespectful feeling toward our New Englai friends,—but from a conviction of the necessity of speaking as to awaken attention to an important subject. May th forgive any thing amiss in the manner, and meditate up any thing of truth in the matter of these remarks. Ed.

"You see I am satisfied with the number. Perhaps you ought to speak more to the moral wants of the west; against such vices as are common. Every article ought to have something to take hold of the mind. You must get at the skepticism of the day, and show that it is neither manly, nor philosophical, nor safe. The more you deal in illustrations the better."

"It is outrageous that Mr. Palfrey did not preach for you. I care not in *how* great a hurry he was."

It may, perchance, be a wonder unto many, that we should print the above letter, being a sort of panegyric on our own work, and also containing personal allusions of approbation and censure. As to its being a panegyric, that is accidental. The letter is from a friend. If any enemy will write us a sharp criticism, so it be not abusive, we will thankfully publish that also. Criticisms of a discriminating and thoughtful kind, whether they praise or blame, are useful and instructive. Indiscriminate panegyric and sweeping censure are of no avail to writer or reader. But as to the personal allusions in the above letter to our contributors, they will, I think, be glad to see for once what people really think of their writings. There is so much polish and softening off of every thing distinct now-a-days, that one can hardly get at an honest opinion.

The last paragraph requires explanation. The letter-writer thinks it outrageous that Mr. Palfrey should have passed through the country and not preached. He does not mean, I suppose, to say, that Mr. P. was *particularly* to blame in this matter, but he is indignant at the great indifference which almost all eastern Unitarians feel with regard to the progress of their principles in this valley, of which indifference this incident is but a single proof among ten thousand. Every thing shows that they have no adequate idea of their duties on this subject. The Dean of the Cambridge Theological School travels through the country from one end to the other, and does not recognize it as his duty to stop and preach in it. The Unitarian Association subscribe 18 or 20 thousand dollars to support an agent, which was subscribed in a great degree on the express understanding that this agent was to travel through the West. The condition and wants of the West was the strong argument to induce people to contribute. Years have passed by, and his foot has not been wet by any waters which run toward the Western sun.

Flourishing societies, and the germs of societies have fallen through because there was no one to preach to them. Take the case of Rochester, in New York, where, years ago, was a

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THE WESTERN MESSENGER

IS PUBLISHED IN LOUISVILLE, KY.

On the first day of every month. Terms, THREE DOLL year payable in advance. Subscriptions and paymen eived by

A. C. Patterson, - - - Buffalo, N. Y.
J. Q. Day, - - - - Meadville, Pa.
J. Kay, - - - - Pittsburg, Pa.
Flash & Ryder, - - - Cincinnati, Ohi
J. F. Clarke, - - - Louisville, Ky.
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THE

WESTERN MESSENGER;

DEVOTED TO

RELIGION AND LITERATURE.

N°. XII.

JULY, 1836.

LOUISVILLE:
PUBLISHED BY THE WESTERN UNITARIAN ASSOCIATION
BOSTON: JAMES MUNROE & CO.

MORTON & SMITH, PRINTERS.

1836.

Terms. . . Postage, under 100 miles, 42 cents; over 100 miles, 75 cents.

THE

WESTERN MESSENGER;

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Vol. I. JULY, 1836. No. 12.

Art. 1.—EVILS OF A WANT OF FAITH.

A SERMON BY THE EDITOR.

John xx. 25.—Except I shall see in his hands the print of the nails, and put my finger into the print of the nails, and thrust my hand into his side, I will not believe.

This was said by Thomas when he was told that Jesus, whom he had seen executed on the cross, a few days before, had appeared in living fleshly shape, and conversed with his disciples. He would not believe it except on the evidence of his senses. Was this right or wrong in Thomas? Was it merely a proper caution in an important matter, a just incredulity—or was it a bad sort of scepticism, a faithlessness, a distrust of God and his power? I think the latter—I think it showed a wrong state of mind—a want of that faith which is the rational foundation of all religion, and without which there is no use in pretending to religion—the faith which Jesus was always commanding his disciples to cherish and increase. My reasons for thinking so I will give, but will first state what I conceive faith to mean in the Bible. As faith is a fundamental, a most important part of religion, it is of the utmost consequence that we should have right ideas in regard to it. Regarding the subject of Faith in this light, and thinking it a point very apt to be darkened and misunderstood—to be placed in opposition to Reason, as if a faithful Christian must be half out of his senses—to be made to refer to doctrines and creeds and matters which belong to the understanding to determine, instead of the feelings and heart—it can hardly be too often explained and defended on the right grounds.

When I say then, that you ought to have faith, that you and all men are very deficient in it, and that only in proportion

tion as you gain it, can you be noble, or strong, or free, happy in your mind's state. I am not urging you to belie any doctrines, or opinions, or creeds whatever. I am n commanding you to be a Unitarian, or a Trinitarian; a Ui versalist or a Baptist. All that is the business of the u derstanding to settle. Think for yourselves, judge for you selves, decide for yourselves, which of these creeds, a sets of opinions is the right one. Neither I nor any oth human being has a right to interfere, in any possible w with your decision on these points—for Reason in the mi of man is the inspiration of God's Spirit, and it is the du the positive duty of every man not to tamper with his re son, nor suffer others to tamper with it, but to employ faithfully in discovering the truth.

But what I mean by having Faith, is this—Realize yo connexion with the world of spirits. Remain not lookii constantly at the earth—clinging always to the soil—believi yourself merely an animal of flesh, and blood, and bon Think not so much of earthly things, more of heavenly thing You have a soul as well as a body—no, I am mistaken. Y *are a soul.* All of you are SOULS—and these bodies, these ou ward forms, are tents in which we dwell—clothing with whi we are clothed upon—they belong to us, they are not u You cannot deny this—now realize it. Make it more a more a real conviction, and then you will have Faith. B lieve that a man is not profited who gains the whole world a loses his own soul. We know this now—it is plain and ev dent, but we do not believe it so as to act upon it. If we di we should have Faith.

We should believe in our soul's existence quite as much, more, than that of our body, and hence we should also belie more firmly in the fixed and certain nature of the laws of o mind than of the world about us. I can conceive that a pers might believe more firmly in the existence of certain trut than in the world of sense—for instance, in the being of God, and I think this faith would be perfectly rational a well founded.

Others say, however, We will only believe on the eviden of our senses—we will not, and ought not, to believe a thing of which our bodily senses do not inform us and testi Now I say the mind has its senses as well as the body. F instance, it perceives its own existence; so it perceives its ov thoughts and feelings. It perceives its own ideas—it is great deal more sure of their existence than it is of the exi ence of the tree or the house which seems to be standing l

fore its eyes. The bodily senses may be deceived—for instance, panoramas, or pictures of cities may be painted so skilfully that it is impossible for us to realize that the actual houses and streets and palaces are not before our eyes. So that in the natural phenomena called the *mirage*, the sailor sees rising up before him a beautiful shore covered with lofty trees and glancing steeples and tall towers, when he knows that there is nothing but ocean all around him. In these cases and many others like them, we do not believe the testimony of our senses, we believe in the conclusions of our reason. So too when we see the tricks of a juggler—how he appears to swallow knives and do other wonderful things, we disbelieve our senses because our reason tells us that he cannot have the power of breaking through the laws of nature. We thus see that Reason is more to be relied in than the bodily senses; it is placed above them and judges of their testimony.

Faith, then is a confidence in those truths whose evidence is not to be found in the outward world but in the everlasting reason of mankind—things not to be seen or heard, or touched with the bodily eye, ear, or hand—invisible to sense, but living and real to the thoughts and to the heart. This confidence does not come of itself; it can never come to those who remain busy with this outward world, and forgetting the whole world within them. There is a bright sun shining over our heads, but we cannot see it if we will not look up, but keep our eyes fastened on the dust around our feet.

According to this view of the subject, Saint Thomas was deficient in *Faith*. When the disciples came and told him, that their master who had been crucified and buried, had been seen by them alive—he looked upon the story as so very improbable as not to be credited except upon the strongest testimony. But *was* it so very improbable? Had he not seen in his long intercourse with his Master any tokens of divine power? Had his eyes been closed, and his ears dulled, so that he could not see with his eyes and hear with his ears, all the wonderful deeds and marvellous words which his master had done and spoken in the presence of his nation? Could he have followed so long in the steps of Jesus, and never thought of asking what was the object, what was to be the end of all this toil and travel and suffering? He wanted *faith*—faith in the Almighty Father in whom Jesus trusted—Faith in the power and promises of God—the faith which would continue to hope in the darkest hour, when all human expectations seemed baffled, that God was able to give life to stones, and breathe a spirit into the cold corpse, and that he would, in this or some

other way maintain his good cause. If this had been state of feeling, and this *ought* to have been his state of feeli he would have been in expectation of some such event as t of the resurrection, and have been ready to believe, beca the event was rational and probable, without waiting till assent was *forced* from him by testimony which he could resist.

I will now describe some of the evils which result fro want of Faith.

1. A want of Faith is the principal source of a disbelie Christianity. In other words, the main source of deism i want of confidence in spiritual truths of any kind—a disposi to believe certainly only in the visible world. This is chief source of Deism, and Deism or disbelief in any revela from God is a great evil. I wish to explain these positi and illustrate them a little. Some Christians look on Infi with horror—others look on them with anger. These t feelings seem to me misplaced. I think we should look u an Infidel with pity.

When a person is very much shocked and filled with hor at meeting with any of the forms of infidelity, it seems to i cate that his own faith is not perfectly sound and secure. see another man denying, disturbs him because he is not p fectly confident in the grounds of his belief. He feels hi self a little shaken. But one who has considered and examin and knows why he believes, is not so easily moved. T faithful Christian would not be shocked though all the wo but himself should turn heathen and deny all religion. would mourn, but would continue unmoved, firm as a rock his own belief. If a man, at midday, tell me that there is sun in the heavens, and that the earth is shrouded in darkne it does not disturb me. Because he is blind and cannot see he does not remove it from the sky. And so when an unl liever tells me that he sees no proof of a revelation being ma by Christ, if I know that the heavenly life, which is the li of men, does shine out from the words of these gospels, his nial throws no shroud over it to darken and hide it. Let h say—there is no God—let him blaspheme his name, and vote himself to the work of rooting out all reverence for H from the hearts of men. By all his mad endeavor he can injure the Infinite one. God is giving him the very pow by which he blasphemes his name. There is nothing dread in Infidelity—no cause for dread.

Therefore the Christian need not feel horror, and he ou not to feel anger against the Infidel. The main source of

fidelity, to be sure, in most men, is a blameable want of confidence in their own spiritual nature—blameable, because they might have increased their Faith in unseen things by contemplation, self-examination, and prayer. If all the world were spiritual and holy, and religious, I do not doubt that they would all be Christians. Still, in the present state of mankind, there are many other causes of infidelity over which a man has no power. Association with Christians whose lives contradict their profession—being educated in a country where the spirit of Christianity is lost in its form—corruptions of scripture doctrines which teach as christianity, absurdities and contradictions which disgust the understanding, or statements which shock all the best moral feelings. These things are a source of a great deal of infidelity; and for infidelity springing from such sources, no man is to be blamed. And it is wholly out of our power to say when Infidelity does become blameable, because we can never distinguish with any certainty in particular cases. God alone can tell the bounds of innocent error and guilty wandering—let us leave it to him to judge.

But though Infidelity is not a thing to be looked upon with horror nor with anger, it is always to be regarded with pity, because it is a great evil. Look at the effects of a belief in Christ in the present world only, and we shall be convinced that a firm and rational religious faith is the greatest blessing which can be conferred on a human being. It changes sorrow and pain into joy—guides him steadily through all the perplexities of his earthly way—gives him an object for which to strive—unfolds his mind—enlarges his feelings—fills him with constant confidence and peace. He who disbelieves revelation wants all this. His soul wants a support, his life an aim.

We are still to show how it is that a want of faith produces disbelief in Christianity. The great cause of Deism is a reluctance to believe in miracles. These are the difficulties—the stumbling-block to a modern unbeliever. He would rest his argument on the statement of Hume.—"It is more likely that human testimony should be false, than that a miracle should be true." Now this, stated thus generally, is as much as to say, that *no* testimony could prove a miracle, or that it is impossible that a miracle should ever have taken place; that it is impossible in the nature of things, for the laws of nature ever to have been interrupted. Therefore, God himself could not have interrupted them—hence the unbeliever must think of God not as the author and supporter of the laws of nature, but as himself subject to them. He cannot therefore be considered as supreme. Now what a view this is to take of the most High! and on what grounds

do we suppose these laws of nature to be eternal? Because have seen no interruption in them during the few short years have inhabited this planet? Or because we have heard none except those recorded in the Bible in any other age the history of the earth. But what are the few thous years of the life of this world to eternity. That God, as author of nature, *can* perform miracles, or cause them to performed, is certain—that He *will* do so, if a sufficient oc sion and purpose should present itself, is also certain. T such a sufficient purpose is to be found in the communicat of those truths which are to purify, exalt, enlighten, anim and save the *soul* is believed by the man of Faith; that is, the man who has accustomed himself to reflect on spirit things. But he who hardly knows whether he has, or has a soul—he who thinks the object of life to be the enjoyment worldly pleasures, *he* sees no sufficient purpose for mirac and *therefore* he will not believe them. A want of Fa therefore, leads to a disbelief of Christianity, and that is, a hope I have shown, a great evil.

2. The second evil resulting from a want of faith is Athei We have seen already that the principle of Hume by which denies miracles, leads directly to atheism, since it invol their impossibility, and thus subjects God to the dominion the laws of nature. In other words it dethrones God, and s stitutes a cold, iron, system of laws at the head of the unive John Neal, in one of his novels, says, that even the testim of his senses could not convince him of the reality of a mira Nothing could convince him of it. Should he see a decay corpse, from which life had long departed, raised up b word, and standing and speaking—he would believe it so deception and no miracle. Is it necessary to prove that who thinks thus is in fact an atheist—that he has no conception of God—that *his* divinity is in reality a syst of laws, and that he knows of no kind Providence, no lov Father, no spiritual Friend. That the principles of mod infidelity lead directly to atheism is proved likewise by fa Most of the deists of the present time are avowed athei This is going a step beyond their masters. Spinoza has b called a pious man—Rousseau was religious in his own way Hume thought it impossible for any one to deny the existe of God—Voltaire wrote one of the best of his novels to pr his existence from the marks of intelligence in the works nature—but their followers carrying out their princip openly deny that there exists in the universe any higher

telligence than that of man. The infidels of the present day are generally atheists.

Is it necessary, in order to show that Atheism is an evil, to lift the veil which hangs over the grave, dividing Time from Eternity, and show you the wrath of God revealed against the impious blasphemer of his Majesty. Oh no. What sort of a hell may await him who has renounced his God, in the other world, I know not, but I know that this world is a hell to him. He carries his torments with him wherever he goes. He is like a child who has run away from his father's home and finds itself lost in the populous streets of a city, surrounded with strange faces, and seeing people hurrying by who do not see, or are careless, of its tears and terror. There is no one to whom it can appeal, or ask help with confidence. A God is necessary to us in this world of suffering, so necessary, that as Voltaire says, if there was none, we should invent one. The rich, the comfortable, the happy, may live for a time regardless of God—but what shall the poor, the neglected, the forsaken, those who suffer unjustly, those whose hopes are disappointed, whose strength and spirits are broken, what shall these do without a God?

> That were a grief I could not bear,
> Didst thou not hear and answer prayer—
> But a prayer hearing, answering God
> Supports me under every load.

The belief in God is "a necessary support to those on whom society imposes hard and heavy burdens, uncheered by any hopes of future fortune, or any of the solaces of self-love." So says the most profound French Philosopher of the day. A world full of atheists! Can we conceive a more horrible idea, than of such a state, where all the bad passions are let loose, freed from all restraints of religion. But such a time can never come. Religion is a natural want of our mind, and human beings can no more get rid of their religion, than of the necessity of eating or sleeping. The harangues of atheists against religion are about as sensible and likely to be as effectual, as if some one should rise up and tell us that it is nothing but an antiquated prejudice which makes us think it necessary to sleep during the night, that it is an injury to us to lose so much of our time from labor and enjoyment—that it is the mechanics who make our beds and bedsteads, who nourish and confirm this notion of the necessity of sleeping, for their own interest. Those who represent religion as a prejudice originated by priests for their own benefit, show as little knowledge of human nature as this. Let no one think to

reason out of man the tendencies which have been stamp upon his mind by the Almighty Father.

3. The last evil which flows from a want of Faith, is t debasing of our nature. It is a confidence in his spiritual r lationship, his connexion with something better than dust a stones which gives man all his nobleness, and magnanimit and greatness of mind. It is the consciousness that he a other men have sometimes high thoughts, and noble fee ings, that he has the power of doing sometimes a genero action, it is the belief finally that he is the child of God, ma in his image, acted upon by his spirit, and intended by hi for immortality, these are the sort of thoughts which produ and strengthen magnanimity of character. Lord Bacon r marks that as a dog, who finds himself supported by a ma has more generosity and courage, because he depends on th nature which is higher and better than his own: so a man w rests and assures himself of divine protection and favor, gat ers a force and faith, which human nature in itself could nev attain. Is it not certain that a being made up of a soul a body, who wholly neglects to strengthen or improve his so and seeks only to gratify the wants of the body, must deba his nature. One of the old poets makes man's principal di tinction over the other animals, consist in his having a fa which looks up to the stars. But if he does not choose employ it in such contemplation, but prefers to inspect t earth, he resigns his distinction and prerogative.

I have mentioned what I think to be some of the evils of want of confident belief and persuasion of the reality of thin of the spiritual world—of our soul, of God, of Truth, of Heave This confidence grows up by exercise. Accustom yourselv to think of God, to pray to him, to thank him for his goodne and you will soon have a more real, and deep and living fai in his existence. Look into your own heart, examine yo own character and tendencies and powers, and you will obta a true faith and respect for your own soul and spirit. But one ever has enough of Faith; all have constant occasion make the prayer—"Lord! I believe—help thou mine unbelief

Art. 2.—A VISION.

Is cum languore corporis nec membris uti, nec sensibus potest, incidit in visa varia, et incerta ex reliquiis, ut ait Aristoteles, inhærentibus earum rerum, quas vigilans gesserit aut cogitarit. *Cic. de Divin. Lib.* II c. 62.

In the last stage of a low nervous fever—when the powers of life, exhausted by protracted disease, seem to be gradually and silently fading away, like the flame of an expiring taper—I had passed from the low muttering delirium, so common in this species of disease, into that calm and quiet, but altogether helpless state, which often precedes dissolution. I was perfectly sensible of what was passing in my chamber and at my bed-side. I could hear the motions,—the voices of those around me. I distinctly perceived the entrance and departure of my medical attendant—felt the pressure of his fingers on my pulse, and heard the mingled tone of despondence and sympathy with which he assured my friends that this must probably be his last visit. The family assembled at my bed-side; and I heard that voice which I should never cease to revere, had I only this recollection of it, lifting itself up to heaven in my behalf, and making application before the throne of God for the spirit that they believed was departing. It ceased—and, one after another,—father, mother, brothers and sisters, came to take their last look of one so beloved,—though so imperfect. I felt the tender pressure of affection as they touched my passive hands, and heard the suppressed sobs, the whispers of condolence and comfort which were uttered as they left the room for the night. I would have given the world to have spoken, to have been able to recognize them by a look or a return of the pressure; yet such was my utter exhaustion that I was totally unable to command a single muscle of my frame. When I was thus left to the solitary stillness of my chamber, the most horrible and awful conceptions possessed me. It seemed as if the universe had ceased to be; as if God and man existed no longer, and I were a lonely and isolated being in the desolate immensity of space; and as if even I—the last existing thing—were about to be swallowed up in the infinite gulf of annihilation.

A few drops of cordial, with which my lips were wet by my attendant for the night, seemed to revive for a moment the spark of life. I opened my eyes, and with joy found myself able to gaze, for a last time, on the things around me. Oh! with what interest did I then look upon objects of the most trivial importance. The pitcher from which I was supplied

with drink, the spoon, the bowl, the curtains—all seemed to me like animated and conscious beings from whom it was painful to part. The candle, situated at a distance from my bed and partly hidden by a screen, cast a dim and uncertain gleam over the room. The shadows of various objects were thrown irregularly on the wall, which, as I relapsed into lethargy after the effect of the cordial had subsided—assumed various fantastic shapes. I felt a numbness and torpor extending from my extremities over my whole frame. Every pulsation of my heart, as if life were there concentrating its last efforts, seemed to be attended with an absolute and conscious exertion of the will. I put my finger with difficulty on my wrist, and felt the artery throbbing feebly with a slight fluttering motion. I put my hand on my heart—it was the last exertion of life—and found it beating so weakly as to be scarcely perceptible, and as it were about to cease forever. I believed myself dying—and the last impression on my mind, was that of dread at the thought of being ushered, 'an unprepared soul,' into the presence of that God, of whom, during my short life, I had thought so little and whom I had so imperfectly worshipped, to answer for opportunities neglected and privileges abused. Then all thought failed, all sensation ceased. The sound of the blazing fire—the ticking of the clock—all died away gradually on my ears, as he, who is descending into a long and dreary cavern, loses by degrees the cheerful light of heaven, ceases to hear the whispering of the trees, the murmuring of the wind, and that real, though indescribable sound, as it were the breathing of nature, which the simple presence of existing objects seems always to send forth. But though I ceased to live as an inhabitant of earth, I was still conscious of existence. Yet I was totally ignorant of the form I had taken, and of the world to which I was transferred. I seemed to have a power of seeing and of hearing, yet without organs, by which impressions could be received. I found myself conveyed rapidly away, by an unseen irresistible power, from our planet, and from the system to which it belongs. The earth and the pale crescent that attends it gradually lessened to my view, the sun and the planets diminished to points as I departed, and at length not only our system, but the multitude of suns, worlds and systems, with which it is connected, all faded away in the infinite distance. This universe of bodies sparkling with light, filled but an atom of the field before me; they sunk a dim and indistinct speck in the void and fathomless immensity through which I past. The sensation produced by this departure from all that was endowed with life, or associated

with my ideas of existence, was most horrible. Every thing seemed utterly dark and horrible, and I feared that I had been carried beyond the reach of the divine power; that the hand of God was confined to the universe I had left; and that I, like a condemned sinner, had been thrust out from his presence to wander forever in the eternal gulf of Chaos. Terrible as it would have been to have entered the presence of an angry and offended Deity, the idea was far more dreadful that I had been carried where his arm did not extend, where his power even, could not reach me. But before long, from another quarter of this infinite ocean, a ray of hope seemed to beam. A single point of light glimmered through the darkness, and to that point I approached. As I drew near, it enlarged and assumed a form and appearance similar to that of the universe I had left. Here too were stars and suns innumerable, blazing and revolving with the same infinite grandeur; and here too, system within system, world around world, rolled on unchanging and unchanged, in one unvaried and everlasting glory. I believed that I had now approached the dwelling of God, that here was the seat of his power, and that here in the immediate influence of his presence was to be the habitation of departed spirits—the evil to wither under the beams of his wrath, the good to flourish in the rays of his mercy. My first impulse was to hasten to his throne and submit my fate to his merciful decision. But just on the borders of this universe, I felt myself arrested by the influence of some mighty power, whose presence awed and chilled my very soul; though it used no words, yet it transmitted impressions to me in a sensible and intelligible manner, and I internally shuddered at the powerful and supernatural energy with which it communicated with me to this effect.

'You seek in vain, deluded spirit, a God whom your imagination has painted and your folly adored. You find him not, you cannot find him. Search the worlds you have left—the worlds you are coming to; there is nought in their arrangements, their revolutions or their order, which speaks the existence of any thing more than matter. Your human reason has been able to discover the laws by which these revolutions are performed; the principles on which this order is preserved. These laws, these principles are the prerogatives of matter, self-existent and self-dependent, and of matter only. They are your God—they are all your God. Your wise men have told you, that this matter and these powers must have had a creator. Fools! Is it easier to conceive of a spirit with power to create and govern matter, than of matter to create and govern

itself? How came this creator into existence? What creat him? Can spirit more than matter exist uncreated? He mu then have existed from all eternity. Short-sighted reasonin Why heap absurdity on absurdity? Cannot this univer have existed from all eternity as well as he? Cannot these la and powers, which support its economy, have been existent a active, without beginning and without cause, as well as being capable of calling them forth from nothing? You ha only pushed the difficulty farther from you, because you we afraid to look at the conclusion. And to what does yo boasted evidence of revelation amount? Your belief on affa so important, is grounded on human truth, on the credibili of human witnesses—on evidence that has daily deceiv you, that has imposed on your credulous species a thousa systems of fantastic superstition, built on foundations full stable as that which deluded you. Then go, fond wretc Get back to the grave you have deserted, and fatten the worn that are your brethren and your equals. Look for no immo tality but that which your own powers can bestow. Tl God on whom you lean has deceived you like a broken ree Where is the immortality which he has promised you, whic he has breathed into you? Where is that soul, so etherial, s celestially gifted, with which you were to soar up to heave and there, with the eternal, inhabit eternity. Like the win that whistles over your grave, you know not whence it cam nor whither it has gone.'

My intellect, my very existence seemed to wither int nothing as these sentiments, weak and groundless as the would have seemed to me in my waking hours, became in pressed on my mind, and I immediately found myself change from the aspiring and ethereal spirit I had just felt myself t be, back to the mortal and decaying body I had left. I lost a once the consciousness of any but my material existence. did not feel myself a spirit chained to the inanimate carcass- but I seemed to be the mouldering carcass itself. I exper enced all those nameless horrors that a living tenant of th grave might be imagined to suffer. Stretched on my col and narrow bed, I was destined to await the gradual but ce tain destruction which approached. I was sensible of th commencing decay of my frame. I felt my eyes sinking awa from the orbits they had filled—the flesh melting and peelin away from my bones—and the worm, whose hunger is neve satiated, gnawing, gnawing at my heart, and crawling, sluggisl cold and deathly, through every fibre, and into every recess o my body. This state continued till ages after ages had crep

away: till I had long lost the proportion and integrity of my form; till my flesh, yea, my bones themselves had mouldered into dust—till the hand of human toil had opened the sepulchre where I lay, and the winds of heaven had scattered my ashes over the face of the earth.

Yet after all this, I retained my powers of reason, and my sense of individual existence. I was conscious of still continuing to be a thinking, intelligent being, though my corporeal fabric had ceased to exist. I became convinced that there must be something inconsistent in the belief I had been persuaded to embrace; that I must be something more than material, for although my material part had mouldered away, yet I remained the same. I cursed the folly that had kept me inured so long in that narrow cell; for it seemed as if it had been an act of my own choice, the consequence of my own conviction.

Again, and with renovated powers, as if disencumbered from the clods of mortality, I ascended into spheres, where light all pervading and self-dependent filled every thing around me. Inspired with new hopes, I determined once more to seek the author of nature, and to know whether, as the evil spirit had persuaded me, the whole of this wonderful fabric of the universe was indeed produced by the brute laws of matter, acting without object and without end. The light in which I stood seemed to display to me the amazing structure of the whole creation, as clearly as we behold the machinery of a clock or a planetarium. In the motions of world around world, and systems influencing systems, I traced causes producing effects, and these effects in their turn becoming causes, through innumerable successions with the rapidity of thought, and with intellect as of an angel, yet I could come to no end, and I could find no beginning. The whole seemed to be a series of motions and operations revolving in a circle—and I could, at no particular point, trace that power which gave life and energy to the whole. I was bewildered—I was disheartened, and was again about to give myself up to the suggestions of despair, when I became, as before, sensible of the influence and impressions of some superior power.

'Do you compare, feeble and erring spirit—the works of God with your own? Do you look to find the universe constructed on a model of human invention? Do you believe that God, like the meaner powers which give energy to the machines you contrive, acts only on one spot of this vast universe, and that the whole is thence moved by a succession of influences? Can you find such a spot? Look at the structure and economy of your own body, which, short lived as it was, can teach a better

lesson than all the wisdom of man. Can you there fix on o point, where exists and acts the first spring of all its operatic or trace out the originating cause of its appetites, its functio or enjoyments? Is it the heart which sends forth streams life and health through the whole system? No, the heart pends on that very stream for its power of action. Is it t blood which penetrates and pervades the smallest fib Whence comes that blood, or how could it circulate but the heart, and the food from which it is prepared? Go whe you please—set out from any point—take any organ, you fi that whilst it is subservient to the operations of others, it equally indebted for assistance to them;—the whole is a cir of functions mutually connected, mutually dependent, and equally indebted for the continuance of their existence to t constant support of a single power, which acts at no one poi but extends to every fibre of the frame and actuates and giv energy to each. This power is the life which pervades t whole body, and is its essence and its soul. It is so with t universe that you behold. God is its life, its essence; prese at once in every point, by the constant operation of his pow he supports and keeps in motion the whole. There is then cause but him—every thing else is but effect, whilst he is thor of all. Trust not to the suggestions of the evil spi Did not the harmony of nature alone demonstrate the istence of a benevolent and intelligent Creator, yet had he s made himself known by his revelations to your species—re lations which are dependent not on human evidence, but miracles, which yet speak in your ears.'

It is impossible to describe the effect which these impressic produced on my mind. Immediately the film fell from bef my intellectual vision, and I clearly beheld the hand of G upholding and conducting all the infinite arrangements of vast creation. His presence filled all space and seemed pervade and influence every atom both of the living and dead. My doubts, my fears fled away before the light of countenance that beamed upon me, as mist before the risi sun, and my soul was filled with the most enthusiastic a transporting ecstacy. I seemed again to have found a staff which I could confidently lean through the endless march eternity. Rapture thrilled through my frame, as the gates Paradise rolled open on their living hinges to receive a spi recalled and redeemed from the delusions of evil. Shini ones took me by the hand to welcome me to my new abo and celestial music floated faintly on my ear, as I opened eyes to heaven. But no! it was life, renewed and restored

yond expectation and beyond hope, that invigorated my frame, and when I looked to have beheld the glorious habitations of the eternal world, my eyes were again greeted by these nether spheres. The dews of returning health were on my forehead when I woke, my hands were bathed in tears of paternal tenderness; for he who had left me, as he believed, chilled with the damps of death, and resigned me into the hands of his God, had found me restored as from the grave, to the hopes of life and the arms of affection. With my hands clasped in his and moistened with the tears of his joy, he was pouring forth his soul in gratitude to that Being who had thus rendered back the life he was about to take to himself; to be, as I trust, more highly valued and worthily employed, than it had ever been before.—*N. A. Review*, 1818.

Art. 3.—THE GOOD OLD DAME.

FROM THE FRENCH OF BERANGER.

My charming wife—'tis true you must grow old;
You will decay—but I shall then be cold;
Time seems indeed to count in his swift pace,
Twice o'er to me my days of youthful grace.
Survive me then—but let my words be graven
Upon your path along old age to heaven;
And good old dame, beside the cheerful fire,
Repeat the songs which did thy friend inspire.

When all eyes seek upon your wrinkled brow
Those charming traits which have inspired me now
To sweet description—one may then enquire,
"What was this much wept friend and tender sire?"
Then, dearest, paint mine ardent lover's tears,
My sweet delirium—e'en my jealous fears,
And, good old dame, beside the cheerful fire,
Repeat the songs which did thy friend inspire.

Some one will ask, "And did he lovely prove?"
Without a blush you'll say, "He had *my* love."
"Did a mean thought or act debase him ever?"
With honest pride you can reply, "No, never;"
And say that with a tender joyous heart
To tune an amorous lute he learned the art,
And good old dame, beside the cheerful fire
Repeat the songs which did thy friend inspire.

sion is not so much to become acquainted with it, for he kn it already by a previous intuition; but kindly to impart w he brings, and what it so much needs. He forces his way to its secret depths, less to search out what is there, than t them full of his own essence. He struggles upward wi longing once more to partake of that element from whic sprung. Every thing which he expresses stands related t everlasting Whole, an eternal Good, an unchanging Truth infinite Beauty, whose influence he seeks to quicken in e heart. The particulars of earthly knowledge which he tains, melt down into his method, and as smoke vani away in the air, are lost sight of in the power of his style.

But Aristotle, on the other hand, stands upon the e like a man who is to build a home there. Here he is, here he must work and act. He examines the soil, but deeper than to a solid foundation. What lies beneath t down to the centre, is to him indifferent. He measures o ground plan of vast extent; from all quarters he brings toge materials—joins them regularly together—and thus his bu ing rises, in the form of a pyramid, on high; while Plato s the heavens like an obelisk, or rather like a pointed flame.

And when two such men, who in a certain sense divide man nature between them, stand forward as distinct repre tatives of splendid qualities, not easily united together—ha had the fortune fully to develope themselves, and entirely express all that was developed within them; that too, no short laconic aphorisms like the answers of an oracle, bu complete, thorough, and various works; and when these w have been preserved for the good of humanity, and alw have been more or less studied and considered; it foll naturally that the world, so far as it can be looked upo susceptible and thoughtful, must give itself to the one or other, must recognize the one or the other as its ma teacher, and guide.

This necessity evinces itself most clearly in the interpr tion of the sacred scriptures. These writings with the cha ter of self-dependence, wonderful originality, variety, tot and unboundedness of their contents—yet brought no rule which they might be measured. It must be sought from w out. And so the whole body of those who went to work u them, Jews and Christians, Heathens and Saints, Ch Fathers and Heretics, Councils and Popes, Reformers Infidels—interpreting and explaining, connecting and plying, expounding and applying—went to work conscio or unconsciously, either in the Platonic or the Aristote

I think, a very obliging fellow. In the way this morning he sang us two Gaelic songs, one made by a Mrs. Brown, on her husband's being drowned, the other a Jacobin one on Charles Stuart. For some days, Brown has been enquiring out his genealogy here. He thinks his grand-father came from Long Island. He got a parcel of people about him at a cottage door last evening, chatted with one who had been a Miss Brown, and who, I think, from a likeness, must be a relation. He talked with the old woman—flattered a young one—kissed a child who was afraid of his spectacles, and finally drank a pint of milk. They handle his spectacles as we do a sensitive leaf.

July 26. Well, we had a most wretched walk of it 37 miles across the Island of Mull, and then we crossed to Iona or Icolmkill; from Icolmkill, we took a boat at a bargain to take us to Staffa, and land us at the rear of Loch Nagal, where we should only have to walk half the distance to Obanagain, and on a better road. All this is well passed and done, with this singular piece of luck, that there was an intermission in the bad weather just as we saw Staffa, at which it is impossible to land but in a tolerable calm sea. But I will first mention Icolmkill. I know not whether you ever heard much about this Island; I never did before I came nigh it; it is rich in the most interesting antiquities. Who would expect to find the ruins of a fine cathedral church, of cloister colleges, monasteries and nunneries in so remote an island? The beginning of these things was in the sixteenth century, under the superstition of a *would be* Bishop-saint, who landed from Ireland, and chose the spot for its beauty; for at that time the now treeless place was covered with magnificent woods. Columba in the Gaelic is Colm, signifying dove; Kill signifies church; and I is as good as Island; so I-colm-kill means the Island of St. Columba's Church. Now this Saint Columba became the Dominic of the Barbarian Christians of the North, and was famed also far south; but more especially was reverenced by the Scots, the Picts, the Norwegians, the Irish. In the course of years, perhaps, the Island was considered the most holy ground of the north, and the old kings of the above mentioned nations chose it for their burial place. We were shown a spot in the churchyard where they say 61 kings are buried—41 Scotch from Fergus 2d to Macbeth, 8 Irish, 4 Norwegian, and one French. They lie in rows compact. Then we were shown other matters of later date, but still very ancient—many tombs of Highland chieftains, their effigies in complete armour, face upwards, black and moss-covered—abbots and bishops of the Island always one of the chief clans. There were plenty of Macleans

piness of heaven, will be eternally progressive—that as grac added to grace, so will glory be added to glory. But on w does the growth of the moral and religious nature depend? answer—on trial—trial that demands and produces effort, effort expands and strengthens. What is good in man, can more grow without a system of trials, than the flowers that l your garden paths, without the alternating rain and sunshi We are then to expect (of a different kind undoubtedly, fr what they have been,) but we are to expect trials in heaven, among others—trials of the affections. But in the case of mother, whom we have supposed, would not the trials of the fections which she undergoes, eclipse and extinguish all h piness? I think not; and the solution of the difficulty, is in p found in a principle of human nature, not enough observed. That principle is, that in proportion as one becomes better, derives more benefit and suffers less pain from the same tri A trial which will break a bad man down, heart and ho make him nerveless and desperate—a really good man bear with comparative cheerfulness and resignation. And only does he suffer less, but he is also benefitted more than bad man. I do not attempt here to account for this; it enough to refer to it, as a known law of human nature. A I see no reason why the human soul in heaven, in its progr toward perfection in the course of ages, should not ultimat arrive at that state in which, though environed by trials, shall derive a good without pain from them—as bees draw h ey, unharmed, from the very bosom of poisonous flowers. This principle will in part, as it seems to me, explain how t mother may suffer this trial of her affections in heaven, a still enjoy the happiness of heaven. The trial will call spiritual powers and capacities of happiness within her, t will more than counterbalance the direct pain of the trial. So the mariner at first thinks that the mountain wave that a proaches and casts its shadow, like night, on his little vessel the gulf below, will overtake it. But instead of this, such the law of nature, he finds that his vessel ascends, swan-li till it rides gracefully on its summit, with the broad horiz around and the bright sky above.

Still further: on earth, a good parent punishes only to form a child, and to believe that on earth any of the trials which Providence subjects us, are meant for any thing but o good, is but one remove from darkest Atheism. If the gre principles of Providence are not changed by a man's goi from one country to another, by dropping the flesh that i prisons the spirit, by dying—and if the constitution of hum

What is this, and what art thou?
Whisper'd I, and touched his brow—
What art thou, and what is this?
Whisper'd I, and strove to kiss
The spirit's hand to wake his eyes—
Up he started in a trice—
"I am Lycidas," said he,
"Famed in funeral minstrelsy.
"This was architected thus
"By the great Oceanus.
"Here the mighty waters play
"Hollow organs all the day.
"Here by turns his dolphins all
"Finy palmers great and small
"Come to pay devotion due
"Each a month of mass must rue.
"Many a mortal of these days
"Dares to pass our sacred ways
"Dares to touch audaciously
"This cathedral of the sea.
"I have been the pontiff priest
"Where the waters never rest,
"Where a fledgy sea-bird choir
"Soars forever—holy fire,
"I have hid from mortal man,
"Proteus is my sacristan.
"But the stupid eye of mortal
"Hath passed beyond the rocky portal,
"So forever will I leave
"Such a taint and soon unweave
"All the magic of the place—
"'Tis now free to stupid face,
"To cutters and to fashion boats,
"To cravats and to petticoats.
"The great sea shall wear it down,
"For its fame shall not be blown
"At every farthing quadrille dance."
So saying with a spirit's glance
He dived.

I am sorry I am so indolent as to write such stuff as this—it can't be helped. The western coast of Scotland is a most strange place; it is composed of rocks, mountains, and mountainous and rocky Islands, intersected by Lochs. You can go but a small distance any where from salt water in the Highlands.

Art. 5.—WISDOM OF TOLERATION.

STRIKING EXTRACT FROM THE EDINBURGH REVIEW.

We will not be deterred by any fear of misrepresentation from expressing our hearty approbation of the mild, wise, and eminently Christian manner in which the church and the government have lately acted with respect to blasphemous publications. We praise them for not having thought it necessary to encircle a religion pure, merciful and philosophical,—a religion to the evidences of which the highest intellects have yielded, with the defences of a false and bloody superstition. The ark of God was never taken till it was surrounded with the arms of earthly defenders. In captivity, its sanctity was sufficient to secure it from insult, and to lay the hostile fiend prostrate on the threshold of his own temple. The real security of Christianity is to be found in its benevolent morality, in its exquisite adaptation to the human heart, in the facility with which its scheme accommodates itself to the capacity

sion is not so much to become acquainted with it, for he kno it already by a previous intuition; but kindly to impart wl he brings, and what it so much needs. He forces his way to its secret depths, less to search out what is there, than to them full of his own essence. He struggles upward wit longing once more to partake of that element from which sprung. Every thing which he expresses stands related to everlasting Whole, an eternal Good, an unchanging Truth, infinite Beauty, whose influence he seeks to quicken in ev heart. The particulars of earthly knowledge which he tains, melt down into his method, and as smoke vanis away in the air, are lost sight of in the power of his style.

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And when two such men, who in a certain sense divide h man nature between them, stand forward as distinct represe tatives of splendid qualities, not easily united together—havi had the fortune fully to develope themselves, and entirely express all that was developed within them; that too, not short laconic aphorisms like the answers of an oracle, but complete, thorough, and various works; and when these wor have been preserved for the good of humanity, and alwa have been more or less studied and considered; it follo naturally that the world, so far as it can be looked upon susceptible and thoughtful, must give itself to the one or t other, must recognize the one or the other as its mast teacher, and guide.

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manner. Instancing only the Jewish school, the talmudic and cabalistic mode of treating the Bible, is a proof of this.

And as in interpreting and applying scripture, so also in interpreting, carrying forward, and applying scientific knowledge, the whole band of students fell into two parties. If we look at the later sages and scholars of Africa, especially Egypt, how every thing inclines toward the Platonic mode of investigation. If we look at the Asiatics, we find a stronger tendency toward the method of Aristotle, as in later times was strikingly seen among the Arabians.

And like nations, so also are centuries divided by a reverence for Plato or Aristotle, now peaceful, now violently contentious. And it is a great advantage of our own time, that our esteem for the two is equally balanced—even as Raphael, in his celebrated picture of the school of Athens, has introduced both, and placed them opposite to each other.

Art. 7.—ON THE RECOGNITION OF FRIENDS HEREAFTER.

An objection that weighs with great force on some minds, against the probability of friends recognizing each other after death, is the following—that it would blight the happiness of Heaven. For example, were the most virtuous and pious mother that ever lived, to have a vicious son, and to recognize him hereafter, would not the spectacle of his misery drag her down from the happiness of heaven to a wretchedness, scarce less than his own? Such questions, those taught of sorrow and trial, and to be human is to know sorrow, will ask. We hear such questions from others; we ask them in the silent mournings of our own hearts. It seems to us, that the difficulty arises from a misapprehension as to the nature of heaven, and of the mutual relations of virtue and trial.

We have, perhaps, no reason to suppose that the trials of the good, will end with death. To say that they will, is to doom the good to a perfectly stationary, instead of a progressive happiness. Permanent happiness is the result of, and proportioned to the degree of expansion and action of the moral and religious faculties and affections. If a man ceases to grow better, his happiness ceases to increase. If one's affections are stationary, then the happiness, whose fountain is the love of man and God, will be stationary. Whereas, we believe, that the hap-

piness of heaven, will be eternally progressive—that as grac added to grace, so will glory be added to glory. But on wl does the growth of the moral and religious nature depend? answer—on trial—trial that demands and produces effort, a effort expands and strengthens. What is good in man, can more grow without a system of trials, than the flowers that li your garden paths, without the alternating rain and sunshi We are then to expect (of a different kind undoubtedly, fr what they have been,) but we are to expect trials in heaven, a among others—trials of the affections. But in the case of t mother, whom we have supposed, would not the trials of the a fections which she undergoes, eclipse and extinguish all ha piness? I think not; and the solution of the difficulty, is in pa found in a principle of human nature, not enough observed.- That principle is, that in proportion as one becomes better, l derives more benefit and suffers less pain from the same tria A trial which will break a bad man down, heart and hop make him nerveless and desperate—a really good man wi bear with comparative cheerfulness and resignation. And no only does he suffer less, but he is also benefitted more than th bad man. I do not attempt here to account for this; it i enough to refer to it, as a known law of human nature. An I see no reason why the human soul in heaven, in its progres toward perfection in the course of ages, should not ultimatel arrive at that state in which, though environed by trials, i shall derive a good without pain from them—as bees draw hon ey, unharmed, from the very bosom of poisonous flowers.— This principle will in part, as it seems to me, explain how th mother may suffer this trial of her affections in heaven, an still enjoy the happiness of heaven. The trial will call ou spiritual powers and capacities of happiness within her, tha will more than counterbalance the direct pain of the trial.— So the mariner at first thinks that the mountain wave that ap proaches and casts its shadow, like night, on his little vessel i the gulf below, will overtake it. But instead of this, such i the law of nature, he finds that his vessel ascends, swan-like till it rides gracefully on its summit, with the broad horizo around and the bright sky above.

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nature is not subverted by death (a change which apparently has nothing to do with the constitution of the soul,) so that man does not loose his moral freedom—then surely we may at least hope that all trials and sufferings in the next life, will have a beneficent purpose; and that purpose, to reform the evil that they may be fitted for happiness, and to improve the good that they may be fitted for greater happiness. If there be hope that things are so, then may the mother, while she suffers at seeing the sufferings and guilt of her child, also see that his sufferings are but the lancet and the fire, necessary to extirpate the disease of guilt, and to fit him for a healthy and enduring happiness.

The difficulty proposed for solution, arises from expecting that man in heaven shall have perfect and infinite happiness: forgetting that the All Perfect One can alone be infinitely happy; and from forgetting that to the purification and growth of what is good, trial is necessary; while as goodness increases, the same trial is the source of diminishing pain, and increasing benefit. But it must be confessed, that on these subjects, we speculate but darkly. These are subjects on which revelation has not dwelt, and on which reason utters only vague intimations. As we penetrate into these mysterious regions of speculation, we are like one who passes into a vast cavern, its roof supported by columns of rocks; its sluggish streams winding and murmuring away into obscure abysses—while the light that is thrown in through the narrow opening, casts distorting shadows that often blind and lead us astray, instead of guiding us aright. Such often is the light of reason thrown forward into futurity—sufficient to show that there are mysteries to be revealed, but insufficient to disclose the nature of those mysteries to our eyes.

As an example of what we mean, when we say that though the direct action of trial may be most painful, it may, if rightly met, ultimately open deeper and fuller fountains of happiness than it closes, we will give almost the very words of a childless widow.

My husband died, and then disease seized on my children, and they were taken, one by one. In the course of a few years, I had lain those in whom my heart was bound up, in the grave. Oh! they were many, many bitter tears that I shed. The world was dark. The very voice of consolation was a pain. I could sit by the side of my friend, but could not hear him speak of my departed ones. My affliction was too deep to be shared. It seemed as if God himself had deserted me. I was alone. The places at the table and the fireside remained—but they who filled them were gone. Oh the loneliness

as it had been a tomb, of my chamber. How blessed sleep! For then the dead lived again. They were all arc me. My youngest child and last, sat on my knee—she le up in my arms, she uttered my name with infant joyous and that sweet tone was as if an angel had spoken to my soul. But the dream vanished, and the dreary morning b and I waked and prayed—and I sought forgiveness even I uttered it for my unholy prayer—prayed that God woul me lie down in the grave side by side with my children husband.

But better thoughts came. In my grief I remembered though my loved ones were separated from me, the s Father—the same Infinite Love, watched over them as they were by my fireside. We were divided, but only f season. And by degrees my grief grew calmer. But s then, my thoughts have been more in that world, where have gone than in this. I do not remember less, but I forward and upward more. I learned the worth of Pr and Reliance. Would that I could express to every mou how the sting is taken away from the grief of one, who a true and full heart puts her trust in God. I can n again go into the gay world. The pleasures of this world no longer pleasures to me. But I have trust and hope confidence. I know that my Redeemer liveth. I know God ever watches over his children. And in my desola this faith of the heart has long enabled me to feel, a diffe kind of pleasure indeed, but a far deeper, though more s joy, than the pleasures of this world ever gave me even youth and health and friends, all conspired to give them keenest relish.

"You have learned in your own heart," I said, "tha trials are not evils."

It was with eyes up-turned to heaven, and gushing over tears, not tears of sorrow, but gratitude, and with a ra countenance, that she answered, in a tone so mild, so ra if her heart were speaking to her God,—'*It has been goo me that I have been afflicted.*' E.

Art. 8.—HOMEWARD BOUND.

Written off St. Helena, Aug. 6, 1835; *Lat.* 25 *deg.* 29 *min. Long.* 3 *deg.* 19 *min.*

1

Rolling down to St. Helena, homeward bound we go,
Right before the south-east trades that fresh and strongly blow,
With studding sails 'low and aloft, all full and drawing well,
Merrily we roll along before the heaving swell.

2

See here and there an albatross around the vessel sails,
With snowy head, and broad brown wings, which fan the southern gales,
And, wheeling on untiring wings, the speckled pigeons glide,
Now, darting right across her bows, now close along her side.

3

We're fifty days from Java Head, and homeward bound are we,
And in another fifty days, in Boston Bay we'll be—
For we the cape of storms have passed, and all our perils o'er,
Will think of those who look for us, upon our native shore.

4

Our native shore, our native shore—a year has passed away,
Since lessening in the distance its hills behind us lay,
And of that band of friends of whom, we on that day took leave,
How many may there be whose loss we soon shall have to grieve.

5

Begone! ye sad and gloomy thoughts, and let us hope the best,
And blow ye winds and waft us soon unto the far off West,
Where many an anxious look is cast upon the ocean strand,
By mothers, wives and sisters, a fond expecting band.

6

Haul up the mainsail quick, my boys, and lower the spanker too—
The wind's dead aft as it can blow, no good those sails can do—
Eight knots we're running by the log, all foaming is the sea,
And rolling down to St. Helena, homeward bound are we! S. C. C.

Art. 9.—HELPS TO EDUCATION, NOT A WAYS HELPS.

Often in considering our intellectual and moral privi we are apt to find cause of boasting, where we should r see reason for greater caution and renewed activity. cause ours is peculiarly the age of schools, colleges, and naries of religious instruction, we are too ready to infer it is the age of sound learning, true wisdom and piety. cause the opportunities for education which we enjoy a far superior to those which our fathers enjoyed, we are apt to look back upon the days of slender opportunities feelings of pride and pity: as if we lived at a time not only v knowledge is spread far and wide, but when wisdom and strength of mind are equally common and easy to be obtai We are apt to forget that as we surpass our fathers in means, the outward means, of Education, so there is reason to fear that we shall be surpassed by them in that dom which is the fruit of real experience, and that self-ed tion, which many a persevering mind had ardently prosec long before books were so plenty as they now are, or sch were as common and accessible.

Now, it is a plain truth that without self-education—with the mind's intense action and earnest development of its powers, the direct means of instruction, which are furnis by schools and colleges, and their indirect means which sp from the influence of the world around us, from associa from the events that happen to us, in short from our own ward experience, will avail little. Those are useful only, so far as by them the mind rouses its own powers and bri them to the work. Without the mind's own action, all means of instruction which this and all other ages have rived are useless, and as has been truly said, "might as well heaped on a dead man or on a statue."

This truth seems plain enough, too plain to be stated, w it not so often forgotten. We seem often to suppose t there is a magic power in schools and in colleges, to unfold strengthen the mind; and that the pilgrim to the seat of scie is as sure of gaining his object as the pilgrims of old thought sure of gaining a saint's favor or a deity's smiles, a journey to some hallowed shrine. It seems to be thoug that the machinery of instruction is now so perfect, that faculties can be developed and the mind formed by the m mechanism of system.

I remember seeing a very amusing English caricature of the probable progress of arts and sciences in this century. In this drawing there appeared railroads of such wonderful construction, that hotels of large dimensions were carried along the tracks, and the boarders, instead of being put to the trouble of getting into cars, were quietly smoking their cigars on the piazzas, and thus journeying at their ease whithersoever they would. And there were balloons quietly sailing through the air, with ladies and gentlemen as comfortably and socially seated in them as if in a sleigh or a carriage. And most remarkable of all, there appeared a man walking the streets, bearing aloft a large placard, declaring that a cast iron minister would preach by steam, at a specified time and place. Now, ludicrous as this last notion seems, it is no more ludicrous than the opinions of those who exaggerate the worth of the mere outward means of knowledge and the systems of instruction, as if these advantages would in themselves make up for lack of mental effort, and dispense with the learner's voluntary energies. For the best school books, the most ingenious systems of instruction can no more form and strengthen the mind, without its own energetic effort, than an iron machine can compose and deliver an eloquent sermon, or originate a sublime poem. Whether surrounded by all the books in the world, or without a single book to read, whether in the best seminaries in our land or in a log hut, which the schoolmaster has never approached, a man must rouse his own powers, if they are ever roused; he must educate himself, if he is ever educated.

In speaking of self-education, we are too apt to think of it only in connection with those persons who have enjoyed no opportunities of regular instruction, those men, who could hardly find a book to read, or a lamp to light then in their studies. But there is peculiar reason why the youth of our own day should consider themselves as called to the work of self-education; for if they do not give themselves up to this work, they will find, that with all their boasted advantages, they will fall behind their fathers in true wisdom and strength of mind; they will find that they have trusted too much in their privileges, and been blinded into a confidence in merely outward opportunities, a confidence which a sad, though too tardy experience will not fail to dispel.

Indeed, much as we ought to appreciate the means of information, which almost all persons enjoy in our own day, it must be acknowledged, that we are exposed to some dangers to which those self-taught men, whom we are wont to pity for

being destitute of these advantages, were not exposed. T
self-taught men—a Franklin, a Rittenhouse, a Ferguso
Roger Sherman, or a Murray were thrown entirely upon t
own resources. They saw clearly that the work of Educa
if performed at all, must be performed by their own h
they were not led to put a false trust in the aid of teache
systems of instruction. They took the helm into their
hands, and steered their course with the energy and enterp
natural to those, who know that their destiny depend
their own effort. On this account there was much in t
circumstances that we might well envy, however much
nominal advantages may be superior to theirs. Cons
the difficulties, with which Franklin struggled. There
strength flowing to him from these very difficulties: these qu
ened his enterprise: opposition armed him with fresh ene
Consider Rittenhouse, our other self-taught great philosop
The young student of astronomy of our own day, provi
with the best text books, the best maps and illustrations,
perhaps lazily pouring over them, might have been provo
by very opposition to the study, had he been obliged
Rittenhouse, to chalk over his father's fences and ploughs,
lack of proper diagrams and writing materials. Consider
great astronomer, Ferguson—a self-taught man, employed
his early years as a shepherd, while his flock were feed
around him, he used to busy himself in making the models
mills, spinning-wheels, &c. during the day, and during
night in studying the stars, like his predecessors of Chald
With his miserable astronomical apparatus of threads
beads, he learned truths that have never entered the head
many of the highly favored students of astronomy of our d
who enjoy the company of philosophers, and are permitted
frequent the proudest halls of science. Consider again
early years of Alexander Murray, of Scotland, a self-tau
man and as great a linguist as ever lived. With no ot
book than a little catechism, which was commonly locked
as being too good for ordinary use, and with no other sl
than the board of an old wool card, and no better pe
than a brand, snatched from the fire, he laid the foundation
a better education than he would probably ever have acquir
had he been pampered in the lap of indulgence, and surrounc
as so many of the youth of our day with the best facilities
instruction.

Now, if the right view of education prevailed, the sa
spirit that inspired these self-taught men would be carr
into all our schools and seminaries of learning; we should th

consider, that not only they who have narrow opportunities, but that all, whether in school or out of school, much favored with advantages, or little favored, should take the business of education into their own hands; that in short there is but one kind of education that is good for any thing, and that is self-education. It is from lack of adopting this right view, that so much less effect is produced by the immense improvements in systems of education, than might be expected to be produced, and so much dullness and inefficacy pervades our seminaries of learning. The young act on the principle, that they are sent to school and to college *to be educated*, rather than to educate themselves. They thus give themselves up passive instruments into the teacher's hand, as if the labor were his, rather than their own. Thus many a young man who has enjoyed years of instruction, and all the advantages which wealth can bestow, has failed of acquiring as much true wisdom and strength of mind as his father possessed at a like age, who had perhaps but six or twelve weeks schooling in the year and that probably not of the best kind, nor continued many years.

And here we may insist on a distinction that is obvious enough in itself, but too often unheeded, the distinction between knowledge and true wisdom, or true strength of mind. It is clear, that a man may know all the events that history records; he may have read all the books that have ever been written, and may remember all he has read, and yet be little wise, and have little power of intellect. Yet we are apt to suppose, that because knowledge is now widely diffused, power of mind is equally well spread; that because the most valuable information may now be obtained by every man, even at his own fireside, true wisdom is equally universal. A greater mistake cannot be made. Knowledge indeed is power, according to the oft quoted saying of Lord Bacon. But it is power, not when it is merely retained in the memory, but when the mind takes hold of it with a strong grasp, penetrates into its inner principles, and converts into living truth that which would otherwise have been but an array of dead materials.

I might go on and endeavor to point out instances of a lack of originality and freshness, and to speak of the tame uniformity of mind which prevails in our own day in consequence of the wrong views and practice in relation to self-education, and the wrong value attached to the mere machine work of education. I might speak of the master minds of the ancient world, and show how much of their greatness may be attributed to their

being compelled to work out their own education—even wealthiest of them being compelled to seek for instruction foreign parts, and even then to avail themselves of it by most intense labor. But I pass on to say a word of the n of self-formed men, as respects our political, moral, and r gious interests.

The same sort of influences that are breaking down originality of individual intellects by subjecting them to machinery of system, and stamping with the same star minds which Providence has so wisely and wonderfully m to differ, is at work in the political and religious world. Pa spirit in politics and the tyranny of association among ma religious bodies, is taking away much of the just independe of individual minds. Public opinion, that despot of our co try, takes from many minds their natural freedom, and ma thousands, who should think and act for themselves, with brand of moral slavery. Thus there are myriads among who are as much the slaves of other men's minds or of multitude's will, as if they owned the sway of a Pope, or h their ideas cast in the unalterable mould of Hindostan China.

If ever there was a time when men were called upon have minds of their own and energies of their own, it is no Each man is called upon to do justice by his own efforts, his own individual faculties—to form opinions and pursue line of conduct for himself and not hide himself among t multitude, and be borne along with the crowd, as a feather the tide. Bold and independent minds are needed, who c stand against the shock of multitudes, and be deaf to the voi of party. Such spirits are needed, for, now-a-days, both politics, philanthropy and religion, measures are carried f ward too much by crowdings and huzzas. "Things go much by noise and hurra," says a strong-minded man, w has always thought and acted for himself: the shout is rais up with it, up with it, and up it goes: down with it, do with it, and down it goes."

Let each man be true to his own nature—let him feel t God has given to him peculiar faculties, and has placed h among peculiar circumstances and opportunities; let him r with his own God-given energy, and draw forth these powe and be worthy of his opportunities; let him do this, and will be an independent man—his mind its own master. though his powers may be humble and his opportunities fe he will have a more respectable, perhaps a more respect character than many of those highly gifted minds who suf

themselves to be borne along the current of popular opinion, or enslaved by the tyranny of party, or sect, or association. Every human being is an original from the hand of God. Let him not by negligence or ignorance or slavish imitation, mar the divine beauty of the original proportions.

Cincinnati, Ohio. S. O.

Art. 10.—MANNERS AND HABITS OF THE WESTERN PIONEERS.

HUNTING.

The chief business of a frontier life was hunting. The preservation of life, from day to day, depended on the skill and fortitude with which it was pursued. It therefore constituted the highest dignity and enjoyment of a back-woodsman. A great hunter was his beau ideal of a great man. So dependent were our females at first on the produce of the hunt, "that it was no uncommon thing for them to live for several months without a mouthful of bread. It frequently happened that there was no breakfast until it was obtained from the woods."* Moreover, fur and peltry were the people's money. They had nothing else to give in exchange for rifles, salt and iron, on the other side of the mountains.

This traffic was denied in a great degree to the far west, owing to its distant position and the hostile state of the country. The exhilarating chase, so animating at any time, but stirring indeed, when the Indians might be lurking in any cane-brake, was principally followed in the fall and the early part of the winter, after deer; during the whole winter and spring, for the fur animals. The season for hunting was often expressed by saying that "fur was good in every month, whose name contains the letter R." As soon as the fall of the leaf had taken place, and the rains and light snows had come on; the frontier men, after having acted the part of husbandman as far as the hostile condition of the country would admit, longed to be in the woods after the game, with all the restless eagerness of the passion for hunting." "They became uneasy at home; every thing about them became disagreeable. The house was too warm, the feather bed was too soft, and even the good wife was not thought for the time a proper companion. The mind

* Doddridge, 123.

of the hunter was wholly occupied with the camp and t
chase. I have often seen them get up early in the morning
this season, walk hastily out, and look anxiously to the woo
and snuff the autumnal winds with the utmost rapture; th
walk into the house, and cast a quick and attentive look at t
rifle, which was always suspended to a joist by a couple
buck horns or little forks. His hunting dog, understandi
the intentions of his master, would wag his tail, and by eve
blandishment in his power, would express his readiness to
company him to the woods. A day was soon appointed
the march of the little cavalcade to the camp. Two or th
horses furnished with packsaddles, were loaded with flo
Indian meal, blankets, and every thing else requisite for t
use of the hunter." A hunting camp, or what was called
half faced cabin or camp, was formed sometimes with a lar
log for its back; eight or ten feet from this, a couple of stak
were driven into the ground, to receive the side poles, a
opposite to them, two others eight or ten feet from the forme
Thus the sides of the camp were formed. The roof slop
from the front to the back; this was covered with slabs, skin
or blankets; and if it was the spring of the year, the bark of t
hickory, or of the ash tree was employed. The front was le
entirely open and the fire kindled there. The openings b
tween the poles were stuffed with moss and dry leaves, whic
formed both carpet and bed. Such were the temporary she
ters from the inclemencies of the weather, which were rais
by the hunters in a few hours. A little more labor, (but th
was a hateful necessity to the free and independent habits
the Pioneers,) might have rendered a hunting camp pro
against any attack from Indians. As it was, vigilance did n
always protect the white hunters from surprise and death
their camps, from the Indians.

The site of the camp called for the aid of the best sagaci
of the woodsman to shelter it from the north and west winc
Nor was the situation of his camp, the only way in which
hunter could show his wood-craft; so far from it, that a skil
hunter could tell by the state of the weather, before he left
more permanent home, where he should meet with the gam
whether in the bottom, on the sides, or the tops of the hil
In stormy weather, the deer always seek the most shelter
places, and the leeward side of the hills. In rainy weather,
which there is not much wind, they keep in the open woo
on the highest ground. In all situations, the hunter requir
to know the direction of the wind, in order to sit on the
side of the game. For this purpose, he would put his fing

in his mouth until it got warm, and then raising it above his head, the side of his finger which first became cold, would tell him the course of the wind, and the direction of the chase would be accordingly modified. The points of the compass, too, were as necessary in the waste of woods as in that of the waters. The instrument for pointing out the navigation of the forest, was the appearance of the bark and the moss on the trunks of the trees. "The bark of an aged tree is thicker and much rougher on the north tide."

These were only part of the tactics of the hunter; he was constantly on the alert with all his experience and knowledge of the ground, not only to gain the wind of the game, but to approach it without being seen. If he succeeded in killing a deer, he skinned it and hung it up out of reach of the wolves;" the hunter might then resume his sport, and follow it till evening, when he would repair to his camp, kindle a fire, and together with his fellow hunter, if he had one, enjoy the fruit of the day's toil. Then after supper, the adventures of many a day's hunting, "the spike buck, the two and three pronged, the doe and the barren doe," or the surly bear; the fierce buffaloe, or the leaping panther, (or *painter*, as is the pronunciation of the woodsmen,) or above all, the wily Indian, beguiled away the long evening; until the fatigues of the day wrapped the musers in an imperfect repose, and wakeful sleep. After hunting for some time on the same ground, the hunter could, it is said, distinguish the different gangs of deer, so as to know one flock from another. Often an old sagacious buck would, by his wary manœuvres, save his gang from the huntsman's skill; the parties seemed pitched against one another, at most unequal odds, however—life on the one hand, against sport on the other. Occasionally it would happen, as "time and chance happen to all *animals*;" that through a whole season, a hunter would be foiled by some remarkable antagonist, and the antlered hero would still be left, to head his spotted dependents a little longer. If, however, the craft of the hunter brought down the pride of the woods, the victory was enjoyed with no small boast on his part, and triumph on that of his companions. Thus the mimic war went on; but the weather was unsuitable for hunting; the skins and carcasses of the game were taken into the settlements, whenever sufficiently near, and disposed of. It was pleasing to know, that amidst the cares and dangers of the forest, *many* of the hunters would not hunt on Sundays. Some from the religious feelings of former years and other states of life; while others, who entertained no particular veneration for the birth-day of creation,

used to say, "that whenever they hunted on Sundays, th were sure to have bad luck all the rest of the week."

THE LABORS OF THE FRONTIER.

The labors of a hostile frontier, it may well be conceiv were heavy; and often painfully interrupted, so long as a apprehensions were entertained from the Indians. The grea part of the population was huddled together in forts or s tions, as they were termed; imperfectly cultivating some ad cent or even distant fields. In these agricultural labors, t rifle was used with the plough, and the hoe: every man w afield with his military equipment; the arms were stacked i central position to be seized on the first alarm. A centi was stationed on the outside of the fence, when the work w going on; upon whose signal of alarm the whole compa rushed to their arms, ready for mortal combat in a mome Yet with these trying precautions and load of care upon th minds, in addition to the heavy labors of opening a farm in t country, where, to use the expressive description of the pe ple, there was'nt a stick amiss; the crops of the pione were often wasted by the horses and cattle which were into the fields through the gaps and fences, made by the falli of the thick timber; their sheep and hogs were devoured the wolves, the panthers, and the bear; their grain destroy by whole troops of squirrels and raccoons. Many times, the very height of the season, the husbandman was called by his more imperious duties as a soldier; and the harvest the spring's labor, on the summer's ripening, was in a gre degree lost.

MILITARY DUTIES OF THE FRONTIER.

In these truly iron times, every able bodied man was truth a soldier, by the stern necessity of his condition. Ara and Tartars, or even our own Indians, are not more constan on the look out for the attacks of an enemy, than were t backwoodsmen of the West, at the times under descripti Indeed the best and most faithful idea that can be formed our countrymen at this time, is, that they were Indians many respects more, than in their complexion. One m honorable exception it would be cruel injustice not state: that is mercy to females and children, in the prose tion of the relentless barbarity of the times. The frontier m were constantly under arms, from the early spring to the l fall: the frontiers of Pennsylvania and Virginia were stud with military stations, such as have been described. Fr

these were issuing war parties against the Indians, almost as frequently as from the Indian towns, against them. In these military expeditions, the analogy to Indian manners was again displayed; the hold of officers upon their men was slight; that of popularity most efficient. Officers might advise, but they could not command obedience; they might counsel, and those who approved of their advice, might follow it; while those who did not, staid at home. Public odium was the only punishment for their laziness, or cowardice; this was, however a heavy penalty in a state of society, in which public opinion was so powerful, and sympathy with each other so intense. We can scarcely conceive in a society of commercial selfishness, how close the relations of the community are, whose members are cemented together, by common fears and dangers into one family union. In conformity with this character, it is said, "that the instances of disobedience in families and individuals to the advice of their officers, were by no means numerous. The greater number submitted to their directions, with a prompt and cheerful obedience."

Any man who without a reasonable cause, failed to go and scout on campaigns, when it came to his turn, met with an expression of indignation in the countenances of all his neighbors, and epithets of dishonor were fastened upon him without mercy. "Debts which make such an uproar in civilized life, were but little known among our forefathers at the early settlement of this country. After the depreciation of the continental paper, they had no money of any kind; every thing purchased was paid for in produce or labor. A good cow and calf was often the price of a bushel of alum salt. If a contract was not punctually fulfilled, the credit of the delinquent was at an end." This was of course in the north-western part of the State; as the only salt known in the far west, was that manufactured from the salt springs of the country. If a theft was detected in any of the frontier settlements, a summary mode of punishment was always resorted to. The first settlers, as far as I knew of them, had a kind of innate or hereditary detestation of the crime of theft in any shape or degree, and their maxim was, a thief must be whipped. If the theft was of something of some value, a kind of jury of the neighborhood, after hearing the testimony, would condemn the culprit to Moses' law; that is, to forty stripes save one. If the theft was of some small article, the offender was doomed to carry on his back the flag of the United States, which then consisted of thirteen stripes. In either case, some able hands were selected to execute the sentence, so that the stripes were

sure to be well laid on. This punishment was followed l
sentence of exile. He was then informed that he must
camp in a certain number of days, and be seen there no m
on penalty of having the number of his stripes doubled.
many years after the law was put in force in the western
of Virginia, the magistrates themselves were in the hab
giving those who were brought before them on charge
small thefts, the liberty of being sent to jail, or takin
whipping. The latter was generally taken, and was im
diately inflicted, after which the thief was ordered to c
out; in some instances, stripes were inflicted not for the p
ishment of an offence, but for the purpose of extorting a c
fession from some suspected persons. This was the tor
of our early times, and no doubt sometimes very unjustly
flicted." "With all their rudeness, these people were gi
to hospitality, and freely divided their rough fare witl
neighbor or stranger, and would have been offended at
offer of pay. In their settlements and forts, they lived, t
worked, they fought and feasted, or suffered together, in c
dial harmony. They were warm and constant in their frie
ships. On the other hand, they were revengeful in tl
resentments, and the points of honor sometimes led to perso
combats. If one man called another a liar, he was conside
as having given a challenge, which the person who received
must accept, or be deemed a coward, and the charge v
generally answered on the spot, with a blow. If the inju
person was decidedly unable to fight the aggressor, he mi
get a friend to do it for him. The same took place o
charge of cowardice or any other dishonorable action, a ba
must follow, and the person who made the charge, must fi
either the person against whom he made the charge, or a
champion who chose to espouse his cause. Thus circu
stanced, our people in early times were much more cauti
of speaking evil of their neighbors than they are at prese
Sometimes pitched battles occurred; in which time, pla
and seconds were appointed beforehand. I remember hav
seen one of these pitched battles in my father's fort wl
a boy. One of the young men knew very well befo
hand, that he should get the worst of the battle, a
no doubt repented the engagement to fight; but there w
no getting over it. The point of honor demanded the risk
battle. He got his whipping. The combatants then sho
hands; and were good friends afterwards. The mode of s
gular combat in these days was dangerous in the extren
although no weapons were used, fists, teeth, and feet w

employed at will, but above all, the detestable practice of gouging, by which eyes were put out, rendered this mode of fighting frightful." "I do not recollect that profane language was much more prevalent in our early times than at present. Among the people with whom I was most conversant, there was no other vestige of the Christian religion, than a faint observation of Sunday; and that merely as a day of rest for the aged, and a play-day for the young."

MECHANIC ARTS.

From the hunting and labors of frontier life, the transition to an account of of its mechanical aids is not abrupt. These were necessarily few and crude; yet prompted by necessity, the people achieved with their primitive and rude tools "works of mechanical skill far beyond what a person enjoying all the advantages of civilization could expect from a population placed in such destitute circumstances."

No man could afford, in such a sparse and dangerous state of society, to rely upon any one trade or manufacture. Peace and population are indispensable to generate the division of social enjoyments into separate trades, which afford the perfection of the arts. "In the young west, "every family were under the necessity of doing every thing for themselves as well as they could. The homony-block and hand-mills were in use, in most of our houses. The first was made of a large block of wood about three feet long, with an excavation burned in one end, wide at the top, and narrow at the bottom; so that the action of the pestle on the bottom, threw the corn up to the sides toward the top of it, from whence it continually fell down to the centre. In consequence of this movement, the grain was pretty equally subjected to the action of the pestle. In the fall of the year while the Indian corn was soft, the block and pestle did pretty well for making meal, for journey-cake or mush; but when the corn became hard, it was rather slow.

"The sweep was sometimes used to lessen the toil of pounding the grain into meal." This was a contrivance similar to one used for elevating water from a well, by the weight of a heavy beam, supported on a pivot. "A machine still simpler than the mortar and pestle, was used for making meal, while the corn was too soft to be beaten. It was called a grater. This was a half circular piece of tin, perforated with a punch from the concave side, and nailed by its edges to a block of wood. The ears of corn were rubbed on the rough edges of the holes, while the meal fell through them on the board,

block to which the grater was nailed; when being in a sl
direction, discharged the meal into a cloth or bowl, plac
its reception."

"The horse-mill was better than the mortar and grate
was made of two circular stones, the lowest of which
called the bed-stone, the upper one the runner. These
placed in a hoop, with a spout, for discharging the mea
staff was let into a hole, in the upper surface of the ru
near the outer edge, and its upper end through a hole
board fastened to a joist about, so that two persons cou
employed in turning the mill at the same time.

This was done by pulling at the upright staff, by a
piece at right angles, which, as it moved in its upper so
drew the running stone along with it, and ground
grain.

"Our first water mills were of the description denomin
tub-mills. Instead of bolting cloths, sifters were in ge
use. These were made of deer-skins in the state of pa
ment, stretched over a hoop and perforated with a hot v
Our clothing was all of domestic manufacture. We ha
other resources for clothing, and this indeed was a poor
The crops of flax often failed, and the sheep were destr
by the wolves. Linsey, which is made of flax and wool,
former the chain, and the latter the filling, was the war
and the most substantial cloth we could make. Almost e
house contained a loom, and almost every woman wa
weaver. Every family tanned its own leather. The tan
was a large trough, sunk to the upper edge in the groun
quantity of bark was easily obtained every spring in clea
and fencing land. This, after drying, was pounded o
block of wood with an axe or mallet. Ashes were used
place of lime, for taking off the hair. Bear's oil, hog's
and tallow answered the place of fish oil. The leather, t
sure, was coarse, but it was substantially good. The op
tion of currying was performed with a drawing knife, v
its edge turned after the manner of a currying knife.
blacking for the leather was made of soot and hog's l
Almost every family contained its own tailors and hoe-mak
Those who could not make shoes could make shoe-pa
These, like moccasons, were made of a single piece of leat
with the exception of a tongue-piece at the top of the f
This was about two inches broad and circular at the lo
end. To this the main piece of leather was sewed wit
gathering stitch. The seam behind was like that of a mo
son. To the shoe-pack, a sole was sometimes added.

women did the tailor-work. They could all cut and make hunting-shirts, leggins and drawers.

With the few tools the pioneers brought with them into the country, they certainly performed wonders. Their plows, harrows, with their wooden teeth, and sleds, were, in many instances well made. Their cooper-ware, which comprehended every thing for holding milk and water, was generally pretty well executed. The cedar wane, by having alternately a white and red stave, was then thought beautiful; many of their puncheon floors were very neat; their joists close, and the top even and smooth. Their looms, although heavy, did very well. Those who could not exercise these mechanic arts, were under the necessity of giving labor, or barter, to their neighbors in exchange for the use of them, so far as their necessities required. An old man in my father's neighborhood had the art of turning bowls, from the knots of trees, particularly those of the ash. In what way he did it, I do not know: or whether there was much mystery in his art. Be that as it may, the old man's skill was in great request, as turned wooden bowls were amongst our first rate articles of household furniture. My brothers, and myself once undertook to procure a fine suit of the bowls made of the best wood, the ash. We gathered all we could find on our father's land and took them to the artist, who was to give, as the saying was one-half for the other. He put the knots in a branch before his door. A freshet came and swept them all away. Not one of them was ever found. This was a dreadful misfortune. Our anticipation of our elegant display of new bowls was utterly blasted in a moment, as the poor old man was not able to repair our loss or any part of it."

As an example of this expertness at various occupations, Dr. Doddridge relates the following account, which may be acceptable as an individual illustration of the times, superior to the most ample representations in vague generality. "My father possessed a mechanical genius of the highest order; and necessity, which is the mother of invention, occasioned the full exercise of his talents. His farming utensils were the best in the neighborhood. After making his loom, he often used it, as a weaver. All the shoes belongiug to the family were made by himself. He always spun his own shoe-thread. Saying that no woman could spin shoe-thread as well as he could. His cooper-ware was made by himself. I have seen him make a small, neat kind of wooden ware, called set work; in which the staves were all attached to the bottom of the vessel, by means of a grove cut in them by a strong clasp-knife and

small chisel, before a single hoop was put on. He was ciently carpenter to build the best kind of houses then i that is to say, first a cabin, and afterwards the hewe houses with a shingled roof. In his latter years, he b sickly, and not being able to labor, he amused himself tolerably good imitations of cabinet work. Not poss sufficient health for service on the scouts, and campaign duty was that of repairing the rifles of his neighbors, they needed it. In this business he manifested a high d of ingenuity. A small depression on the surface of a s or log, and a wooden mallet, were his instruments for str ening the gun-barrel when crooked. Without the aid bow-string, he could discover the smallest bend in a b With a bit of steel, he could make a saw for deepenin furrows, when requisite. A few shots determined wh the gun could be trusted." Young as I was, I was poss of an art, which was of great use. It was that of we shot-pouch straps, belts, and garters. I could make my and weave a belt in less than a day. Having a piece of l about four feet long, an inch auger, spike gimblet, and a c ing knife, I needed no other tools for making my loom.

It frequently happened that my weaving proved servic to the family, as I had often sold a belt for a day's worl making an hundred rails. So that although a boy, I coul change my labor for that of a full grown person, for an e length of time."

BACK-WOODS WEDDINGS.

From the arts of frontier life, let us pass to a most am illustration of its manners in a wedding, celebrated in al rude simplicity of the times. In a new settlement, or y society, where the means of subsistence are easy and a dant, marriages are consequently numerous, and take early in life; and courtship was not a work of long time; impressions soon led to matrimony; and if the parties inexperienced, they improved together, and by a happy bility in the human family, they mutually adapted characters to one another. As Dr. Franklin remarks, early marriages may want in wisdom, they make up by a tion and mutual adaptation of habit and passion to one ano But to return to our picture of private customs. At an e period, the practice of celebrating the marriage at the h of the bride began, and it should seem with great propr She also has the choice of the priest to perform the c mony.

In the first years of the settlement of this country, a wedding engaged the attention of a whole neighborhood; and the frolic was anticipated by old and young, with eager expectation. This is not to be wondered at, when it is told, that a wedding was almost the only gathering which was not accompanied with the labor of reaping, log rolling, building a cabin, or planning some scout or campaign. In the morning of the wedding day, the groom and his attendants assembled at the house of his father, for the purpose of reaching the mansion of his bride by noon, which was the usual time for celebrating the nuptials; which for certain must take place before dinner. Let the people imagine an assemblage of people, without a store, tailor, or mantua-maker within an hundred miles; and an assemblage of horses, without a blacksmith or saddler within an equal distance.

The gentlemen dressed in shoe-packs, moccasons, leather breeches, leggins, linsey hunting shirts, and all home-made. The ladies dressed in linsey petticoats and linsey or linen bed-gowns, coarse shoes, stockings, handkerchiefs, and buckskin gloves, if any. If there were any buckles, rings, buttons or ruffles, they were the relics of old times; family pieces from parents or grand-parents. The horses were caparisoned with old saddles, old bridles or halters, and pack-saddles, with a bag or blanket thrown over them. A rope or string as often constructed the girth, as a piece of leather. The march, in double file, was often interrupted by the narrowness and obstructions of our horse-paths, as they were called, for we had no roads; and these difficulties were often increased, sometimes by the good, and sometimes by the ill-will of neighbors, by falling trees and tying grape vines across the way. Sometimes our ambuscade was formed by the way-side, and an unexpected discharge of several guns took place, so as to cover the wedding company with smoke.

Let the reader imagine the scene which followed this discharge; the sudden spring of the horses, the shrieks of the girls, and the chivalric bustle of their partners to save them from falling. Sometimes, in spite of all that could be done to prevent it, some were thrown to the ground. If a wrist, elbow, or ankle happened to be strained, it was tied with a handkerchief, and little more was said or thought about it. Another ceremony commonly took place before the party reached the house of the bride, after the practice of making whiskey began, which was at an early period; when the party were about a mile from their place of destination, two young men would single out to run for the bottle; the worse the path, the

more logs, brush, and deep hollows the better, as these obst cles afforded an opportunity for a better display of intrepidi and horsemanship.

Art. 11.—THEODORE.

Translated and abridged from De Wette, in continuation from our last.

Teresa appeared to our friend more lovely than ever wh he saw her again, and she received him in a way which ma him perfectly happy. He was also well received by her fath who was glad to have obtained his services in his new sitt tion. Frederica also was well content with her reception the family, and as Landeck was now in a situation to marry, a short time, with the consent of her brother and her c friend the pastor, she became his wife. But Teresa's fath would not yet consent to her union with Theodore. He wis ed his son-in-law to receive a patent of nobility. This The dore refused on principle, and was vexed at this prejudice, he considered it, interfering with his happiness—still mor when he found Teresa herself not wholly free from the love external rank and appearance. He made the depressing di covery that the spirit of cast and pride and rank, which in h judgment the great social events of the time should have p down were as strong as ever.

This situation in his new post of business was not mo satisfactory. His duty was only to execute what was pr scribed by the higher authorities. In vain did he make ar representations to his superiors, when he was called upon execute any thing which seemed to him unwise or impractic ble. They often admitted it, but were not in a condition execute his better views, being obliged to follow implicitly tl directions of their superiors. Much that was undertak could not be executed, either because it did not suit tl present circumstances, or because the selfishness or indiffe ence of the subjects opposed its fulfilment. Many of his labo appeared to Theodore altogether useless, and only tended disturb and confuse what would have gone on very well by i self, and to excite a needless opposition to the government. Tl whole government appeared to him like a machine, which, mov by an invisible power, dragged along all who were connect with it with an involuntary motion, and produced effects whic

corresponded neither with the fatherly purposes of the king, nor the wishes of the people. The blame of this could be ascribed neither to one nor the other, but to the mingled action of various circumstances and influences. Our friend had little hope, even if he reached a higher station, of gaining a more self-dependent and free power of acting, for he saw that his superiors were as much limited and restrained as himself; yet he resigned himself with patience to his circumstances, and was industrious and attentive.

The metropolis where he lived afforded Theodore excellent helps in art and science for intellectual excitement and culture. The government had extended and improved the scientific institutions of the city with the design of giving more activity to the national mind, and arming it with inward strength against the dangers threatening from without. It had called to their University, hitherto neglected, many new professors of reputation and character. Theodore at first attended some lectures on subjects connected with his present occupation, but he soon found himself unable to resist the wish of hearing a celebrated professor of philosophy whose lectures were very popular. The system of this philosopher appeared to stand between those of Kant and Schelling, and to unite the two. He made a distinction between the understanding and the reason; he called the former a lower and mediate intellectual consciousness by which we perceive the world, as it exists in time and space, and comprehended under the laws of Nature. By Reason he understood our intuitive and immediate knowledge, and the whole life of the mind in all its activity, and pointed out Faith as its origin and centre. He shewed that the knowing faculty was only one side of the human soul; that with it was connected feeling and the power of action; and that the complete life of the soul consisted only in the union of the three faculties. We stand connected with the world by knowledge, by feeling, and by action. By knowledge alone, we can fully comprehend neither the world nor human life—Feeling and love give to every thing its living significance—and action completes and ratifies the certainty of our knowledge and our feeling.

It seemed to our friend as if these views brought the scattered fragments of his old opinions into the harmony of a well connected whole. The chasm which had existed between the doctrine of Kant and Schelling, was now filled up. He could only dimly conjecture as yet, the connexion of the whole system, but he had found therein a polar star in his darkness, which he joyfully followed.

Especially did the distinction between reason and unde
standing appear to our friend of the highest importanc
Although he had given up the profession of a preacher, he w
always contending with his religious doubts, and seeking
reconcile his reason with faith in a divine revelation. T
distinction appeared to open a way to this end. The teach
ascribed a faith to reason itself, which he also named a re
lation. Hence Theodore took the thought that perhaps o
the understanding, as the lower faculty of mediate kno
ledge stood in opposition to a faith in revelation—but not t
reason, the higher faculty of immediate knowledge. He h
tened to ask further light on this point from his teacher, w
was pleased at finding so warm an interest for high spirit
inquiries in a young man engaged in business, and who w
lingly entered into conversation with him on this subje
"Do you really think," he asked with a searching look, t
you can appease in this way, the controversy between t
Rationalists and the believers in Revelation?"

Theodore answered with some uncertainty, "At least
think I have found a point of union between them, since t
one party, like the other, must recognize something divine
Christianity. But, to be sure, this does not wholly put an e
to the difference, since, notwithstanding this admission, t
one party make reason the judge in matters of faith, whi
the other will not allow."

"In fact we have not yet reached the point where the d
pute hangs. The Heathen and the Mahommedans could a
duce for their own faith that divine truth dwelling in t
reason; but we Christians believe that we possess the on
true Revelation."

Theodore referred to the opinion of Clement and other c
fathers of the church, who had also admitted a revelati
of the Divine Reason or Logos in the heathen religions. I
argued, that as enlightened Christians, we ought to recogni
even in the most degraded national superstitions a ray of t
divine light.

"I do not object to that, answered the teacher, "but t
Christian faith in the manifest Son of God, and the fulfilme
of all divine revelations through him, rests on something qui
different."

"Well, we see in Christianity the most perfect revelatic
because the reason has been fully manifested in it."

"But how do you know this, and what proof have you of it

"I know it with my reason, and the proof is, that my reas
is wholly satisfied by the truth of Christianity."

"We then," whispered Teresa, will keep to the last kind of mysticism, and no other shall take you away from me."

Theodore pressed her hand, and said, "Fear not, dearest Teresa, it is your love alone which inspires in me every thing great and noble." As warmly as he said and believed this, he yet had in his heart a certain emptiness. He felt that he had been understood by none of the company, not even by Teresa; that by what he had expressed, he had gone out of the circle of ideas and opinions which ruled among them; this became clear to him when he had reached his home, and reflected in cold blood on what had passed. In the mean time he paid no great heed to it, and only thought of following out further his new ideas.

Art. 12.—LETTERS,

On the Difficulties of Religion. By Catharine E. Beecher, Hartford—Belknap & Hammersley, 1836—pp. 350.

This book is for all those who are not evangelical Christians, whether Atheists, Deists, Universalists, Unitarians, or heretics in the abstract. It is written in a kind and Christian spirit, the only exception being in the first letter, in which Frances Wright is personally abused; this abuse is according to the preface, unwise and unchristian, and is clearly unwomanly; we hope therefore in another edition to see it wholly blotted out.

The parts of the work in which we feel most interested are those addressed to Unitarians, and upon them we shall remark briefly, but freely. Our object will be to show from these Letters, what we tried to show from Dr. Beecher's Views in Theology, the nothingness of the dividing lines between the Unitarian and the modern evangelical Christian.

In doing this, we will first state the principles contained in the 8th and 9th Letters, every part of which we look at as true, and worthy of all praise. In these Letters it is agreed that character will decide our fate after death, and that, of those things bearing upon character, that which we may and should influence is "the governing purpose of our lives;"—perfect elements of character we cannot have,—principles that shall never fail, we cannot have,—sure views of right and truth we cannot have, but a right and Godly purpose of life we can and must have; this purpose must be to give God the first

I think of thee—when the sun's brightness streams
From the far ocean;
When on the fount linger the moon's soft beams,
With quiet motion.

I see thee, love—when up the distant road,
The dust draws nigh;
When travellers, late at night, near our abode,
Pass slowly by.

I hear thee, when it makes the dry leaves move,
The rustling rill;
Often I run to listen in the grove,
When all is still.
Ever I'm with thee, though you may be far,
To me you're near—
The sun goes down, twinkles a single star;
O were you here!

Theodore was delighted. She took his arm, and they to the theatre.

That evening was played, Schiller's "Maid of Orleans." actress who took the part of Joan of Arc, expressed well she was moved and inspired by a higher Power, to which humbly yielded herself. The moment, in the last act, her chains fall from her, was very exciting. Theodore been wholly carried away by the representation, and he silent by the side of his beloved. He felt for the first time he could not share with her the feelings of his heart; a kin repulsion kept him back. Teresa was very animated in remarks on the performance, and praised the acting of Joa but she did not touch the point which appeared to Theo so important. She laughed at him for being to-day so m syllabic and thoughtful—by which she made him yet n silent.

After the play, a party collected in the house of Land which was composed of a variety of characters. The versation fell on the way in which Joan was acted. M praised the scenery and the truth of costume and decorat A young preacher, who passed for a thinking and enlighte man, doubted altogether whether Joan could be played nature and truth, since the whole character was fictiti Schiller had committed a great mistake in choosing for a tr heroine an impostor, as Joan unquestionably was; Shaksp had more justly represented her as a witch; and Schiller metamorphosed her thus, simply from his taste for the revi superstition in wonders and portents.

Teresa, said the old Landeck, you said a very true word. It vexes me to see such follies brought upon the stage in our enlightened times. Is it not absurd that a half-crazy girl, who dreams visions about the Virgin Mary, should prophesy before the king and the arch-bishop, be recognized by them as a divinely commissioned being, and perform deeds beyond the might of heroes.

Suppose it is not true, dear father, said Teresa, it is still so beautiful! We cannot help feeling with this enthusiast or impostor. The poet has given her so tender a heart, and her fate is so touching, that she wins our entire interest.

But why should it not be true?" said an old lady, who was thought to be in connexion with the Hernnhuters. "Similar things are spoken of in the Bible. The Spirit of God falls upon prophets and heroes, and they prophesy and perform extraordinary things."

Pardon me, dear madam," answered the preacher, "if I dispute the force of this analogy. We must consider the maid of Arc an impostor, since we do not, like the Catholics, worship the Virgin Mary as a saint or goddess, but consider doing this an idolatrous superstition. Much too might be said, if it would not carry us too far, concerning the prophets of the Old Testament, by which the credibility of Schiller's prophetess would gain nothing."

Theodore had hitherto listened in silence to this dispute, and was at first uncertain which view of the matter to take. Full of the thought which he had just received, (of the possibility of a divine revelation,) the sight of Joan, with her religious enthusiasm, caused him to believe that what the Bible declared of the pouring out of the Spirit, contained more truth than he had till now believed. The harsh, cold judgment of the preacher, for whom he felt no high esteem, offended him; and he thought that the man, on account of his office, ought to have spoken differently, although he did not deny that the faith in the virgin was a superstitious one. It often happens, that an opinion we have entertained ourselves, becomes suspected or odious, in the mouth of another, with whom we have no sympathy in other things. So happened it now with our friend. In a moment, as by a stroke of lightning, all his views were altered; he entered into the conversation, and said with animation—

"Though we Protestants must consider the worship of the virgin a superstition; yet, like every other, it contains a certain truth in it, and includes in it faith, though a faith mixed with error. When the maid believed herself to receive revela-

tions from the virgin, it was an error of the imaginatio
the understanding; but she was actually filled with a l
spirit. Her pure and humble soul, abstracted from e
things, lost in dreaming contemplation, was kindled b
divine sparks which slumber in every human soul, but
we too often suffer to be smothered by passions and e
thoughts, she obediently surrendered herself to the l
power which swayed her—a supernatural strength in
her—a purer light streamed through her soul. So sh
enabled to look through with clear glance the mists
confused the wisest, bear down with superhuman forc
obstacles to which the bravest had yielded. I felt very k
during the representation, how true it is that the Divine
loves to be shed forth into a fragile but pure vessel,
ordains strength out of weakness."

"As to your opinion of inspiration and divine influe
said the preacher, after a short pause, in which the mo
the company looked with wonder at Theodore, who
spoken with a kind of enthusiasm—"it appears to me w
akin to mysticism. This, to be sure, is becoming more
more the fashion, even in this capital, yet must I so muc
more feel myself bound to oppose it. Whenever you a
of supernatural impulses and knowledge as possible,
open the door to all kinds of fanaticism. Every fool
declare himself inspired, and there is no means of dis
ving it."

"How so?" said Theodore. "If he says and does wha
irrational, he will neither be heard nor followed."

"Then you make reason, it seems, the test of the trut
inspiration, yet you ascribe it an origin and source above
reason."

"There is nothing inconsistent in that," replied Theod
for in the reason itself is a supernatural principle."

"Teresa, who remarked that her father was not pleased
this conversation, here said—"Plunge not so deeply, lea
sirs, in these philosophical inquiries, or we ladies can n
follow you. Especially have nothing to do with mystic
for the very word makes me shudder—it always seems to
as gloomy as a monk's cell."

"You think of it, dear Teresa," said Theodore, as w
than it is. True mysticism has also a gay and joyful s
All life is in its depths and inmost recesses, mystic, and rus
up from a hidden fount. Religion is not alone in its my
cism; Art and Poetry have theirs too; and there is even a n
ticism of Love."

Art. 13.—REASONS FOR LEAVING THE LAW.

Dear Sir,—In reply to your inquiry, why I leave my profession, I answer, 1st, because in a city it is too sedentary and adverse to firm health; 2d, because the drudgery of it is injurious to the intellect; 3d, because the devotion which it requires is greater than I am willing to give to any merely worldly concern, which either does not affect my higher powers or impairs them; and 4th, because the rules of morality by which lawyers are governed, do not, in many points, coincide with my own views, and I am not independent enough of my daily labor, to enable me to oppose the ways of the profession. Upon this last point alone shall I say any thing.

The common code among the lawyers with whom I have talked, is this, that they are not called on to refuse to conduct suits, the bringing or resisting of which is clearly wrong on the part of their client; and that their business is to see the law enforced, and not to attend to the equitable operation of that law in certain cases: for instance, one man rents a house of another for a month, when the month is up, the owner wishes to let it to some one else, and the tenant wishes to retain it though he has no shadow of right; this tenant goes to a lawyer and states his wish, the lawyer sees that he has no claim, but he appears for him before the justice, the justice decides against the tenant, but his proceedings have, in some point, been informal, and the lawyer takes advantage of this want of form to remove the case to a higher court, where it may remain undecided for one or two years, during which time the tenant retains possession. In this case, the lawyer, instead of refusing to assist in gaining what he knows to be an unjust claim, uses the law, which was made to prevent injustice, to work injustice; he sees the claim to be wrong in the claimant, he knows that should he assist the claimant as a *friend*, he would be equally in the wrong, but as a *lawyer* he does right: now to my mind, no man can rightfully do as a lawyer, what is wrong in him as a man; he cannot by assuming a profession put off God's moral law: and as to his duty being to see the law fulfilled, it is not so if the law is meant to work injustice; nor if, from man's imperfection, it does work injustice in particular cases; his duty is to see the purpose of the law, and not its letter, fulfilled, and that is justice.

It is said, however, that the law must be literally carried out, or it becomes uncertain, and the consequent public injury more than outweighs the private good: this principle should

place in our affections, and his service the first place interests and efforts; this is "true piety;" this is what w do to be saved.—(p. 330.)

Such are Miss Beecher's views of the evangelical fai from them we will draw but this one inference, that t portance of our views of right and truth rests upon the of influencing the character, and of course, that such vi cannot influence the character, are unimportant as r salvation.

Let us now, with these things in mind, see what a differences between the Unitarian and his opponent.

Unitarianism, it is said (p. 272) does not teach the disti doctrines of Christianity; and in the 19th Letter, we h some length these "distinctive doctrines:" The great the Divinity of Christ, and this doctrine is important b it affects the character, and it affects the character th Christ were God, then God has made a personal sacrifi us, and thus is a strong cause of love to God produced, does not exist if Christ were not God; nay, if he were n shall give to Christ what is due to God—our supreme In order to make the conclusion just one other premise is proved, viz: that man will love more strongly a Being th this world for his good some centuries since, than a Being guards him daily, and daily blesses him. Unless this is it is not clear that God's identity with Christ will induce love him any the more; if it is for Christ's *character* th love him, or for his death as a proof of that character argument has no weight, for the purity and nobleness o Son takes not from that of the Father; and before a fai the Divinity of Christ can be shown to affect the char we must show a disposition in man to love those that sacrifices for him long since, rather than those that do good now. Moreover, if Christ were God, where wa sacrifice, the essence of which must have been leaving life? Again, if the argument have any force, the Trinit should love Christ far more than either of the other Perso the Trinity. And yet again, if it be true, we always s in fact, love the self-sacrificing patriot more than our ne and kindest living friend.

Miss Beecher speaks of Christ's death as a new manif tion of the character of God; very true, but it was not manifestation of a new trait in that character. Our vie God's character as Unitarians, agree with hers in kind, an say in degree; and if so, the Divinity of Christ is not a distin Gospel doctrine affecting character.

The next "distinctive doctrine" seems to be that punishment will be eternal and certain. The certainty Unitarians believe in, but respecting the perpetuity they are divided; but can any one that has read the Bible think that my faith as to when the chance to reform will end, determines my being a Christian? Is the one great purpose of Christ's mission to teach the eternity of punishment? If not, then a universal rejection of that doctrine by Unitarians, should not exclude them from the pale of Christianity, any more than a belief or disbelief in a death-bed repentance.

The only other "distinctive doctrine" mentioned by Miss Beecher, is the necessity of piety, or a supreme love of God and devotion to his will and work, and in her views as to this necessity, we believe Unitarians will in general agree, as far as she has explained them; at least Unitarianism does not reject the doctrine, nor do Unitarians profess not to know whether they need do any thing to be saved, as is insinuated on p. 331: we say "insinuated," because the assertion is only, in substance, that Unitarians are not agreed as to the duration of punishment, while the phrase seems to mean that they are not agreed that men need do any thing for their salvation; we are happy to say this is the only thing like perversion that we have met with.

From this work, then, we do not learn that the school to which Miss Beecher belongs holds any doctrine affecting character, which Unitarians reject; but does it equally agree in the faith of the old Calvinists. Look for a moment at the position of the new school; it thinks man able to help himself, and thinks God has offered him certain motives to do so; on one side stands the Unitarian, agreeing that man can help himself, but not agreed as to the motives offered; on the other is the old Calvinist, denying man's ability, and of course all motives, for it is absurd to talk of God's offering motives to one that cannot move; and yet this new school claims to be of the same sect even with the last man, and denies the very name of Christian to the first. Does not the statement prove the inconsistency.

But Miss Beecher speaks not of the Unitarians' faith alone, but also of those that claim to be Unitarians, of their coldness, worldliness, and want of Christian fervor; and in most that she says we agree. We believe our sect to be in a great measure composed of those that think less of positive religious duties, than they do of denying opposing dogmas: there is a vast deal of good in the orthodox theologies which they cast out with what they hold to be bad, and the result is a great

want of real feeling, true piety, genuine devotion, and faith. We wish Unitarians did feel as their faith should them to, the absolute necessity of that love of God w would make the great end of life his service; we wish would read the Bible more to learn what they should do, should believe: we are too often sceptics, too seldom belie forced into existence on the principle of opposition and n tion. We have as yet neglected too much all affirmation positive teaching. But, though error must be warred wit is a nobler and better task to teach Truth than to root Falsehood; and never, while we feel how widely most o stray from the true path of action, while we know how serve God and do His will as the first of duties, need we what little strength we have to disputes on points too kno and twisted to serve any purpose, unless it be to kindle un warfare.

Let any Unitarian read Miss Beecher's work, and he be surprised to see how reasonable a thing is modern E gelical Christianity. We wish all of her faith would spea as plainly as she does; we wish they would drop their misl ing nomenclature; it is not fair nor honest to use debate terms in theology, when clear ones abound. To talk of bility, when they mean unwillingness; and our sinning Adam when they mean that we sin ourselves. Let these op nents of old Calvinism stand boldly out and denounce it, seek to creep under its skirts and stab it there; why fight for a name? Why turn from the open arms of Truth, to cl a place under the scant mantle of Presbyterianism? Ther and can be no broader line of division between two relig parties than does and must exist between the advocates ability and those of inability; it is no mere metaphysical q tion upon which they differ, but one that is ever influencing not the conduct, the character; what is a difference about Trinity compared to it? And yet there are those that "wis heal this difference;" as well might they cut off a man's h and then wish to heal the wound.

There are some letters in Miss B's book respecting the fairness of Unitarians in controversy and other points, which we pass, in the hope, however, that some able hand r hereafter discuss them; and with the wish that such as will read these Letters, we leave them. J. H. F

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The common code among the lawyers with whom I have talked, is this, that they are not called on to refuse to conduct suits, the bringing or resisting of which is clearly wrong on the part of their client; and that their business is to see the law enforced, and not to attend to the equitable operation of that law in certain cases: for instance, one man rents a house of another for a month, when the month is up, the owner wishes to let it to some one else, and the tenant wishes to retain it though he has no shadow of right; this tenant goes to a lawyer and states his wish, the lawyer sees that he has no claim, but he appears for him before the justice, the justice decides against the tenant, but his proceedings have, in some point, been informal, and the lawyer takes advantage of this want of form to remove the case to a higher court, where it may remain undecided for one or two years, during which time the tenant retains possession. In this case, the lawyer, instead of refusing to assist in gaining what he knows to be an unjust claim, uses the law, which was made to prevent injustice, to work injustice; he sees the claim to be wrong in the claimant, he knows that should he assist the claimant as a *friend*, he would be equally in the wrong, but as a *lawyer* he does right: now to my mind, no man can rightfully do as a lawyer, what is wrong in him as a man; he cannot by assuming a profession put off God's moral law: and as to his duty being to see the law fulfilled, it is not so if the law is meant to work injustice; nor if, from man's imperfection, it does work injustice in particular cases; his duty is to see the purpose of the law, and not its letter, fulfilled, and that is justice.

It is said, however, that the law must be literally carried out, or it becomes uncertain, and the consequent public injury more than outweighs the private good: this principle should

make the Judge always respect the law, no matter wha results from its application, and it may even warrant the yer in taking advantage of technicalities in the progress just suit, because to neglect them may cause looseness of tice and evil, but it can never authorise him to commen unjust suit, or bring up technicalities that they may be lated.

I have spoken of the creed above referred to as cor among those lawyers that I have consulted; perhaps th pression is too broad; at any rate I do not know that m the profession hold to it in its bare form; and I know that abhor it; but most of those with whom I have talke proved it, and among them were men of pure character romantic notions of honor. To me the doctrine seems op to all sound morality, and I hope there are those coming ward in the West that will do it away. While men the course right and Christian, I made no charge against t we are all too self-deceiving to make that safe; for though error (as I think it) may result from their interest and examination, and so be criminal, it is equally certain th may not be; but against the creed that a man may do lawyer, what would be wrong as a friend and fellow-m would enter my protest as strongly as against any crim and immoral doctrine; nor do I believe the profession ever exert the influence they should until they declare doctrine rank heresy. Their duties, their powers, their p ileges are in themselves noble and Christian, but they are yet perverted and disgraced by too many, and that with reproof. J. H. I

Art. 14.—THIS IS WHAT THEY CALL ELOQUEN

Are you going to hear Mr. B. preach to-night? aske friend of mine a few days ago. He is perhaps the most tinguished preacher in his church, and is expected to make extraordinary effort this evening, as it is an especial occasi Every body will be there.

Being a stranger in the land, and of course eager to le as much as possible of its famous preachers, I of course w to hear this famed Chrysostom of the modern church.

I found the chapel, the largest in the city, fast filling up, a soon so full, that there was hardly a place to be found in aisle to stand upon. This might well be, for not to speak

the preacher's notoriety, notice had been given in the papers and in hand-bills several days previous.

The preacher began by reading a chapter from the Bible. A brother clergyman offered a prayer very simple, fervent and coherent. After the singing a hymn in the usual way of this church—two lines read by the preacher, and then sung by the congregation, we sat in breathless silence waiting for the expected feast of eloquence. Mr. B. named his text, "Tell his disciples that he is risen," and pronounced his purpose to preach on the Resurrection of our Saviour. As he began to speak, I looked for the devout manner, and the unction to be naturally expected from a favorite of the Methodist church, and listening to his husky, hurried, and frequently breaking voice, I presumed he must be suffering under a cold. However, it is not of his voice that I wish to speak, but of the apparent spirit of the man, and the style of his sermon.

Never in all the range of my experience did I ever witness either in the pulpit, in the legislative hall—at the bar, or in the street, such an exhibition of overbearing arrogance, such inflation, and such bombast. He spoke without any apparent inspiration from his pulpit. His gestures were vague and unmeaning, 'as of one that beateth the air.' He would stretch his arms high in air; first on this side, then on that, and dash his body from one side of the pulpit to the other, as if under the operation of some galvanic power, rather than inspired by thought or any of the soul's emotions. But stop. I must not say any thing more of his manner, for he said he was unwell. I will say a word of his sermon, which was evidently premeditated, as I understood that he had preached it before in a distant place, in precisely the same language, in so far as my informant, who had before heard it, could remember.

The sermon had certainly matter enough in it for any one's desire. It was I think fully an hour and a half long. He spoke of the proofs of the Resurrection—met the argument against the alleged fact on the score of its declared impossibility—tried to refute Hume's objection against all miracles—brought up fully the positive proof of our Lord's Resurrection, and ended by shewing the effects of his resurrection—and the truths deduced from it, and finally gave a word-piling description of the horrors of hell and the joys of heaven. With his argument I will not quarrel here. Certainly some parts of it were very good and well stated. But it was all to no purpose, for since the great object of his sermon must have been to convince unbelievers, its purpose must have been entirely defeated by his arrogant and savage denunciations of all those

who had the least doubt of the truth of what he was provi
But I will not insist further on this point.

Such a piece of pedantry I never heard. It was perh
well enough for him to disembowel Paley's Evidences
West's Treatise on the Resurrection, of their names and dat
I will not blame him for quoting what he called "the mel
choly dirge of old Moschus." But surely it is outrage
for any man, who undertakes to address a common sensi
audience, to rob the dictionary of its largest words and ter
that three-quarters of the people would not understand.
confess that though I call myself an educated man, I w
sometimes at a loss to understand him, I would quote some
the gorgeous, purple passages which the preacher seemed m
to value, were I not afraid of doing him injustice by inserti
here and there one of those common pithy Saxon words, whi
he seems to despise so much, when compared with his mo
grel speech of mixed French, Latin, and English. Suffice
to say, that he was full of such words as exhumation, ch
d'œuvre, &c.

On the whole, I was disgusted not only with the mann
and the phraseology, but with the moral tenor of his speakin
and writing. So seemed the people of acknowledged sen
of those who heard him. And yet many people spoke
the eloquent sermon, the delightful manner and the beautifu
language! This is what the world call eloquence, I suppose
"The world is still deceived by ornament"—a saying of Shak
peare's, which may be paraphrased—man is the dupe
humbuggery still.

As a learner in the school of the Apostles, I have bee
taught to call him an eloquent preacher who utters moral an
spiritual truths as if he felt them. I can love and admire th
humblest and least gifted preacher, who will speak as if he fel
what he says. In such an one I can tolerate any peculiaritie
either of tameness or violence. But an affected, arrogan
screaming, thrashing, word-piling preacher, I do utterly abom
inate. If Mr. B's style is what they call eloquence, I sa
Heaven deliver us from having such a gift.

After the sermon, Mr. W. who had made the opening praye
arose and addressed the meeting in behalf of the Methodis
cause at New Orleans. He spoke with great energy, pre
cision, clearness and suasion. He used words as the channel
of thought, and not thoughts as the channels of words: h
spoke as if he had something to say, and not as if he wante
to say something. In listening to him, I felt as if escaped fron
the gas-lights, daubed scenes, close air, and tinsel pageantr

of a theatre, into the fresh open atmosphere and into the free broad fields of nature. Yet this was not "what they call eloquence."

Cincinnati.

OBITUARY.

Died in New York city—May—Charles C. Emerson, Esq. of a rapid consumption—aged 26.

Many an eye, as it has read the above announcement of the death of this high-minded and gifted young man must have borne its tearful witness to his virtues, and to the loss his friends and the community have sustained.

The writer little thought, while a few months ago, he was listening to the lofty and spiritual eloquence from Mr. Emerson's lips, that those lips would be soon mute in the grave, and that eye so bright and full of flame, would soon be quenched in death. He was then delivering a lecture on Socrates to a large and enraptured audience. It was a performance worthy of any man's pen and heart. Many of those who heard this lecture, will doubtless always remember him in connexion with it, and rejoice that they can have in their minds so vivid and spiritual a memorial. They will remember how he spoke of Socrates as having a foreshadowing of the coming of Christ, and what a striking view he gave of the demon of Socrates—that inward light which always shone upon his pathway, and guided him in life, and revealed to him the one God.

Mr. Emerson was without a superior in his collegiate course, if he had an equal. He was remarkable as a writer of pure and strong English. His classical attainments were equally remarkable. Besides attending to the arduous duties of his legal profession, he found much time to devote to poetry, natural sciences, and all the studies that refine and elevate.

He was a man of a remarkably spiritual mind. It is for this, more than all his other excellencies, that we prize him, and are glad to make mention of his character in these pages. He was a man who had faith in the spiritual world. Belonging to a profession which is apt to make even lofty minds the drudges of business and the slaves of petty interests, he was neither a drudge of earthly care, nor a slave to earth-born passion. He had time and attention to give to the culture of his higher nature, and to fitting it for the eternal world.

A little incident will shew his character and the p power of his mind, better than any detailed description once had occasion to deliver a lecture in one of our manufacturing towns in Massachusetts. The weathe rainy and the audience small. To a friend who express regret that the audience was so small, he said, that if he be sure of the earnest attention of a single mind, he have enough to satisfy him—he should have object and ration enough. The lecture which was a noble on much more elevated in its philosophy and moral tone, t usual on such popular occasions, was delivered befo meagre audience.

About a year afterwards, a rough looking operative of the factories was heard talking enthusiastically ab lecture he had heard the previous winter, and gave a co account of it to his comrades, and heartily wished th young man might come and repeat it to a larger audien do not know whether Mr. Emerson ever heard this stor he did, he must have been happy in finding his wish gr in having one attentive listener. If he did not hear it, h still have been blessed in possessing a mind that thought fully repaid for its labors, by being able to address even single human soul, with words of philosophical trut spiritual faith.

He is gone. We mourn not for him. Indeed a sort o pleasure crossed my mind, when I heard of his passage.

"For he was ours! and may that word of pride
Drown, with its lofty tone, pain's bitter cry,
With us, the fierce storm over, he could ride
At anchor, in safe harbor, fixedly.
Yet onward did his mighty spirit stride
To Goodness, Beauty, Truth, eternally.
And far behind, dissolved in mists away,
That which confines us all, the Common, lay."*

* From Goethe's lines on Schiller.

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GENERAL PREFACE TO VOL. I.

AND

PROSPECTUS OF VOL. II.

To express in a few words the purposes of our work—convey an idea of the objects toward which it tends, and tl principles by which it is swayed—to give a kind of philos phical table of contents to the whole volume is our present ol ject. This periodical is devoted to the spread of a ration and liberal religion. We will explain what we mean by thi We believe no other form of religion can prevail in the Wes We will give our reasons for so believing.

We believe that religious systems must keep pace with th progress of thought and freedom. Among a people who are ir dependent thinkers and practical in their characters, a cerem nial or unintelligible religion can never be influential. Eve if such a religion should be established by the force of extern circumstances, so as to be called the popular religion; it woul not be *practically* believed, and its influence would be nullifi by skepticism.

By a rational religion, we do not mean a lifeless skeleto which ought to be called skepticism. We believe in tl Spiritual—in Eternity—in Immortality—in Retribution— Christ's Divine Mission of Divine Love—in God, the all-wi and ever present.

We believe in morality—the morality of the heart and the hands—the morality which is sternly opposed to all wron doing, under whatever name it is disguised—whether it b popular or unpopular—in business; in conversation; in habi of life; in word or in thought.

We believe that to be truly moral, men must be religiou

The motives which selfish principles supply are *not enough.* we are creatures of Eternity, and from Eternity our principles of action must be derived.

We believe that the truly moral soul has an infinite value, and that this world is the school-house in which it ought to be educated for heaven; that no man can go to heaven, except that he is born again, or in less technical language, except he gets into his mind the spirit of Christ—of faith—of goodness and purity.

We believe in our absolute dependence upon God in all that we do, and especially in the work of salvation.

These are the truths which Christ taught, and by which the world must be regenerated. They contain much to excite the mind, and carry it above and beyond this present life, but they are not less rational than spiritual. They contain the essence of all religion, yet are perfectly plain. While we preach them, we can say, "Think about them; bring your minds to bear with their whole strength upon them; if they do not prove true to scripture and good sense, throw them away. Be bold in your inquiry, only be conscientious also, and faithful to your own souls." This is what we mean by rational religion. It is no other, as we think, than simple Christianity, and as such it must prevail. The age demands it. The earnest expectation of the creature waits for it. The mind of man has long enough groaned under the bondage of half understood systems. It has already arisen, and the worn garments of the former generations are laid aside.* Shall it remain naked? Shall the Majesty of God be unrevealed to its eye? Shall Christ, the Redeemer be scoffed at? Or shall men learn that his yoke is easy, not confining the mind to set forms and phrases, and a certain prescribed mode of feeling, but securing to it independence and immortal vigor. Christ brought truth to regenerate the mind not less than the heart.

* This is the *skepticism*, so much and so justly lamented by the good, but so prevalent in the West. It is bad, but we think it indicates that some of the present forms of Christianity are outgrown, rather than the downfall of Christianity itself.

The ancient names are retained—the old phraseology, long ago become merely technical, is still used. But those who look beneath the surface perceive that every thing is rapidly changing, and will not be surprised if they see what is de nounced as heresy to-day, praised as orthodoxy to-morrow. The change of "the letter" is what attracts common attention the real change is of "the spirit."

Silently, but effectually, the elements of western characte are working together with, and modifying religious systems Its independent and practical tendencies are more and mor exhibited. Many persons who continue to condemn th words "Rational" and "Liberal," as other terms for infidelity are already acting in the genuine western spirit, according t the very principles which those words imply. They ar bringing their religious opinions and feelings to the test c common sense, and modifying them accordingly, and thus ar themselves 'Rational' Christians. They acknowledge that a who profess faith in Christ and obey his words, are entitled t the name of Christians, and, through the grace of God, t eternal life in Christ,—and thus they are "Liberal Christians. Let these principles be acted out, and we have no fear i regard to doctrines. They will very soon lose their mist form, and appear in shapes on which the eye can look steadil Let men read the Bible as "men in understanding," and w have no fear that they will find there an irrational or illiber creed. That which we fear, is the strange principle often d fended in religion, that doctrines, confessedly irrational, m be true, and must be believed; and this exclusive princip that he who does not read the Bible so as to agree with t church, is a heretic and no Christian. These principles w fear, because they are the parents of superstition and bigotry those roots of bitterness in the Christian church—those ta which the enemy hath sown in the night. Such are the pri ciples by which the present volume has been conducted. Su are the principles to which we devote the second. We a all who think with us, *whether it is not their duty to help by procuring subscribers, and disseminating the work?*

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THE WESTERN MESSENG

IS PUBLISHED IN LOUISVILLE, KY

On the first day of every month. Terms, Th
year payable in advance. Subscriptions ar
ceived by

A. O. Patterson, Buff
J. Q. Day, Mem
J. Kay, Pitt
Flash & Ryder, Cin
J. F. Clarke, Lou
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